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Sermons and Addresses

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WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL

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Sermons and Addresses

MORAL AID ESSENTIAL[1]

This annual Mass of your admirable Society of St. Vincent de Paul gives me a pleasant opportunity to meet the officials of the Society, and to review the excellent work that you have accomplished during the year.

I am thoroughly informed of the work done in this parish. Those who come here to enjoy the ritual, the music, the sermons and the beauty of the architecture see only the surface. My monthly conference with the Rector begins and ends with this order — "Attend first to the poor — let everything else wait." The Cathedral does its duty to the ritual and the ceremonial. That is well. But, before all that, it does its full duty to the poor, and that is better.

It is plain from this review that the volume of your work is constantly increasing, and the good spirit which must animate it is not diminishing.

You know the principles which Ozanam insisted upon so constantly — material aid to those in need is good — spiritual and moral help is far better. Material aid is necessary — moral comfort and guidance are essential. One who gives himself as you do to seeking out the helpless and the destitute and the suffering must never lose sight of this principle, not infrequently forgotten by many

[1] Delivered at the Cathedral, Sunday, December 10, 1922, to St. Vincent de Paul Society.

worthy workers, whose vision for physical material ills is keen enough, but who often fail to look through them to the moral destitution, far more pitiable than any visible needs.

The mystery of suffering and sorrow faces us on all sides. It is a mystery that is a baffling one until one finds the key to it. Is there a key to it? Let us examine for a moment.

Suffering is universal; disappointment, sorrow, grief, poverty and sickness are everywhere, often at their very worst, where everything would seem to indicate otherwise.

It is precisely in the most prosperous countries that the saddest faces are most in evidence. It is in the very heart of the world's capital cities that poverty is most squalid, destitution, material and moral, most poignant.

One may live all his life in any of these centers of the wealth of the world, and never see a sign of such conditions. The world of amusement never knows its very neighbors, never even crosses the line very clearly defined, on the other side of which is utter misery. It is the way of many people of refinement to close out the sight of whatever is disagreeable.

This is not really refinement; it is cowardice born of selfishness. Cultivation which saps strength is decadence. It is precisely the privilege of the truly cultivated and wealthy to reach out to those less fortunate. When the rich forget that, their souls are paupers, far more in need of help than the bodies of the poor.

The cult of the moderns is mere comfort. Even the pagans recognized the danger of this as a cause of weakness to the race. It is not by avoiding realities that the character grows in nobility. The fact of suffering is ad-

mittedly so universal that every known philosophy, every known religion is based upon its acknowledgment. The desire to escape suffering is the underlying motive of all human action. To be happy here is the whole purpose of life. To be happy forever is the whole purpose of religion.

The Cross of Christ is the consecrated sign and symbol of Christianity — it points to happiness through suffering. At first sight that looks like a paradox. But in reality it is not a contradiction, but a plain truth proved by experience.

Physical pain and moral peace are not incompatible. That condition is a fairly common one among people of faith. And it is even truer that physical well-being and peace of mind do not always walk hand in hand.

A man may have all the means at hand to be physically and materially comfortable, and still suffer moral torture. And this condition, though by the very nature of the case less obvious, is more general than superficial observers realize.

Men are prone to exhibit their bodily ills for the aid and sympathy they can procure. But the tortures of the soul they mask. They may reveal them to God and His minister, but the world knows nothing of that phase of suffering and poverty.

It is because we all stress the material side of life so unduly that so much is said of poverty and so little of mental anguish. Food, clothes and shelter are the simplest things to furnish, just because their lack is so obvious and so remediable. Material poverty is by no means the worst of human ills.

Men hate poverty and dread it, chiefly because they associate it with misery and degradation. In reality, it is neither; or at least it need not be either.

Christ was not only poor — He was absolutely destitute. But He walked among princes with a dignity they could never imitate. In rags He confronted the king and put him to shame, without uttering a single word. He certainly was not class-conscious. He mingled with the day laborers and the men of big business, at perfect ease with both. He loved the poor, He certainly preferred them, but He hated no one.

He sat down at table with Zachary as well as with Peter. He loved them all, and He was equally as saddened by the squabbling of the fishermen along the lake as He was by the sordid cheating of the great merchants in the market. To Him it all was much alike — different only in degree. To both He taught the lesson of the birds and the lilies which God feeds and clothes. But of poverty He only said: "The poor you have always"; and He was the poorest of them all.

Poverty and suffering He saw every day and aided occasionally. He did not abolish them; He sanctified them. He did not close His eyes to them, He glorified them.

Poverty and suffering He found, and He left them; and they are here, and here they will always be. And that is the problem which many have tried to solve in vain, but which Christianity alone can conquer, because it honestly faces it. All others evade it.

The Epicurean sees suffering and in sinful pleasure drowns it. The Stoic steels his soul and in cynicism defies it. The Eddyite closes up his mind and denies it. The Couéite repeats a formula and tricks it. Not one of all these has really faced the facts and solved the mystery — they have all evaded it. Evasion is admission, not solution.

The man of faith alone has the courage to face the

facts. He admits suffering, confronts it, and manfully endures it as a part of real life, which it would be cowardly to evade. Concealing, defying, denying a disagreeable fact is mere self-deception — and persistent self-deception ends in hallucination — the threshold of insanity.

Christianity is always sane. It conquers suffering by accepting it — that is the whole meaning of the Cross. Real life, the life of all real men and women, has its hours and days of suffering. And they emerge the stronger and the better for it, who have accepted it and learned its lesson.

Agreeable and pleasant are pretty adjectives, but they do not constitute all real life. To be constantly chasing after them is not refinement, it is decadence. It is a sure mark of a vulgar mind to love luxury and despise poverty, because the very essence of vulgarity is selfishness.

The rich who imagine that decent poverty is a thing to be pitied as a great misfortune are as ignorant as the poor who imagine that wealth brings happiness. Both such people are contributors to social discord, because both stress equally the falsehood and the social heresy that money is all.

The self-respecting poor envy no one — they are too genuinely sane to harbor such a canker. The well-bred rich — they who know the hollowness of wealth — do not lose their sanity, even though they lose their money. It is the sordid poor who are the blood-brothers of the greedy rich. Both are hopelessly common. No amount of wealth would make either of them happy. The disease is deeper than money — the possession or the lack are both pure dross. Christ passed them both by with a sigh. Dante has disposed of them forever — they are both hopeless.

Now it is not enough to know how to meet poverty and

suffering in ourselves. We live in communities — we have community duties. We must therefore help others. In reality, that is the best way of ensuring our own happiness. There is no surer remedy for our own discontent and suffering than bringing aid and comfort to others.

That sounds like a platitude. If so, it is because every one who has tried it approves it and repeats it. That platitude has brought enlightenment and comfort to myriads of men and women. They suddenly realized the fact that the chief cause of their misery was thinking of their own troubles. They found that thinking of others' troubles and helping them are the only cure for their own. And here let me say that the amount of works of kindliness and mercy accomplished in our own community is nothing short of enormous.

I honestly believe that this country stands alone on her record of benevolence and beneficence. No wonder God blesses America. You have only to look around you here, to realize something of the splendid proportions of these good deeds. There are huge institutions, founded, maintained and supported by good men and women of large means — the Massachusetts General Hospital, the Children's Hospital, the Home for the Blind, the Home for Crippled Children and many other wonderful monuments of beneficence. They are the gifts of the wealthy.

Then, see our Catholic Hospitals and Homes — St. Elizabeth's, Carney, the Home for Incurables, the Good Shepherd, the Working Boys' Home. How few know or attempt to realize the annual output and outlay of these marvels of charity! And these charities of ours are carried on mainly by the aid of people of no large means.

To tell the truth, it is universally acknowledged and deplored that most of our Catholics of wealth do practi-

cally nothing for anything or anybody but themselves. Their Protestant neighbors might well teach them a lesson. There are comparatively few wealthy Protestants who do as little in these matters as the great majority of our wealthy Catholics. There are, of course, some very notable exceptions. But they are so few everywhere all over America that the fact has become a flagrant public disgrace. The rich Protestants and the poor Catholics seem to be blood-brothers in generosity and charity. Bolshevism can never grow out of that relationship.

Some one who seems to have made a study of the matter recently told me, and I think in the main it is fairly true, that he had found that the wealth that was generous lasted longest, that wealth that was niggardly soon disappeared. And he went on to explain that the family fortunes of those who, while prudent, were also very charitable, went on from generation to generation, often to the fourth and fifth without diminution; often, in fact, increased: whereas, the money of the miser soon disappears. Frequently the third generation is in poverty. If true, this study is interesting. In any event, it teaches a lesson. Hoarding for grandchildren has been proved a folly.

The members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society meet daily the problem of poverty and suffering. Ozanam has taught his disciples well. There are worse things than poverty in life — I mean, of course, material lack of money.

Poverty ought to be relieved when possible. In fact, it is nowadays quite generally relieved quickly and sensibly, both by state and municipal aid, and by private charitable organizations. The way, in fact, the city and State look after the poor and the needy is nothing short of admirable.

That leaves the added privilege to you and to similar societies of bringing moral aid and comfort to those who need it, to help them to bear their bodily ills with patience and fortitude.

Bring peace and contentment and fortitude to the homes of the poor and the suffering. That, with whatever material assistance you can offer, will give courage and a new hope to those who need most a kindly word and a helping hand.

Your Communion to-day will strengthen your souls in the paths of unselfishness; and dear St. Vincent will see that in your hour of trial you will not be left without aid. The prayers of those you have helped will bring back to you God's blessing and the Divine assistance, just when you need them most.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE [1]

THE angelic hosts heralded the advent of the Christ Child by intoning on Bethlehem's sacred heights the most glorious anthem that has ever fallen on the ears of man: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." It was the battle-cry of Christianity. It gathered under the ægis of the Most High all men of good will, and has not ceased through the intervening centuries to thrill mankind, and enlist in the holy cause of religion the marching millions of every era, since that happy morn.

"To-day is born to you a Savior." His regal splendor was not in the passing glory of this world, but in the majestic beauty of the Godhead. He came to rule the souls of men, not through fear, but through faith and hope and love, that blessed trinity of virtues, whose very fulfillment has restored to mankind a lost dignity, and brought to yearning hearts a new confidence and a new inspiration.

To reconsecrate the world to the law of love; to renew all things in Christ; to reconcile brother to brother, state to state, nation to nation; to make the whole world glow with a warmth of heavenly love, "The Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us."

His first coming banished hatred and brought the dawn of a better era. May this coming Christmas morn bring a new light and a new spirit into this darksome world that will reconcile individuals and nations and, leading mankind back to the glories of faith, give it new life and inspire it with new hope in the years that lie before us.

[1] Written for Christmas, 1922.

ON TRUE CHRISTIAN LIFE [1]

I TAKE this gathering and Holy Communion of the Alumni Sodality here this morning to be a part of the sacred celebration taking place all over America — the glorification of the Holy Name of Our Blessed Lord. This afternoon all the members of the Holy Name societies will go to various churches all over the Diocese, and all over the country, for the purpose of giving public testimony of their faith in Christ and in God, to glorify the name of Christ, the name of the Son of God, before all the infidelity and the skepticism of the day.

I am very happy, indeed, to come here this morning, for various reasons. You have testified to the lasting strength and faithful devotion of this sodality, to the great purpose which inspired its inauguration, that is, to keep alive, in the hearts and minds of our educated men, our leaders, the men in professional life, the men who have the advantages of education, the living faith of Christ. For these the peril is greater on account of the atmosphere in which they must inevitably mingle. This is the more reason why they should be safeguarded in every way possible.

I have been reading, lately, a book by Cardinal De Lai, which has fascinated me as no other book of its kind has ever done, and strange to say, this fascinating book is none other than a description of the Passion of Christ. To my mind, it is nothing short of marvelous that one of the busiest men of the whole Church could find the time

[1] Delivered to Alumni Sodality at Boston College, Sunday, January 7, 1923.

to describe, in a most profoundly erudite manner, every scene of the sacred Passion, and, at the same time, bring to it such a wealth of knowledge as to place most clearly before our mind's eye every last detail of the description of the Holy City, the condition of the Jewish people at that time, all the delicate legal points which controlled the action of the judges, and the legal errors made by them in the trial of Christ.

What struck me forcibly, as I read all this, was the fact, that, in so many ways, the conditions of our own time and the historical incidents now taking place under our eyes are so strikingly similar to those of the times described by the Cardinal. The conditions both of the Jewish people and of the pagan world have their replica in the very things going on about us to-day. It seems to me the greatest pity that we have no English translation of this very remarkable book. Now let me draw some of the inferences, which have occurred to me.

The Pharisees were the Puritans among the Jews. All down through history, there has been a certain Puritan strain in every religion, the excessive view. The Pharisees were strictly observant of the law, as far as the surface of things was concerned. For such people Our Lord could have only contempt, for the one thing that He could never stand was insincerity. One does not dare to say it, but yet, if we might venture to interpret the attitude of our Blessed Lord towards them, we might say that He despised them. Our Lord has shown to the sinner not only tolerance but even love, but for the hypocrite He has manifested only loathing.

The impertinence of these people consisted in their conceit of thinking themselves able to put everything to

rights in this wicked world. Such people always think that they know more than God Himself, certainly far more than the Church can ever know. To their own minds, their wisdom is more than divine. In fact, at times they seem not even to hesitate to disagree with God Himself. These are the proud and vain members of the human family who arrogate to themselves all holiness and all wisdom.

The Pharisees thought chiefly of all the smallest minutiæ of the law. The really obvious commands of religion bothered them not at all. It was the surface of religion which appealed to them. The foundations upon which all religion must rest entirely escaped their notice, and so we must not be surprised to find them in the attitudes of poseurs and fanatics who, while they disregarded entirely the chief obligations of the moral life and, most of all, the requirements of human brotherhood, went about in pious attitudes, hoping thus to gain a reputation for a sanctity, the reality of which never touched them.

And so they stood in the public places, their faces drawn in pious solemnity, their eyes upraised towards Heaven, those eyes which saw not Heaven at all but the people about them, whom they so desired to impress with their ultra-holiness. And so, too, at the time of sacrifice, they went forward to the chief places in the temple, and there remained, answering to the last detail the requirements of the law; and here, too, they attitudinized, so that all might witness the exhibitions of their "marvelous" piety.

We can easily realize the utter disgust which such exhibitions of impious hypocrisy aroused in the pure and sincere soul of our Blessed Lord. He could understand the sinner and profoundly sympathize with him in his weak-

ness. In fact, the mere human frailty of man met only tenderness on the part of Christ. He knew full well the humanity with which He was dealing, and, so long as it was genuine, so long as it was sincere, He seemed to be willing to tolerate without end the constant mistakes of poor human nature; but as He walked through the public squares, and, most of all, upon entering the temple of His Father, the sight of the actors, impiously posing as saints, only filled even His patient soul with repugnance and abhorrence. So much for the Pharisees, one of the sects of the Hebrew people at the time of Christ.

Now for the Sadducees, another of these sects which ran, one may say, to the other extreme. They were in the main skeptics; they knew the law, of course, like all Hebrews, but they were an easy-going sect, mainly bent upon good living—of course, in a material sense. Very likely, among these were the rich merchants, the men of large means, the so-called broad-minded men, so broad, in fact, that principles seemed to have no more importance for them.

They were in constant touch with the pagan world, and by this contact their firm hold upon the principles of religion had generally relaxed into a sentiment of mild toleration of nearly everything that did not interfere with their wealth or their prosperity or the general prestige of their nation.

These were the two principal sects of the Jews at the time of Christ. Beyond the limits of the Jewish nation was the great pagan world. Even here, some of the philosophers and some of the upright men among them had preserved certain clear principles of justice and morality, but the great bulk of the people were immersed in utter superstition and vice. Now, what is perfectly clear is,

that, when Christ appeared before these people, there was a general sentiment all over the world, that the time for the arrival of a great deliverer had come.

Even the pagans, like Tacitus, Pliny, Virgil and Ovid manifestly portrayed this universal expectation among the pagan world of that time, much more so, of course, in the case of the Jews, for both the Pharisees and the Sadducees, knowing as they must have known the predictions of their prophets, might easily have understood that this new Prophet, called Jesus, was really the Messiah.

The circumstances of His case and all the conditions of His life and teachings fitted in absolutely with all the predictions of the law and the prophets. And yet what happened? The Pharisees were so intent on their own interpretation of the divine writings that God's interpretation seemed to matter very little. The Sadducees were so intent upon having a good time and enjoying all the good things of this life, that the mere idea that a poor wandering Rabbi should be their King was so utterly abhorrent to them that it merely became ridiculous.

Now, if this proves anything, it proves clearly, that again and again in the history of the world the divine revelation of truth in itself is absolutely clear and undeniable, and that, notwithstanding, so blinded are the rulers and the people, at times, with their own particular points of view, and so steeped is the world, in general, in mere luxury and enjoyment, that, when the clearest possible truth stands vividly before their eyes, they fail to see it; they are simply blinded.

One set, the Pharisees, are so swayed by their own conceit and their own hypocrisy, that they think that even the divine must fit in with their view, or they reject it;

and the other set of people, represented by the Sadducees, care very little about the divine, but they are very deeply interested in the good things of this world; and so, all the ideals, pure, true and spiritual, may stand before them in perfect clarity, yet to them it all seems only a mockery, unless these ideals and these principles advance their own material possessions, their own wealth, their own greed. When eternal truths chide their acts and aspirations, these divine ideals are not only not welcome, but they must be put speedily out of sight, out of the way at any cost.

Hence, we see with our very eyes to-day that human nature remains always the same. The conditions in the time of Christ, that seem to us so strange, when we read them in the Sacred Writings, are reproduced under our very eyes to-day.

We have our Puritans and our Sadducees, our enlightened pagans and those for whom even the natural principles of truth and justice are entirely obliterated. Before such people Christ Himself might appear to-day, and they would simply see, as the Pharisees and the Sadducees saw, the sign of contradiction.

If in the place of the Person of Christ, we put His kingdom, that is to say, the kingdom of truth, the results are the same. They see truth as they wish to see it, changed, garbled, muted, masked, but not genuine, not just as it is, and the whole world, with salvation at its very door, with peace and tranquillity and order within its very reach, turns aside from it all, because it must have its own way, it must see things the way it wishes to see them, and not as they are in reality, and, above all, nothing must interfere with its spirit of avarice and greed and desire of possession.

Now, speaking quite impersonally, is it possible, look-

ing over the actions and decisions of the governments of the world at the present time, to ignore the fact, that, while they pretend to want peace, while they are constantly repeating that the world will go to destruction unless peace soon comes to it, they are doing everything to prevent the coming of peace, simply because each one again insists upon seeing things his own way, upon having things his own way, and thus, like stupid children, stubbornly determined at all costs to play with the other children, only if he can have all the toys himself? How utterly childish and stupid, and these are the rulers of the world!

You have only to read the conversations, being carried on at the present time between the governments, to realize why all their conversations come to nothing, and very likely will come to nothing. Publicly, they use these enigmatical phrases, these stereotyped formulas which give the world to understand that they are willing to do anything to remedy present disorder and confusion, but, as a matter of fact, if you notice, every one of them is holding on most stubbornly to some one particular point, which he absolutely refuses to yield. Yet some sort of compromise must be achieved by each one yielding something, or we shall never have peace.

Now, I do not wish to enter upon the discussion of the mere political side of this situation, which seems never to come to any conclusion, but I cannot help saying, in passing, that it must be perfectly clear to everybody that the treaty of Versailles cannot work. That requires no great keenness of vision, nor do we need to recur to any very high principles. Let us accept the fact, as agreed upon by all the best minds of all Europe and of America, that this treaty does not work and cannot work as it is.

I can only repeat that what was true in the time of Christ is true to-day. When the leaders of the nations and those in whose hands the destinies of people lie, like the Pharisees, are merely content to quote sublime formulas, and yet do nothing towards their realization; when, on the other hand, the great bulk of the people is thinking only of amusement, of enjoyment, of acquiring more money; when, in a word, nothing makes much of an impression upon them, except what is to their momentary advantage, how, I ask you, can the vision of true peace be really recognized, even when it stands before the world?

Is it possible that the world is given over to entire darkness and the blackness of despair? Is there a light nowhere visible, following which the world may at least see conditions as they really exist, and face them with the determination to bring back order and peace to the world? Oh, yes. God has never allowed the world to be so absolutely abandoned to itself as that.

When Christ stood in the midst of the Pharisees and the Sadducees, the judges, the Roman Governor, the rabble and the cohorts, all filling the air with divergent views and confusion, the King of Truth was there, and, even though they little realized it, the effect of His presence, even then, was producing its results, invisible, perhaps, for the moment, but afterwards to flood the world with the sublime truths which He came to deliver.

And so to-day, in the midst of all this unutterable confusion, this Pharisaical profession of high principles without practical sequel, all this bedlam of luxury and greed and amusement and folly, the light still burns steadily, clearly, and a voice serene, constant and firm, is here in our very midst.

That eternal light is shedding its beams beneficently

upon the sincere followers of truth, and that clear voice is reaching gently but efficaciously into the souls of honest men. That light will prevail and that voice will be heard, and that light and that voice are the spirit of Christ still on earth, His Church, unfailing in the divinity of her doctrine, unyielding in the absoluteness of the just recognition, which in the end must be and shall be paid to eternal wisdom.

All this is put concretely, when we say that the Catholic men and women of this day, true to the eternal standards of their faith, are the ones who are most surely and most certainly holding firmly to the highest principles of order and of peace. Now, let me explain, in this connection, that, of course, I do not, when I make this assertion, mean that everything would be right, if only Catholics were in office.

The world is far too complex for any such easy solution as that. We have absolutely no guarantee that, even if every office in the world were filled by Catholics, if every king and governor and ruler and president were a Catholic, all would then be right. In fact, we know very well, through history and our knowledge of facts and our knowledge of recent events, not to go back farther, how utterly untrue any such assumption would be; for alas! it is one thing to profess Catholic principles, and another to put them into practice in public life, as well as private life.

We do not need to be told that again and again Catholics, so-called, rising to very high public station, have soon exemplified this in rather sad ways. In fact, far from being so eager, as some deluded people imagine we are, that Catholics only should be placed in high public office and position, I, for my part, can frankly say — and I am not alone in this feeling — that I feel no such desire, and

one need have not such a very great experience of facts to know the reason why.

First of all, it is quite generally known, and the experience is common enough, that the people we are so fond of calling "our own" are often far less willing to take a reasonable position, and a perfectly just attitude towards the things which interest Catholic people than those not of the faith at all, and the reason is perfectly clear.

Oftentimes a fair-minded non-Catholic recognizes with perfect facility the justice of a case, and generally is very glad to make a decision with regard to Catholic interests which he realizes is nothing but simple justice; whereas not infrequently the so-called Catholic, once raised to office, thinks not precisely of the justice of the case, but is rather thinking of what his enemies may say of him or think of him, if he appears even to favor a perfectly just Catholic point of view. This is one of the reasons why we are not so tremendously eager, as some people imagine, that "our people" should be always in our minds and on our votes.

Another reason is that some of these so-called Catholics, once in office, lose very little time in demonstrating that they yield too readily to influences about them, which are neither for their own good nor for the public good, with the result that, falsely of course, the whole Catholic body becomes discredited.

Now here I want to say that this is absolutely and cruelly unjust.

The whole Catholic body has nothing whatever to do with the case, and, therefore, it is absolutely unjust and utterly false to say, when a Catholic, as he may, stumbles or blunders or makes a very reprehensible mistake, that the whole Catholic Church and the whole Catholic com-

munity must bear the brunt of this unfortunate incident.

And here we must be careful not to become again like the Pharisees of old, intolerant and hard-hearted and merciless. The civil laws have their proper scope and purpose in the regulation of civic life, but let us not forget that human nature is as weak in us as it is in any one else.

We are all pretty much alike, and what has befallen unfortunately to one yesterday may happen to us to-morrow, unless the grace of God prevent it. And so we must be careful in our judgments, for Christ has said: "Judge not that ye be not judged yourselves." And which of us can stand before the eternal judgment of God at any time?

No, the clear duty of any Christian in such moments is to leave to the law its own province, which must be safely and sacredly guaranteed to it, and then in silence do what we can to help, not injure, any one.

This is no mere idealism. It is the clear unmistakable command of Christ, and, unless we wish to become as the Pharisees and the Sadducees, only admitting principles when they happen to suit us, we must in simple sincerity, while absolutely repelling the stupid charge that the Catholic Church is to blame, at the same time in charity and in silence help him who falls.

So, my dear men of the Catholic Alumni Sodality, the conclusion which we draw is perfectly clear. Conditions are not so very different now from what they were twenty centuries ago. Human nature remains always the same, and human weakness is a part of the make-up of every human heart. No one is spotless, no one sinless, and, the more sincere we are with ourselves, the more clearly all this truth will apply to us individually.

The light of truth beams still from the Church of Christ, but that must not be considered as an absolute guarantee that every one professing membership in the Church of Christ is above weakness, or cannot make very serious blunders and very fatal mistakes, even in public office. Any such idea would be mere childishness, and certainly has nothing to do with the doctrine of the Church itself.

We must watch, all of us. We all must pray that we "enter not into temptation." No one knows the tremendous temptations which a public man must face every day of his life, and such terrible temptations that only constant vigilance and constant prayer will enable him to overcome them.

Far from being so quick and so ready with our criticism of every mistake that a public man makes — for such conduct as that is infinitely un-Christian — we ought to blame ourselves because we have not prayed that he might have strength in fulfilling his difficult office.

The new year is still young. It has, in fact, only just begun. Go forth, my dear men, and meet it valiantly. Let nothing or nobody discourage you in your work. It is your work and God's work that you must do, and never be afraid to do it in your own way, according to your best judgment, and with the best ability that you have.

Pay no attention whatever to the carping voice of malicious criticism, which never fails to lift its head whenever any one is doing something worth while. Go your own good Christian way with perfect confidence in God, and carry out the work of your life, whatever it may be, in public or in private, with an eye to principle.

Some of you must hear the call to leadership. Remember well that a true leader looks ahead with his eyes on the

right standard. Certainly, he is not continually casting glances over his shoulder to find out whether he is pleasing the crowd. In most cases, he is quite sure that, if he sticks true to principle, he will lose what is stupidly called popularity. Oh, what does popularity matter anyhow? Is there any of you who does not know that it is the most shiftless and shifting thing in the whole world? To-day it is with you, and to-morrow, without even knowing the reason why, it is against you, and the man who makes popularity the goal has wished upon himself the most futile and the most galling kind of existence.

No one who makes a god of popularity ever succeeds in the end, not even in gaining popularity, whereas, on the contrary, the man who looks life honestly in the face, and honestly endeavors to do what he thinks and believes is right will in the end be the one who has friends that are really worth while, and will care very little for the holiday and the sunshine friends, who are always ready to desert just when friendship is really needed most.

May the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, which reigns in your souls, burn always clear and true. May your Christian Catholic principles be your guide and your norm in all the ways of your work and your life. Close your ears resolutely to all this gabble and chatter about righteousness and all the other stereotyped phrases, which have no meaning whatever. May God bless and keep you, and may all the work of your lives meet with God's approval and God's blessing.

A VALIANT ARMY[1]

This solemn gathering in honor of the Most Holy Name of Jesus is certainly a most appropriate way for us all, priests and people alike, to begin the New Year. Blessed be the name of Jesus.

We meet to add increasing glory to Christ, and to keep fresh in our hearts and in our minds the worth and value of that Holy Name, not in vain glory, for we well know that merely pronouncing the Sacred Name, even in reverence, is not enough. There is a deeper significance. We must be true and faithful to the doctrines of Christ and obedient to His commands.

If ever the world needed to be reminded of what we owe to Christ, or all that Christ has done for humanity, surely it is in these days of confusion and universal disorder. If there ever was a time in the history of the world when the beauty of His doctrine should stand forth luminously to guide those in whose hands are the destinies of nations, surely it is to-day.

Whither is the world drifting? What will be the consequences of its confused thought and action? Only a few days ago, I read, as doubtless you did, that in Russia, once called Holy Russia and not without reason, a land now bereft of government, order, industry, where even civilization is imperilled, the leaders, the demagogues, were rushing the people on to destruction, parading the streets in the sacred vestments of the priests, holding relics

[1] Address to members of Holy Name Society, delivered at Cathedral, January 7, 1923.

in mockery. They are all to be burned in public places as a sign of utter contempt for religion, God and Christ.

This is startling. The world recoils at hearing such infamous propositions even mentioned! But why should it be shocked? Does the name of Christ really mean anything to them any more? Has it not become a word of mockery?

The nations still call themselves Christian, but what does this mean? If it has any significance, it means or ought to mean, that in these nations, in the laws which govern them, and in the leaders who control the people, there should be, at least, the knowledge of the doctrines, the principles of Christ, His truth and His law.

How much respect for God's law still remains among the so-called civilized countries? We see in action the natural deductions, the results which come from doctrines which certainly are not those of Christ. We behold great avarice, pride, conceit, and a stupid and false nationalism, which refuses to recognize the human brotherhood of all men and all nations. Under this leadership, not only Russia, but the whole world seems to be rushing to destruction.

Since these false doctrines of communism and of radical socialism (I mean socialism that has gone astray, not the true Christian principles, which are the highest kind of social doctrine), have been the gospel held up to the people by their leaders, what wonder, finally, that they are working out the logical conclusions? Since Christ is no longer a reality, He must be a mockery! Since religion has lost control, its hold upon the hearts and minds of men, why! burn the signs of religion. Logical enough.

But oh, the horror of such a thing. What will there be left? Whither is the world rushing in its mad blindness

to-day? It is all so unnecessary. Christ, the Prince of Peace, is still with us. His laws are clear and easy. If selfishness, personal ambition, or national aggrandizement, or greed are to take the place of those laws, the conclusion remains that Christ has vanished from His own world, which He has redeemed by His Precious Blood, and the name of Jesus is no longer glorified, but despised.

"Whatever you ask the Father in My name, I will give you." Oh, let us ask the Eternal Father, through the power of our Blessed Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, to save the world, to save Russia and Europe. But, most of all, let us beseech God to succor our own beloved country, to save it from the horrors of false doctrine, the horrors of an echoing spirit of hell, whose murmurings we already begin to hear.

Dear men of the Holy Name Society, this gathering is most significant. The glory we offer to Almighty God by repeating reverently His Holy Name is no mere formality. It means that, unless we keep the love of that Name alive, we shall perish, all order and law will soon vanish from the earth, all constitutions will follow where the kings have gone. Unless religion is in the hearts of the citizens of a nation, the laws mean nothing. Who will enforce them? Who can enforce them to-day in Russia? Only the bayonet. When religion goes, only one thing can follow logically — the bayonet. When Christ's religion is gone, there is nothing left but slavery. We see it to-day.

My dear men, let us beg of Almighty God, by the power of the Holy Name of Jesus, that He grant peace again to the world, that He mellow the hearts of men and enlighten their minds to realize His word and His laws; and you, dear men, keep the Holy Name fresh and clear, and a potent force in your lives.

It is the only thing between you and slavery. Christ came to redeem the world, to bring freedom to mankind, and now we see men turning away the Liberator, and binding themselves, hand and foot, in slavery.

I thank God every year for the inspiration of this sight. It means that in the midst of the darkness there is a light still burning, that you, your wives, your sisters and your families see the beacon light of freedom and salvation about you, however dark the world may be around you.

Strengthen in yourselves this love of the Holy Name. Be true to the principles of the society of the Holy Name. Keep your minds free and open to the laws of God, and your hearts aglow with the love of the beauty of the ways of Christ. May this year be to you one of prosperity and happiness, filled with all the blessings of God and His Divine Son, Our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

"Fierce is the fight for God and the right;
Sweet Name of Jesus, in Thee is our might."

TRUE DEMOCRACY [1]

THE splendid work that your Guild has accomplished during the past year inspires the hope that this very efficient body of women will see its sphere of influence widen, and witness a growth in membership that will total rather thirteen thousand, than its present number of thirteen hundred, at the close of 1923.

This can be accomplished, if all the women in the Archdiocese are appealed to in the interests of the Guild — a task which the Catholic Charitable Bureau, already overburdened with work, is unable to perform. But it is difficult to imagine any mother, surrounded with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of a well-appointed home, turning her back deliberately on the sufferings of the destitute children in sections of the city or town not far removed from her own home.

God made women tender-hearted for the sake of little children, and I am sure that, if the needs of the Guild are broadcasted, there will be a hearty response from the majority of Catholic women all over the Archdiocese of Boston.

The idea that has sprung up in the New World of drawing a fine line of demarcation between the residential districts of the wealthy and the slums of the poor is unworthy of the Christian Catholic ideal. It gives a cold statistical outlook to the wealthy, and certainly does not draw the hearts of the poor nearer to the longed-for *rapprochement* in love and mutual confidence. Europe

[1] Address to members of Guild of the Infant Savior at Hotel Vendome, Boston, February 6, 1923.

presents a more evenly balanced picture, because the rich and poor live shoulder to shoulder. Thus the social problems of the wage earner are constantly in the eye of the upper classes, and the solution of these problems comes about more expeditiously from the spirit of understanding which exists between the classes and the masses.

This aloofness which exists between the rich and poor in this country, through complete segregation of each in its respective domain, has given rise to the erroneous idea among the poorer classes that capitalists are hard-hearted. Yet the capitalist is a generous-minded man, if properly approached for aid, and if the situation is explained. The American capitalist is among the most tender-hearted of men. It is wrong to represent him as being otherwise.

There is and has been evidenced, however, over the length and breadth of the world a recklessness to which I wish to refer on this occasion. It is found among all classes, both rich and poor, and calls for effective remedy.

There is a widespread wave of squandering, of extravagance, of reckless living. Our own beloved country has not escaped it. Parents should be the first to give good example in the matter of thrift founded on honest industry, and the last to set an example for the growing youth of prodigal and foolish expenditure. Such a course of proper direction, both in the matter of individual thrift and public conservation, will stem an evil that to-day is threatening not only the economic but social well-being of the Nation.

Visualize, for example, the appalling disaster of Russia. Before the revolution, there was a long-continued nightmare of debauchery, of extravagance. Christian charity toward the poor was practically unknown. We must not be surprised that such conditions have brought about

woe and suffering such as the world has not witnessed before.

Discontent among the working classes will grow greater in the hardships they are called upon to bear, if the wealthy continue to spend recklessly before the eyes of the workers. Things might come to some such pass in this country as they did in Russia, when the people rose in revolt against the excesses and debauchery of the rich.

Establishing Christian charity in the home, inculcating it in the hearts of the children, will curb the present-day tendency to riotous living and absolute waste of money on frivolities of dress and amusement.

Going through the gestures of religion and being affiliated with numerous guilds, societies or clubs will never amount to anything in the life of any one, unless the person so situated has alive in her heart the fire of divine charity.

THE POWER OF WEALTH [1]

This occasion, my dear men, represents to me the two great forces which must coöperate in every sort of work, if it is to succeed and be permanent, that is, religion and unity. Nothing has been successful that was not founded on religion.

That fact is historic. It is so obvious that it does not need proof. Nothing lasts, unless there is a basis of a religious motive behind it. It may not be always the true one, but, nevertheless, there is always in every religion some seed of truth, and from that seed of truth, small as it might be, gigantic empires have grown.

In Egypt, which is so much before the public eye now on account of the discovery of the magnificent tomb of Tutankhamen, we find that the whole basis of their civilization was religion. The downfall came when the religion seemed to fritter away into polytheism and indifference.

So long as we have the ideal of one God, and that was the old Egyptian religion, things are lasting. The Egyptians built solemnly on that. With the ideal of one God, there was one united center, toward which all their forces could converge, and king, princes, and people could unite around one moral center.

You can have nothing permanent without religion behind it. Just in proportion as it is true or false will that endure.

This is not a meeting of millionaires. If it were, I

[1] Address to Guild of St. Apollonia in Guild Hall, at St. Cecilia's, Boston, February 18, 1923.

would not be here. It is not a meeting of great statesmen. I would rather enjoy that. It is not a meeting of men to create some big political scheme for the world. This meeting has in it the seed out of which has come all the great forces of history. Religion is at the foundation, and unity of motive and force and effort behind it. That makes your platform so solid that, so long as you build on that, you must succeed.

I insist upon this point. I do not want you to fritter away your efforts for nothing. We could not call you together for no purpose. From the beginning, I saw that, if we could get our Catholic doctors working in a permanent organization, it would be infinitely better than having individuals frittering away their efforts in an isolated way and by themselves. The idea has succeeded beyond my fondest dream.

The beginning is very simple, as in all movements that finally become solid and permanent. The results are marvelous, in that the work has reached enormous proportions. It is something deserving of commendation. I congratulate you from my heart.

When Mr. Forsythe was thinking of establishing this wonderful charity, he had several talks with me, and I was deeply impressed with the simplicity and sincerity of the man, although we were perfect strangers. He came to me, of course, as others come, because I represent the Catholic position. I shall never forget the impression that good man left on my mind: perfect simplicity, a big willingness to do anything for those in need.

He had one thing only in his mind, one wish in his heart, to do everything possible along lines that had not been thought of by others. You know the outstanding success of his enterprise.

Of course, it took a great amount of money. Great things always require large expenditures of money. He was a wealthy man, but he had a wide and consuming spirit of charity.

There is, unfortunately, an attempt being made to have it appear that the rich man is selfish and self-centered, never doing anything except to help himself. This is false and untrue. I think that the story of wealth in America for the past fifty years is a wonderful example for the rest of the world. As a rule, rich men in America are very broad in their sympathies.

Wealth is staggering, but connected with it is enormous work. It is true that a certain number of men have developed a faculty for making great wealth. They had the industry and perseverance. Certainly, no one with a sense of honesty can say the fruits of their labors do not belong to them. And, while it may seem that some have not been awakened to their real responsibilities in life, it is because they are constantly increasing their business, which may be carried too far. I have no doubt but that in some cases it is carried too far. But the example of so many leaves a fine impression on everybody. For instance, I knew George Draper, who died recently, very well. I knew his family personally. He began very simply, but he was industrious. The boys of the family were brought up to work, and, while little by little great success attended the efforts of the father, the three young men, that is to say, General Draper who was Ambassador to Rome, Governor Draper whom you know, and the late George Draper, lived very simply in their home in Hopedale. They gave all their attention to their work, and they succeeded. The outcome was the production of millions.

They always thought of the welfare of other people. They could not throw their money in the streets, nor should they. The income grew to fabulous proportions. Yet they never changed in the least. They were hard-working men, honest and charitable citizens.

Mr. Draper left much money. He bequeathed large sums to some institutions — $25,000 to a small church in Hopedale, a large sum for a church with a small congregation — $100,000 to the Children's Hospital, a notable institution doing admirable work for years. It has been carried on for years by rich men of Boston of the type of Mr. Draper.

These are all inspirations. And they certainly serve to counteract the Bolshevist propaganda that is always present, tending to fill the minds of all with rancor and instill class hatred.

I cannot impress upon the public mind too strongly the generosity and kind-heartedness of the rich man.

This has been a digression, but a very useful one. It brings our minds back to the simple fact that, while there is tremendous wealth in America, there is also a tremendous amount of benevolence, of benefaction.

The important thing is to utilize these benefactions. It would not do much good to erect a large building without a distinct purpose. It would soon decay and fall to pieces. We must utilize these great monuments of charity.

One of the forces doing most to bring the great charity founded by Mr. Forsythe and his brothers to the homes of the children is your organization, and therefore you stand alongside Mr. Forsythe in doing a real, useful, and fine work for the people of Boston and surroundings.

But mark my words. As you do this on a religious basis, your work is all the more idealized and unselfish.

As it is done for the little ones of God, it brings out something fine from your heart. Anything that we do with an unselfish motive does us fully as much good as it does the recipient. It is only when we get away from ourselves, forget ourselves, put ourselves in the place of some one else who is suffering and in trouble, that we develop the fine powers of our hearts and souls. This is the fundamental in Christianity.

This Guild embodies the two characteristics of which I have spoken to you, Religion and Unity. Unless the work is inspired by a fine and high idealism, it will soon peter out. It becomes personal and dies with the person. But when the thing is lifted above personalities and above individuals, and is founded upon high and holy purposes, the work has a basis of permanency and will last.

My dear men, I think you see from my words the real value of your organization, and the real meaning of this meeting.

You never do anything for God that is not repaid one thousand fold. He is a bounteous Master. It may not be repaid within a day, but the reward will come. From God you get your health, your strength, your clearness of mind, your definiteness of purpose. We shall not know fully the bounty of God, until we meet Him ourselves.

May this Guild enjoy a long and successful life. My heart is in it. I am with you, body, soul, and mind. I know, if you keep together, if you preserve in your hearts this solid foundation of a religious motive, your Catholic faith warm in you, out of this little Guild of a couple of hundred men will come a great work. You have inaugurated a movement that is destined to spread throughout every Christian country in the world. God bless you all.

WORLD PEACE THROUGH PRAYER [1]

THE Holy Season of Lent is fast passing. Soon we shall enter the shadows of the Great Week which begins in the gloom of the Passion and ends in the Alleluias of Easter.

Every life worth the living has its days of grief. The soul that has not learned how to suffer is still lacking in one of the most ennobling elements of human existence. It has not yet entered upon the Via Triumphalis of life, which invariably begins with the Via Crucis.

To-day, not isolated men and women, but whole nations, are plunged and well-nigh submerged in an ocean of grief, sadness, and trial. Humanity is utterly worn out with war and its consequent horrors, and still war goes ingloriously on.

Millions are literally dying of starvation all over Europe and Asia. Millions are homeless. Millions of men are utterly without means because without work, and their women and little ones are facing the horrors of disease which lack of nourishment inevitably induces. And the world looks on almost callously. It has witnessed so much sorrow that it has become dumb with the sense of its utter impotence. The world is actually tired of trying to think itself out of a maelstrom of horrors, which statecraft, even doing its best, seems unable to mend. The problem seems so enormous that even genius is powerless to solve it.

We in America have felt only slightly the dire effects

[1] Address to five thousand men at closing of Mission at Cathedral, March 4, 1923.

of the catastrophe which has overwhelmed Europe. And yet we, even privileged as we are and remote from the center of the cataclysm, have had our days of trial, too. But, oh, how utterly insignificant in comparison with the long torture of peoples who only yesterday enjoyed prosperity and happiness! Our country, thank God, is prosperous, and our people have work and food. Privation among us, at least, need not exist as a chronic and fatal thing. On the whole, life here is sane and orderly, and our Government concerns itself with the Nation's real welfare, not with conquest or tyranny.

We have but to perform loyally our duty to the Nation to reap in quick return the benefits of laws, framed for the people's interests and the country's general welfare.

We wish it were so the world over; but, alas, we know it is not so. Though far from the scene, we can scarcely realize how far others must still travel and travail, before again life can become what it once was to them and their children. Our people have surely not turned a deaf ear nor a hard heart to the millions overwhelmed with present griefs and the sad memories of the happiness now gone.

Europe and Asia know well the generosity of our people. Our chief glory as a Nation is that of kindness and helpfulness. Surely, God will bless America and Americans for the sense of brotherhood they have felt and shown to the poor and helpless of other lands, now sunk in a misery which would seem well-nigh hopeless.

We have done much, but much still remains to be done. We have striven to send to the needy in Europe and Asia material aid, and that assistance has literally saved the lives of millions. Is there aught left that we

can do, that, even more than material help, will, God willing, bring back not only bodily strength to the needy but moral and vitalizing strength to the minds and hearts and souls of those who are on the very verge of spiritual desperation?

There is one thing that the poorest equally with the richest of us can do, which, perhaps, some of us have left undone. We have united loyally in sending material aid; can we not, shall we not, unite loyally in a spiritual endeavor which, with God's help, assuredly will bring to the depressed and the dispirited hearts of millions one ray of God's immortal hope? Why do we rely so much on the one to be of help and still so neglect the other, as if it would avail nothing?

We know that much, very much, of all this awful condition of suffering and disease and grief is the result of those unchristian, inhuman sentiments of hatred and envy and jealousy which bring always in their train physical evils, often only the bitter fruits of bitter feelings. This is a spiritual condition which needs a spiritual remedy. And until that condition is met and answered, material aid will bring only temporary relief.

We are in mid-Lent, and soon Good Friday with the commemoration of Christ's Passion will be here. In the story of that Sacred Passion of our Divine Redeemer is the epitome of God's endless love and Christ's complete sacrifice for all humanity.

From the Cross the Son of God taught all the children of men the great secret of how to endure wrongs patiently, to forgive even those who have harmed and hurt us, to hold the soul high above hatred, to think less of human suffering than of Divine compensation. In a word, from the Cross Christ taught all men and all nations

that right in the end is bound to conquer, and that before God's tribunal justice must finally prevail.

From the Cross Christ taught the vanity of a passing triumph of wrong. From the Cross comes the lesson of calm endurance in the face of cruel spite and violence.

The world to-day is pleasure-mad. The Cross is its silent rebuke. The world is overwhelmed with selfishness and greed. The Cross reveals the King of Kings yielding all for love of others. The world is intoxicated with the pride of life, and the Cross unveils the utter humility of God's own Son.

Through all the ages since Christ died on Golgotha, the eyes of suffering, injured, ruined, helpless, hopeless men and women have turned towards the Cross, and in it have found solace and help and comfort and peace. Christ's words have been a million times verified — "When I shall be lifted up, I shall draw all things to me." All sorrow, all pain, all injustice, the Cross draws up to itself, and the heart of the dying Christ transforms them into patience and endurance and hope and love. Surely, these more than all else the suffering, helpless world needs, as it never before needed them; and we must turn the eyes of the world, if we can, at least for the length of Holy Week, up toward the hill whence cometh the strength of God to remedy our human frailty.

I know, and am secure in my certainty, that the man who has generously and loyally passed even one Holy Week in the consideration of the sublime and consoling and salutary lessons of Christ's sacred Passion, will for the rest of his life have the key of patience in adversity, endurance under injury, strength in all the crises of life. If every Christian this whole country over would generously resolve to devote even a half-hour every day during

this coming Holy Week to the reading and consideration of Christ's Passion as described with such sublime reticence yet such vivid power by the Evangelists, America would realize a great awakening to the true value of human life, its dignity in sorrow and adversity, its responsibility in power and prosperity. That awakening would inevitably be felt in every home and shop and industry in the whole land.

If on Good Friday all Christians, filled with the spirit of that lesson and all that it means, would offer up to Christ on His Sacred Cross all their sufferings, their grief, their disappointments, their injuries, and beg the Divine Redeemer to unite them all with the ineffable torment which He underwent for us, to the end that all hate and discord be driven from the war-torn peoples of the earth, as surely as the stars are in the firmament, God would hear that prayer and answer it.

We have done much for Europe. Can we not do this for Europe and for our own land as well? Even here the seeds of hate and discord are being planted. The Nation's prayers and laws combined would work together for safety and order and justice in a way which mere mandates can never achieve.

Let, therefore, the call go out to every home for a devout and thoughtful Holy Week. Let all Christians unite on Good Friday in venerating the Sacred Cross, the symbol of our Faith. May our united supplications bring to all who suffer hope and patience and strength.

Thus, may we expect to receive from the Risen Christ at Easter the salutation ever on His Sacred Lips — Pax Vobis.

We have begged for peace from those who govern the

nations, and they have failed us. Let us all unitedly, humbly, devoutly beg for peace from Him Who alone can give it — the Prince of Peace, Jesus Christ, Who gave His life that peace might come to all the world.

ZEAL FOR THE MISSIONS [1]

No one who has received the true Faith of Christ can rest inactive in the mere possession of it, for true Faith is always accompanied by ardent charity; and charity, by its very nature, seeks to extend itself.

This is so obviously true that it can be very logically argued, that he who is indifferent to the propagation of the Faith in reality has lost it or never really had it, at least as a living possession.

What would any captain of industry think of a man whose storehouse was filled with valuable merchandise, but who merely sat in the midst of it, watching it rust and decay, never making the slightest effort to sell his wares, to advertise their utility, or to get a single new customer?

This is the age of big business; and the language of business is the one most readily understood. Such a man would not only be a worthy object of ridicule, but he would be despised as an indolent wastrel.

And what of the Catholic whose soul is full to overflowing with all the riches of divine truth, yet who is content merely to pride himself on his spiritual riches, without ever making the slightest effort to bring the happiness of his Christian possessions to others who have nothing but the darkness of infidelity or the gloom of doubt?

What will the great Captain of the greatest business of the universe — salvation — say to such an indolent and selfish agent? Why should He not take away His gifts

[1] Special article on Missionary Endeavor, March, 1923.

from such an undeserving heir? And, in fact, we see not infrequently that this is precisely what happens. The man who does nothing to propagate the Faith frequently loses it himself.

When St. Paul gloried that he had kept the Faith, he knew that he could not have succeeded by keeping it all to himself. He spent his whole life of indomitable activity in spreading the Faith, and thus gained his right to glory in keeping it.

If the Apostles had simply settled down in Jerusalem and, mindless of the darkness of paganism all about them, had merely spent their time in pious contemplation, how long would the Christian religion have lasted? But, from the day of Pentecost until they died, they traveled and journeyed and wrote and taught and wrought to bring the light which had been lighted for the revelation of the Gentiles to every corner of the earth.

That same holy restlessness has possessed the souls of all the great Apostles of the Church since their time, and has urged them to wander over seas and mountains into the dark corners of the world, that those sitting in the shadow of death might see and live.

What of St. Patrick, St. Columba and St. Denis, and all the other great pioneers who could never rest, impelled by the very fire of their strong belief to bring to others the gift so precious to themselves? What would all Europe and all America be to-day, were it not that they and men like them had dared every danger to carry the torch of faith to benighted regions? Where would be our civilization to-day, had these brave and holy men lingered at their own altars?

Read the story of the centuries since Christ, and you will see clearly this fact — whenever the ranks of those

wandering Apostles ceased to be filled up, whenever the missionary spirit died down, precisely then religion began to ebb in the Christian centers. And when the missionary spirit revived and once more Christ's Apostles set out upon their long and arduous labors in far-distant lands, precisely then the glow of the Faith revived at home and a new fire was quickened in the hearts of those left behind.

There is something contagious in bravery. It is such a patent rebuke to cowardice that the sight of it rouses the indolent from their selfish slumber.

The very thought of those who, for Christ's dear sake, have left the comforts we enjoy, and who in reality deserve them more than we, shames us into a realization of our own miserable self-complacency. No Catholic in any of our great and wealthy centers can learn of the sufferings and privations of the priests and the sisters in Africa, in China — yes, even in many parts of our own America — and not blush at the thought of his own coldness and indifference to the one thing which really matters — the spread of the Gospel of Christ. How can we sit in our comfortable and beautiful, I had almost said luxurious, churches, and be completely oblivious of those who, more worthy than we before God, must gather in the bitter cold of a cheerless hut, to worship at the rudest of altars the self-same Christ Who resides in our tabernacles of chiseled marble; and how forget the sacred hands which, under a fierce tropical sun, raise the Sacred Host above the heads of abandoned tribes for whom no one but God's sacred messenger cares or bothers?

Where is our brotherhood of the Faith? Where is the unity of our religion? Where the fire of our charity, if, while we abound, they are left helpless and cheerless? They are of our family and we shall be guilty before God,

if we neglect them and abandon them as outcasts. They give their lives — all they have to give — that Christ may be known and loved. And what have we given — what do we give? Each one must answer for himself, but to God we surely must answer one day.

Thank God, a new spirit of interest in the missions at home and abroad is becoming manifest every new year, and the missionary, home and foreign, is receiving more attention yearly. It is time — high time — that we realized our larger, broader duty toward the spreading of the Faith, and lending a helping hand to those who are really doing the work which all of us in some way are in conscience bound to do. We cannot all be pioneers of the Faith. We may not, it is true, be able to leave our obvious duty at home. But, all the more then, are we bound to help and maintain and sustain those who are taking our places, and doing our work in far lands, in distant lands, and in dangerous and difficult situations.

The Church now flourishes here, thanks not to us but to those who courageously and unselfishly labored as pioneers to plant the Cross all over this land, to bless it and to enlighten it. Shall we now, who enjoy the labors of others, forget what we owe to those who have gone where we dare not go — who have given up what we cherish? The duty of every American Catholic is surely very clear.

We must all arouse ourselves to a new hope, a new zeal, a new enterprise for Christ's sake.

Let us all be missionaries — let us all be Apostles. Since we cannot go, let us at least send. Since we may not labor in distant lands, and in dangerous climates, let us at least help those who in our places are doing so.

Where we cannot reach — our money will: money for simple altars and simple churches; money for food and

raiment and shelter for the priests in the poor missions we have at home, and who have nothing but zeal; money, plenty of money, all we can spare, to build schools and asylums and hospitals in the heart of Africa and the center of Asia, anywhere and everywhere the new Apostle has penetrated to console and brighten the lives of the countless millions who are waiting for our help, since they cannot help themselves.

Pius XI, gloriously reigning, has very close to his tender paternal heart the great and holy work of spreading ever more and ever farther the Faith of Christ. He has implored us all to rise to this great duty and fulfill it.

Our answer must be that of true children of the Faith. We must, and, with God's holy help, we shall pray, work, and give freely, all that we can, that our Faith, which is our greatest and richest possession, be carried onward and ever onward.

Let us never forget this — to keep the Faith we must propagate it.

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY [1]

THE Golden Jubilee of the Holy Name Society in the United States, graciously inaugurated by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, now gloriously reigning, is fast drawing to a close. Like all jubilee commemorations, it is a favorable moment for retrospect, and for a forecast of the possibilities of the Holy Name Society for the next fifty years in the United States.

The Jubilee this year marks the closing of an epoch and the beginning of a new era in the Society's activities. It is a time for prudent consideration of the causes that led either to triumphs or failures in the past, and for the creation of new enthusiasm and renewed zeal for the future.

In the life of the Church fifty years are relatively a brief span. But in the history of the Church in these United States, fifty years measure nearly one half of the Church's organized ministry. Conditions to-day cannot be paralleled with those of fifty years ago, for the changes have been vital by reason of the enormous increase in population and wide distribution of new settlements.

Fifty years ago, the Church in the United States was just coming into its majority. To-day, it has grown to its full stature, and faces the future with all the strength of its rich maturity. The infant Church of Bardstown, Baltimore, New York, and Boston has multiplied into one hundred and two dioceses, and the few thousand of

[1] Tribute to Holy Name Society on occasion of its Anniversary, January, 1923.

the faithful of over half a century ago have grown to nearly twenty million in these United States.

Fifty years ago, there were still in force various inhibitions restraining the Church's liberty and curtailing the prerogatives of her children. But to-day she breathes the free air of full liberty and freedom. Our responsibilities then were very limited before the State, because of our small numbers; but to-day, with our ever-increasing numbers, the burden of responsibility for the common weal of these United States begins to weigh seriously upon us.

What were the secrets of our success in the past that won from hostile and unwilling witnesses splendid recognition of our substantial contribution to all that goes to make up the religious, moral, and educational life of the country? What must be our programme for the future, in order that the Catholic Church in these United States may be always in the forefront in conserving and enlarging all that is best in our national life and institutions?

In a word, we may say that the answer lies in the simple formula of Catholics being genuinely and sincerely themselves, giving evidence in their lives of the divine faith of Jesus Christ that is in them, and putting into practice in their daily lives His teaching and His precepts. When Catholics begin to act a part that is not of their inheritance of the faith, when they cease to be themselves and follow after false gods, when they allow themselves to be swept from their old secure moorings of integrity and honor, they descend quickly into the ranks of those upon whom neither the State relies nor the Church depends — corruptio optimi pessima.

The genuine, sincere Catholic, who remains his simple, sincere self, is always conspicuous for his loyalty to his

Church and his devotion to the State; and as it was this type of splendid Catholic manhood that made glorious the pages of the history of the Church in this country in the past, so it will be the same type of sterling Catholic manhood that will make even more glorious the history of the Church in the years to come.

The organization of the Holy Name Society for the Catholic men of this country was certainly a providential act. Membership in the Holy Name Society imposes no new obligations, but simply reinforces those fundamental practices that distinguish a true and sincere Catholic, namely, regular attendance at the Sacraments of the Church, honoring the Name of God in their lives, and restraining themselves from all unclean or blasphemous talk. These are fundamental practices underlying all Catholic life, but an organized effort of Catholic men to put them into practice has the added stimulus of mutual encouragement and good example.

The Holy Name Society in essence is a purely religious sodality that leads its members to the full practice of their religion. It does not claim to be anything more, nor will it ever be satisfied with being anything less. Membership in the Holy Name Society is for the Catholic man the frank and open confession that he fully appreciates the dignity of his sacred inheritance, and that he is endeavoring with all his strength to follow in the footsteps of his Master, Jesus Christ.

It is this spirit of the Holy Name Society pervading the ranks of Catholic manhood that has given to the Church in this country its backbone and its character. It is that solid phalanx of Catholic men coöperating with the best elements outside the Church that has been the conservative and sustaining power upon which our in-

stitutions, both civil and religious, have found their secure foundation, and upon which the future prosperity of the State and the happiness of the Church must ultimately depend.

I had long known and recognized the essential value of the Holy Name Society and its splendid influence upon the lives of our Catholic men, both as Catholics and as citizens, and, upon succeeding to the Metropolitan See of Boston, one of my first official acts was to establish the Holy Name Society in every parish.

That was sixteen years ago; so that, in the history of the Golden Jubilee which is now drawing to a close, Boston has had a conspicuous and fruitful part. The Holy Name Society in this Diocese came into existence full fledged and fully matured, and I have seen its roots strike deeper and stronger into the hearts of our Catholic manhood with the passing years.

Every month throughout the Diocese over one hundred thousand men receive Holy Communion as an organized body, with their special Mass and hymns written specially for the Holy Name Society. Meetings are held regularly, into which the spirit or speeches of the world are not allowed to creep. The Holy Name Society meetings cannot be exploited for any propaganda of any sort, except for the promotion of faith and hope and love of Jesus Christ. Fourteen years ago, over forty thousand Holy Name men passed in review on the streets of Boston in a period of four hours, giving a public manifestation of their championship of the Name and love of Jesus Christ. On every feast day of the Holy Name since, they gather for Union Services in fifty or more of the largest centers of the Diocese, to renew their zeal and reënkindle their enthusiasm for the cause of Christ.

Surely, such an organization is an honor to the State and a glory to the Church. During the past few months which His Holiness Pius XI has graciously set aside and blessed with special indulgences for the Holy Name Society, it has been a matter of great comfort and consolation to see our churches crowded with men, to partake of this fullness of the Holy Father's gracious blessing.

For the future I have no fear, either for the happiness of the Church or the perpetuity of the State, if our Catholic men remain true to their divine ideals and be their simple selves. In an age when everything is undergoing change and modification, some sure and safe mooring is necessary, that out of it all may come a better and brighter future, and other secure foundation is there none, except the eternal Rock of Peter upon which the Holy Name Society is founded and to which it is steadfastly moored.

At the opening of this epoch in the life of the Holy Name Society, graciously inaugurated and richly blessed by our Holy Father, Pius XI, I earnestly call upon all our men to fill up the ranks of our Holy Name Society, and under its sacred banner to march on to greater conquests for God and for our native land.

THE CATHOLIC IDEAL[1]

THERE were two very important events which governed the date of my return to my Diocese and to the country. They were precisely those which have occupied all my efforts and all my time to-day.

The first was the ordination at the Seminary of a very large class of candidates for the Priesthood and Holy Orders; the second was the graduation of these dear young men who, after years of preparation here in this place consecrated to God and to learning, now are about to say good-bye to this holy place and face the great battle of life.

I never yet have faced an audience of young men, I never yet have laid my hands in the act of consecration upon the heads of young Levites, that I have not been thrilled to the very depths of my heart and soul. There is something so sublime, so utterly beyond words, so utterly impossible of expression in this wonderful, constant renewal of the faith and the life of the people.

Year after year brings its crosses, its trials, and its tribulations. Year after year there are menaces, even rumors of wars. As time goes on, the peoples of all the various nations all over the world have to face living obstacles, difficulties so terrible that unless there was some solution, life would not be worth the living.

And side by side with this phase of life, which calls forth all the efforts and all the energies and all the very best intelligence of mankind, flows this stream of God's

[1] Address to Boston College graduates at University Heights, June 20, 1923.

goodness, the constant renewal of youth, the unceasing upgrowth of a new generation, with the freshness of young lives, which, of course, because it does not know life's struggles, is, therefore, all the more enthusiastic to face them.

The mystery of life is constantly worked out by these two great institutions, the Seminary and Boston College, which are the two interests dearest and nearest my heart; religion, the true faith of Christ, without which the world would soon turn to blackest paganism and barbarism, and the influence of a true and right training of the mind and heart, represented by this institution.

I have recently traveled over that interesting old country, England, a country which has had a wonderful history to tell, and is still in the progress of making more, whether for her glory or not we do not enter for the moment. She is a power in the formation of nations, nevertheless. After twenty-five years' absence and with an eye better trained and a more cultured mind to see the real essence of things in life, I see very clearly that there were just two things, two sets of institutions which defied all the changes of circumstance and all the ravages of time.

Certainly, since Augustine first came to Canterbury and planted his little church in the great old primatial See of England, until to-day, many things have happened to the English people. They, too, have had their terrible difficulties as well as their enormous material successes. To-day the English people are passing through their crises, crises that every patriotic son of England is at his wits' end to solve rightly. For upon that solution depends the further progress or a more or less immediate decay of one of the greatest empires that the world has ever known.

There are two things that will stand forth defying all the elements of time, decay, and deterioration, and will still continue to defy them. They are the great, old cathedrals built by our Catholic ancestors, and the shrines of learning, old Oxford, for example, which to-day, as well as four centuries ago, is the home of all the best, at least of all that pretends to be the best and the highest in the intellectual life of England.

These two things, the cathedral churches, the great abbeys of England, and Christ Church College and Balliol, and all the great foundations of Oxford, founded by the Catholic Bishops and Cardinals of the Holy Church, are to-day without doubt, to one who has eyes to see, the two things that remain fixed and firm in all that is most glorious in English life.

London at times looks sadly downhearted and in much need of rehabilitation. It is, nevertheless, a wonderful center of commerce, of finance, and, let me add, of government. But London looks sadly in need of repairs, with all of her commerce, finance, and government. When one goes out into the freshness of rural England and sees these majestic towers rising over little hamlets and villages, and remembers what they stand for and have stood for during all these centuries, London, with all its trade and all its wealth, simply sinks into insignificance. It would be nothing but the merest drudgery, were it not that the cathedral and abbey churches, instituted by Catholic foundations, really still rule and govern the intellectual and moral life of the English people.

England is proud of her great colleges, and has good reason to be. Their history is most interesting; the progress made during all the centuries has been simply remarkable; but, let me tell you in all sincerity, there is not

a college in all England, not even the wonderful group of Oxford, comparable in simple, classic beauty of position and site and buildings with Boston College. This institution is the equal of any other such institution in the whole world.

Of course, America is a notable country. Europe is finally waking up to that fact. Only a very short time ago, we were more or less patronized as a young nation. One felt that in traveling in Europe. But the American leaped into full stature at very short notice.

And so with our institutions. It is true that they are young in years. We had not the enormous wealth of many of the great old countries to pour into them. What we have had, and in the end it has far greater value even than any great amount of material wealth, is the affection, loyalty, and devotion of the plain, hard-working people of Boston.

Young as this institution is, and it is very, very young in comparison with the centuries of Oxford, of Bologna, and of Paris, and all the other great universities, little by little, please God, with the devotion of the people of Boston, Boston College will grow in beauty, in harmony and in wealth, only for the uses that the highest kind of wealth can be put to — the training of youth, that they may go forth with the power and strength which youth and vigor can bring.

So, my dear young men, the facts of history mean something. They carry a deep significance for you. They mean that, as generation after generation of the world of men has passed and has fought its battle, some heroically and some against terrific odds, some destined never to see the glory of success during their mortal lives but loyally and faithfully keeping their principles and adhering to

the truths of life, they have all left their mark. The man who has appeared to have failed may have wrought the most triumphant success, for, thank God, the real value of this life is not in the money made, not even in the glory achieved, but in the truth that men follow faithfully till the end.

You are in possession of the ancient faith. Nobody but yourselves can rob you of it. The world will try to; there comes the test for the moment. You may totter, you may stagger, you may even for the moment go down; but that means nothing.

With your hand in the hand of Christ, with your soul dedicated to eternal truth for His sake, you will soon rise, and without paying any attention whatever to the voices of either friends, who sometimes flatter too much, or enemies, who are only glad to revile without any cause, you will face your God, who remains the same in sadness and in joy, in triumph and misfortune. That is what that Cross above that tower means to you. Have it here (pointing to his heart), and bear it forth into life courageously. Fear no man, love God, do the right and, come what may, you cannot fail. May God bless you all.

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND[1]

THE first thing that impressed me was the roads, the most perfect roads that I have ever seen in the world. From one end of England to the other, they are so even that you are never conscious of the slightest jar. And they are kept in absolutely perfect condition, not only the great highways, as one might expect, but even the second- and third-class roads through the country. The roads are very well posted. All the turns, corners, and directions are admirably marked out.

What was noticeable to me, too, was the size of the automobiles in England. We could not help remarking how much smaller the automobiles are in England than they are here, but they are very comfortable and seem very practicable.

Then there is a great use being made of the motorcycle with side car. The number of people who use them is astonishing. There is also a great use of the charabanc, so called, a large sight-seeing wagon, which provides communication from town to town for long distances, so that riding through the country in England is made very comfortable and very easy.

The little inns are very comfortable, though, I regret to say, some of them have been extremely modernized, and in a way that does not contribute anything either to their comfort or their beauty, as, for instance, in a very old inn at Worcester, it was rather painful to see the painted, pressed tin ceilings, evidently an importation from Amer-

[1] Interview given on return from England, June 30, 1923.

ica, but of a style that even here at home has been cast aside. As there is no way of heating them during the damp season, they were very trying. The only place that had a fire was the lounge, which had an incredibly small fireplace with a few coals burning.

To my great chagrin, I found that nearly all the books compiled by motorists were practically useless. Fortunately, as the roads are so good and so well marked, there is very little use for that sort of book. What is of great convenience is the series of little guides, so called, which contain the local history of each county along the way.

Of course, the great old homesteads of England are still there, though some of them look sadly in need of repair. As Blenheim Castle, the home of the Marlboroughs, was on the way from Oxford to Stratford, I stopped on the route and visited it. This enormous structure, really stupidly enormous because no one could possibly be expected to live in it, was practically deserted, except for a few caretakers and a few old men and old women, who all joined in the common lament that the lord of the manor lived there no more, because he was too poor to keep the place up. That was evident on all sides.

The park is beautiful, with its lovely old trees and sloping lawns, over which a few cattle were grazing. But the house itself was fast becoming a respectable ruin. The fact is that many of the nobility have become practically impoverished, and it is utterly out of the question for them to keep their houses up. Many of those who do live in them occupy a few rooms and close off the rest of the enormous structure. For instance, I saw in the *Times*, while I was in London, that during the same week a duke was on trial for embezzlement and a noble earl had died in a back lodging in a sordid street.

Of course, many of these enormous places were abbeys or priory lands, and there is a very well-known bit of poetic folklore which speaks of the curse which has followed the spoliation of the abbey lands, by which the whole purpose of the foundation, which was the moral and material welfare of the people of the village, was completely destroyed when the lands and the money and the houses that went with them were turned over to the king's favorites.

What struck one very forcibly was the situation of the little hamlets or villages around the great house. The walls of the manor house, eight or ten feet high, of solid masonry, extended for miles around the demesne, and the only place allotted to the villagers and their little cabins was a meager plot between the walls of the manor park and the roadside. I do not wonder that there is an outcry, a very strong outcry, for the proper housing of the people. It is hard for us to understand why these thousands and thousands of acres, which are practically put to no use whatever except the pleasure of looking at them, should be allowed to exist alongside of an obvious and most crying need for decent habitations for the workmen.

It may be very pretty for the artist, and it may be a matter of silly pride for the feudal lord, but it is certainly a matter of extreme inconvenience for the workman and his family. How it is possible to bring up a family in some of those places is beyond my mind to conceive. I think it is due, however, to many of the heirs of these great estates to say that they realize their day is past and that a new order of things has arrived. No one who even looks at the life of the English people superficially can help seeing that the old feudal ideas are completely broken down. It is not the people alone who rejoice at that, but many of

the nobility rejoice in the fact themselves. They see the anomaly of the situation of trying to keep up these utterly impossible places, while the taxes are so high and their income is so reduced that many of them have to live abroad.

It was made very clear to me from people on the grounds, who knew very well what they were talking about, that underneath the apparent calm surface there is a tremendous wave of discontent.

First of all, of course, we all know that the question of unemployment is a very tragic one. As we went along the road, we were constantly meeting, either singly or in groups, men whose condition was really pathetic. They were evidently not willingly tramps, but yet there they were going from village to village, trying to live. I honestly think that the English Government has done remarkably well, all in all, to provide for this situation. The taxes are enormous. It is hard to see, in fact, how they could be increased. There is no demand for manufactures on account of European conditions. It is nobody's fault especially, it is a fact of the circumstances of the time.

I was very glad to note that there was practically no drunkenness, as far as I could see. That is remarkable. Not even in Liverpool. The people were very orderly and quiet and very well behaved everywhere. In fact, it impressed itself on one very deeply that, though evidently there was great poverty in certain quarters, nevertheless there was also great self-restraint.

There is a great movement on foot to encourage agriculture in England. It certainly does seem strange to see these endless miles of country producing nothing but grass. But I was told that the climate of England, being so damp and with so little sunshine, is not conducive to very large experiments in agriculture or fruit-raising.

Then, too, it is so easy for them to get their produce from France and Holland, and even such far-away places as New Zealand supply the fruit. Canada, too, sends much of her produce there. So there does not seem to be much encouragement for England as an agricultural country.

Every traveler has a good word for the English policemen in England. They are extremely efficient, very polite and courteous, helpful in directing and guiding, especially in the large cities.

I saw Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Robert in the House of Commons, on the occasion when Mr. Stanley Baldwin took his place as premier, but there was no reason why I should meet them. I heard them in debate, and neither of them was especially impressive as a debater. In fact, Lord Robert had the rather questionable taste of flying into a temper, which, of course, added only to the merriment of Ramsay MacDonald and his associates.

There is a man worth watching. I am not talking about his policies or his principles. I am talking only about his personality. He is a fine-looking, upstanding individual, of a very rugged, strong type, and when he talks he talks with conviction. He evidently never loses his temper, as Lord Robert does, but he drives home with a clear and pungent speech, delivered in the most perfect enunciation and with a wonderfully well-modulated voice, whatever he has to say.

In the House of Lords I listened to a debate with a good deal of interest, because it brought into the arena several of the more noted and conspicuous figures of the lords. Lord Curzon was all propriety. With a voice that was scarcely above a whisper, he made his remarks in language which was almost over-elegant, just as his personal appearance was.

On the other hand, on the bench of the opposition was Lord Grey of Fallodon, whose appearance impressed me very much. There was no affectation of elegance in his speech. It was just excellent, clear, precise English. In the coolest way imaginable he taunted the Government with evidently endeavoring to stimulate the growth of Bolshevism in the country by their high-handed methods. This, of course, was all said with such perfect calmness of manner as only to drive the dart home deeper.

At once Lord Salisbury, the brother of Lord Robert, was on his feet. But evidently it seems to be a mark of the present-day Cecils to lose their tempers. Lord Salisbury was so irritated by the cool, dignified manner of Lord Grey that he could only stammer out a reply, which was no reply at all, and then really finish his remarks in a stutter of rage.

While the Parliament building and the Hall of the Lords and the Hall of the Commons is a fine piece of architecture, I cannot conceive of a more uncomfortable way of seating the members. There is a series of long benches which at times are most uncomfortably crowded, leaving no space for hands or arms, much less for documents or papers which any speaker may wish to use. Part of the time the sun poured through the west windows of the House of Lords, straight into the eyes of the members on the east side, so that they could scarcely see what was going on at the other side of the house, unless they put on their hats and screened their eyes with the brims. No doubt, it is all traditional, and the English like traditions, but, I can only repeat, I cannot conceive of a more inconvenient method of housing a Parliament than these benches.

I had the pleasure of meeting "Tay Pay" O'Connor.

He is looking, of course, very much older than when I saw him last, but he still has the humorous twinkle in his eye and genial and friendly manner. He is now the "father of the House of Commons." That means he is the first member in the order of seniority of election. He has served for forty years consecutively in the House.

They gave him a great dinner while I was there, and several of the notable members of Parliament were present to do him honor. Among them was Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who at that time was only Chancellor of the Exchequer, as Mr. Law had not resigned. The speech of Mr. Baldwin was characteristic. He congratulated Mr. O'Connor on his long service in the House, stating that it certainly was a matter of very great credit to be returned year after year for forty years, but for himself he had no such ambition. He said: "For my part, I long for the time when I can lay this all down and go back to the country and lead a decent life with the people that I love, in the companionship of good books and the recreation of raising good big pigs."

This humorous and at the same time characteristic speech of Mr. Baldwin created a great sensation in London, because there was a feeling already in the air that he would be the next premier, which he must have known himself. Nevertheless, in plain words he indicated there that he had no ambition for a great place in the Government and longed for the peace and privacy of his home in Somersetshire.

Lord Curzon on another occasion shortly after at a meeting of the Carlton Club, called Mr. Stanley Baldwin humorously to account for the speech. There he asked Mr. Stanley Baldwin what he meant by his desire for a "decent life"; was life in Parliament incompatible with

decency? Lord Curzon added: "As for books, why, Mr. Baldwin, you will have plenty of them very soon, because you will have to read my white, yellow, and blue books on the European situation. As for the pigs —" The rest was lost in an uproar. This would seem to indicate that even such a very superior person as the Marquis Curzon of Kedleston has at the bottom of his soul a sense of humor.

As for Dean Inge. Of course, I did not see him, and I certainly have no desire to meet him. There is enough gloom in life without meeting gloomy deans. The fact is that, though what Dean Inge writes is pretty generally read in America, from what I can hear from authoritative sources, neither what he writes nor what he says makes much of an impression in England itself. The fact is that he is looked upon by the English people as an eccentric. He has a way of saying bitter things which are more caustic than truthful.

I would have given anything, were I able to visit the shrines and the holy places of the "Isle of Saints," and to tread again the scenes where my ancestors lived and fought and died. But it was not the time. Please God, I still hope to make that pilgrimage, to me a holy pilgrimage.

A NOBLE LIFE [1]

My dear, beloved children and parishioners of St. Mary's, Brookline: I have come, as your Right Reverend Pastor has told you, to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. I am very deeply moved by the beautiful words of your pastor. He spoke about reminiscences. Now, I have a very beautiful memory of my earliest youth, about which, of course, Monsignor McManus very likely would not tell you, but of which I am very happy to speak.

One of my earliest recollections of the Church is precisely in connection with your Right Reverend Pastor. He was then a young curate in a neighboring parish in Lowell, where I was born and brought up. I remember distinctly the strong feeling of respect and affection which all the parish of St. Patrick, of which he was a curate, had for Fr. McManus, and the admiration and esteem which the whole city showed him.

You little children, of course, can hardly realize what a kindly, upstanding priest your venerable pastor was in those days. And he was all that he looked — a virile, manly, devoted priest. Though I have never had occasion to speak in this way about him before, and it is always a little trying to speak in the presence of one whom you love and admire as I do Monsignor McManus, nevertheless I am happy now that he is growing venerable and old in service to lighten the burden of his advancing years.

I am happy to know that he is beloved in this parish and in all Brookline and throughout the Diocese, even

[1] Address at Confirmation in St. Mary's, Brookline, June 26, 1923.

more than he was then in Lowell forty odd years ago. He has spent many hard years of notable service here with you. I need not speak of that. You know what he has done, how devoted he has been as a parish priest. At every Mass, from early morning until all the Masses are over, Monsignor McManus is in this place looking after the children, giving them words of affection and advice, kindly to the people, devoted to his duty.

St. Mary's was always a fine parish, but I do not hesitate to say that what it is to-day is due to the devotion and to the faithful labors of Monsignor McManus. I know more about these things than you do, although of course you must know a great deal. No little detail of the life of his people is foreign to him.

This is great praise, especially coming from the Head of the Diocese to one of his priests, but I am happy to say all that I have said, and I could say much more. So, really, you have been a happy parish. You have been well taken care of. Your pastor has been faithful to you.

Another thing on which I may touch in passing is his prudent fatherliness to his young priests. They all have only one word — "He is a father to us."

So, dear Monsignor, as you have touched me by your words of welcome, and I know that your heart is sincere, so may these words of approbation and praise which I voice in the name of all your parish be a sweet consolation in the declining years of your life. You have good reason to be grateful to God for all that you have been able to do. There is nothing left, which you have not honestly attempted and tried to do for the welfare of your people and for the honor of the Diocese.

As every general must depend upon the fidelity of his subalterns, his captains and lieutenants, and as, of course,

his most grateful moment is when he finds his captains faithful to him, so I am happy and proud to say that one of the most faithful captains of this Diocese is your pastor. He is loyal always to his ecclesiastical superiors, entertains no intrigue, no ambition, except to do what is right and to stand with those whom God has placed over him.

My dear children, this day will be a beautiful day in your lives. You will remember the words I have said about your parish priest, even if you live to be eighty years old. You will carry with you all your lives the ideal of a true Catholic priest, of a father who knows how to direct you, and who does not spare you when you need a little advice.

That is a sign that he is a good shepherd. The priest is intended by Almighty God to direct his people, and sometimes even to take his little staff in hand and touch you on the back and say, "Here, you are not going right, you are not going straight." This is the type of the fine old parish priest, and Monsignor McManus has all those admirable attributes, which have been the secret of the success of this Diocese.

I know you love him. The parish and the whole town of Brookline admire and love him; and they have good reason. Let this be a day of thanksgiving for us all. Your Pastor has accomplished fine work with loyalty and fidelity to every one from the time he was a young, zealous, upstanding curate of Lowell, until to-day he is one of the most honored priests of the whole country.

This is your inheritance, my dear children, it is your beautiful inheritance. It is a great consolation to me and a great consolation to you. May God bless him and spare him a great many years, no longer of hard labor. He has

done enough of that. Let us all help him now to enjoy his declining years, in the memory of the sweet work he has done for his Divine Master.

My dear children, in receiving the Sacrament of Confirmation to-day, you receive a great gift of God, you receive the Holy Ghost, to make you strong Christians, soldiers of Jesus Christ. Be true to your faith, be true to the promises you make to-day in receiving the Sacrament. Be firm and loyal Catholics. God gives you the truth, God points the way. Walk straight in the path of your faith and your holy religion, and God will bless you in this life and give you happiness in eternity for ever and ever. May God bless you all.

PROCLAMATION ON DEATH OF PRESDENT HARDING

THE Nation weeps and is bowed with sorrow for the death of a great-hearted, noble man, who was also its devoted and faithful chief.

Our dead President literally sank exhausted at his post of high duty, done for the Nation's welfare. No citizen can remain unmoved at the sight of such noble unselfishness.

America to-day leads the nations of the earth. This is no mere accident. It is the proof of God's blessing upon a land, where His Holy Name is in the hearts and on the lips of her rulers. The nations which have trodden underfoot His Sacred Law and His Divine Word are fast disintegrating in anarchy and decadence. This, too, is no accident of war. It is the fulfillment of God's promises and the dire destiny of infidelity. Blessed is the land whose dying rulers acknowledge Christ's leadership, and whose living chiefs beg God's light upon their labors for the people.

The last message of President Harding was an appeal to the Nation's manhood to follow the footsteps of Christ in the path of friendship, harmony, and love. The first words of President Coolidge, called suddenly in the dead of night to face unspeakable responsibilities in exacting and exhausting labors for the common good, were an act of sublime faith in the guidance of God's providence.

Americans! such leaders are nothing short of gifts of Heaven to a Nation whose people still refuse to follow the

treacherous ways of civil and spiritual anarchy, but instead, amid the confusion of the world's turmoil, trust those who trust God.

The President of the United States has sent out his invitation to all the people of the Nation to turn to God in humility and submission of soul, and to gather in their places of worship on the day of the interment of good President Harding, there to offer to Almighty God the tribute of faith and recognition. The Governor of Massachusetts has echoed the wish of the President.

We, therefore, hereby request all the Pastors of this Archdiocese to call the faithful about the sacred altars on that day, Friday, August 10, at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and there in God's Holy Presence offer to our Father in Heaven fervent prayers for the welfare of the Nation, for the mercy of God upon all those who have governed in His name, and for His holy guidance to him who has suddenly been called to the highest office in the Nation.

The particular form of this service is left to the prudent judgment of the individual pastors.

The following will be the order of service at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross:

1 — Hymn to the Holy Cross.

2 — Recitation of the Psalms, Miserere and De Profundis.

3 — Hymn to the Holy Name.

4 — Prayer for those in authority, followed by the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Apostles' Creed."

5 — Hymn, "The Cross and the Flag."

A GLORIOUS AND HOLY WORK[1]

It must be a very happy day for the Xaverian Brothers to find themselves in possession of this really beautiful estate, as it is a happy day, also, for all of us. We came here to ask Almighty God to bless and sanctify this place for the noble purpose to which it is now to be consecrated.

That purpose is the training of young men for the work of Catholic education in our schools. Just as we must have seminaries for the training of priests who are to go forth on their sublime mission of grace to do good to all mankind, so we must have religious teachers who will train the youth of our country, of the world, to know God and, therefore, the more to love Him and the better to serve Him.

The work of training young men in this glorious and holy work of Catholic education is a very sublime one. It would seem as if Almighty God in His providence has really manifested Himself here at this time and in this place. For those who consecrate their lives and their work to God, there ought to be a place of quiet, of repose, of rest and even of beauty, because all these things influence and react upon the minds and the hearts and the souls of men. Young men who are dedicating their lives to the service of the school need all these things.

We are all very happy, and, I can only repeat, it really seems like an act of Divine Providence, in His goodness, to turn over as a training-school for the Xaverian Bro-

[1] Address at dedication of Juniorate of Xaverian Brothers, Peabody, August 5, 1923.

thers this beautiful estate, with its agricultural facilities, its foliage and houses. The best will never be more than enough to inspire the minds, hearts, and souls of the Brothers with the beauty of soul, which they must impart to the children under their charge.

We little thought, when the day was established for the blessing of this school, that the country would be filled with gloom and mourning. We little realized, when we named the day that we should gather here together for this holy purpose, that the chief of our Nation would lie dead.

Wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Divine Providence and unmistakable are the designs of God. The whole Nation is in mourning and we can scarcely rouse ourselves from the gloom, the sadness which surrounds the whole civic body of America, to feel much joy, even on an occasion like this. We know what life is. Life must go on.

All these sad incidents of life are only a part of life. Nevertheless, I know that I voice the sentiments, the feelings in the hearts of all the Catholics of this great country, when I say that no one more than we feel the grief of and understand the tremendous loss to the Nation in the death of President Harding.

The President of the United States has sent out his invitation to all of us to come together in our places of worship on next Friday, and offer up from our hearts the prayer of faith and a recognition of God.

On Friday next all the faithful will gather in their various churches to offer to Almighty God a tribute of humility and recognition, and to ask Divine Providence to continue to bless our beloved America.

Now, dear people, I want to congratulate you as well as the Brothers on this occasion. The hand of God is all-

powerful, the authority of the Church is far-reaching. It is sanctified and potent, but, without the coöperation of the people, neither God Himself nor the Church can do the great work of the sanctification of the children's souls. This Christian education alone can accomplish.

Therefore, you, too, are to be congratulated that you have manifested your interest so deeply in the acquisition of this estate for the noble purpose to which it is now to be put. So, all together, we shall kneel here before the altar of God, and ask Him to bless us all, to bless the Diocese and the great work of Catholic education which is going forward so splendidly under God's providence, to bless the good Brothers who give their noble lives for this high purpose, to bless the parents, the children, that we all may do His will on earth and live with Him and enjoy His presence forever in Heaven, Amen.

A SUBLIME VOCATION [1]

We come together again in the Providence of God for our Annual Teachers' Institute. The years pass so quickly that it does not seem fourteen years since the convening of the first Teachers' Institute, yet these years have been years of hard work and notable development. It is but the simple truth to state, without fear of exaggeration, that during the past fourteen years the educational work of our Archdiocese has gone forward in character and in quality. These years of progress from a standard already good mean a great deal in the advance of Catholic education.

Nothing is ever perfect in this life. I always consider it a great consolation that, no matter what we have done that is good, there remain tremendous possibilities which we can enjoy year after year in our effort continually to do something better. This is a great consolation, peculiar to those who are interested in the intellectual life and in the fields of study and of mental and moral development.

One great attraction, power and excellence in the life of the teacher is precisely this — it is never quite the same. The teacher's life offers always large and rich variety, so that after twenty, thirty, forty years the teacher really enjoys his vocation even more than when he begins.

The reason is found in the fact that the teacher has developed himself by experience, by reading, by new contacts, and by this development he is constantly growing within himself. The teacher's life can never remain quite the same, when the life is accepted seriously as a vocation.

[1] Address at Fourteenth Annual Teachers' Institute, August 24, 1923.

When one talks of the drudgery and monotony of teaching, I must reply that he who complains on this score does not know what teaching is. He who declares that going to school day after day is a dull and dreary existence has little or no comprehension of the meaning of real teaching. Such a person ought never be a teacher.

He is in truth out of sympathy with his own life. The great interest of the true teacher is the most sublime interest of life. It is to deal with souls, to train to high ideals, to form Christian character, and to promote these purposes by guiding the lives of individuals, so varied in their capacities and so rich in their possibilities. There is nothing more beautiful in life.

Compare the life of the teacher with the life of the merchant. In business we find the monotonous and the humdrum. Nothing that the business man, or doctor or lawyer accomplishes can be measured with the training of souls to shape conduct into conformity with the purposes God has revealed for man's life on earth.

For this very reason the teaching vocation is and must be a religious vocation. To teach merely for money means failure, for the men and women who teach in our day could by giving attention to other things in life gain more money and more of the material rewards of life. To teach for gratitude from pupils is to work to be disappointed, for we all have the experience that, doing our best for individuals, there is little appreciation in return.

To teach for the joy of teaching brings its own consolation, but the day comes when forces slacken and the world turns to say, "We can now do without you." What then? I repeat, unless the teaching vocation is a religious vocation, the teacher is deprived of the true and perfect consolations of this most important and holy work.

With the teaching profession and the religious vocation combined, the work is transformed. You who are religious teachers know it well. You do not wear out your energies for material gain. You gave up everything of that character long ago. Even the lack of gratitude, characteristic of youth, does not disturb you.

You are not concerned with considerations like these. Working for God, you are never disappointed. Laboring for the fulfillment of God's purposes in human life, under the direction of Holy Mother Church, you live with a holy independence of the world, the world's gratitude and the world's rewards.

In one sense, you have already your reward. You have a vision which transforms everything in your lives and in your labors. You have a vision of Heaven and of the blessed eternity God gives to those who serve Him. You have this vision as you kneel near the Tabernacle, and whenever you receive Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Our Lord whispers to you in the peace of the convent chapel, "Go on, dear child. Work on to the end. I am with you always. In the end I shall be your great reward."

Behold the sublimity of your vocation as religious teachers. On this foundation, this guidance, this inspiration, your lives as teachers grow happier, holier, day by day.

In spite of fatigue, your interest never slackens. Effort and devotion are all part of your noble vocation — the offering and the sacrifice of minds and hearts on the altar of unselfishness out of love for God and God's little ones. This offering in a mystic way produces its effects on the children you teach and brings them to God. In young hearts you implant by precept and example the fundamental principles of Christian living, you train in habits

of religious thought and actions, you prepare with this perfect foundation a worthy citizenship for our beloved country.

I need not ask God's blessing, for God blesses your work in a conspicuous way. Our schools are increasing, models in their structure, in their accomplishments, and in the spirit which pervades them. With sublime self-sacrifice you have chosen the better part. Blessed are you who find first motive and final consolation in God, Who gives life and in Whose honor and service life must be developed and trained by teachers and schools, devoted to the untiring work of Christian education.

LETTER TO ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE UNITED STATES[1]

WASHINGTON, D.C.
October 1, 1923

TO ALL THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE UNITED STATES:

At our latest meeting in Washington, September 26th, His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, read to the assembled prelates a communication which he had just received from His Holiness, Pius XI, in which the Holy Father, in a very touching manner, set forth the urgent need of coming to the assistance of the poor and suffering peoples of the Near East, Central Europe, and Japan.

Naturally, the poor and suffering of all nations turn now more than ever to the Holy See, imploring the Common Father of Christendom to aid them and succor them in their unspeakable distress.

The heart of the Sovereign Pontiff is torn with anguish as appeal after appeal is made to him, finding himself, nevertheless, without adequate means to supply financial aid to so many and so insistent cries from various parts of the world for his charitable intervention. Formerly he could appeal to the various nations of Europe to help him in his charitable endeavors to aid his suffering and needy children; but now, to what nation in Europe can he turn with any hope of receiving large financial aid?

He has expressed his own sense of embarrassment at finding himself so often compelled, by the sheer stress of

[1] Letter to Archbishops and Bishops of the United States on the Holy Father's Charitable Relief Fund for Stricken People.

conditions as they are in Europe, so frequently to entreat generous America to assist him now, since Europe, engulfed in her own troubles, seems for the moment, at least, incapable of answering in any large measure his fatherly appeals.

Surely, the Holy Father cannot, and will not, be content to listen without a response to the piteous cry for aid from his stricken children.

Surely, too, all the Bishops, Priests, and people of America, understanding well the sorrow which fills his paternal heart at the sight of such overwhelming needs and the pitiably small means at his disposal, will never turn a deaf ear to any appeal which the Holy Father makes to their Christian sympathy and generosity.

The Holy Father never appeals for himself; he never speaks of his own needs, though they are many and great.

The Bishops who listened to the reading of the Holy Father's letter were deeply touched, and unanimously promised instant aid to the efforts of the Holy Father in procuring help for his suffering children. Unanimously, too, they recommended at once collections all over the country for what they wished to be named "The Holy Father's Charitable Relief Fund," and they instructed me to send this communication to all the Archbishops and Bishops of America, which I have herewith the honor to do.

It is their hope and wish that this most recent appeal of the Holy Father should be given the fullest publicity all over the country, and that, on the earliest Sunday possible after the receipt of this letter, collections be taken up in all the churches of the country for this fund, and sent forthwith to His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, who will transmit the money received to the Holy Father.

May we not all, by our united action in this response to the Holy Father's appeal, give added proof, if such were necessary, that his burdens are our burdens, that his anxieties are ours, and that, whenever he turns to us for assistance, or aid, or comfort, his devoted American children will realize his desire as soon as it is expressed, and gladly endeavor to accomplish it?

I have the honor to be always

Your humble servant

W. Card. O'Connell

Archbishop of Boston

THE GOAL OF LIFE [1]

THE one thing necessary in life is the knowledge that we were born to serve God, and for nothing else. If we fulfill this duty, everything in the universe will take its relative place.

We must beware, lest worldly desires and ambitions interfere with our duty to God. The world, in thousands of ways, offers money, success, allurements, pleasures. But Boston College strives to give fixed principles to the student, firmness of character and the true ideal of what life is.

The college senior, about to enter the world, is faced with the question of what he is to be — the most important question the collegian could ask himself. He is not as the sand upon the seashore, to be blown hither and thither without fixity of purpose. But rather he is a person possessing an independent character, free will and intellect, with which he can and must solve the problem of the right and wrong pathway to follow. The choice is entirely his.

It is a sublime privilege to coöperate with God Himself. There is not one of you, here within this chapel, whom God does not regard as of infinite value. Whether you go into medicine or law, it is of secondary importance, since the primary consideration is that of serving God.

The world into which you are about to enter holds up money as an allurement. But in the end it will recognize the value of a good man, because the good Christian man is respected in the world.

[1] Address to seniors in retreat at St. Mary's Chapel, September 26, 1923.

THE HEART OF FAITH[1]

I AM happy and thankful to be here among you this morning. This new church of beautiful architecture and construction is a credit to the parish priest and the parishioners of the Italian Church of St. Lazarus.

During my life, I have lived many years among the Italian people, and I feel that I know the Italian race. From that knowledge which is profound and not superficial, I have learned to love them.

All races have their faults, because all races are human, but I believe that the Italian people in the expression of their faith, sacrificial spirit, and generosity of soul, excel all others.

Parents should do all in their power to conserve the holy traditions received through the priceless heritage of Faith, a heritage that has produced such fine fruits of piety and erudition as are exemplified in so many noble sons of Italy.

I exhort all parents, present here this morning, to give good example of the Catholic Faith and its practices to their little ones.

Children are very wise and they learn quickly by observation. It behooves you, therefore, to guard against indifference in attending Mass and against laxity in the practices of your religion, because, after all, rich or poor, the best legacy one can leave to children is the example of a good Christian life. Give the children good Christian training. If they live well, they will die well.

[1] Address at blessing of St. Lazarus' Church, Orient Heights, November 11, 1923.

Be steadfast in upholding the sublime principles of which your beautiful new church is the symbol. Reverence your priests and be truly grateful for the generous bounty of God.

A BISHOP'S IDEALS [1]

We all have an ideal before our minds. First of all Jesus Christ, and then the Saints. But it is well to have living persons with whom we have intimate contact, and I have had intimate contact with two Popes, Leo XIII and Pius X. Leo XIII was the great intellectual light of his day, and Pius X the efficient administrator of a diocese.

I am an ecclesiastic, and naturally I took ecclesiastics for my inspiration. Therefore, my influences have been the men who have been leaders in public affairs for public welfare. The Bishop of to-day, in America particularly, must be a man of high and keen intellectual vision, thoroughly in touch with conditions that affect the public and spiritual welfare of his diocese and his nation. There must and always will be those whose life is a placid retirement into mere internal contemplation, but not for a bishop. He must be a man of action; that is his particular duty as bishop.

Those were the words Pope Leo XIII delivered to me. There was a light in his eyes when he uttered them. He seemed to peer into the future and picture the duties and difficulties which the life of a bishop in our time would have to meet.

Then came Pius X. Complete perfection is not possible to find in any human being from every side and every angle; even a great Pope does not include in himself perfection. Leo XIII had flooded the world with his

[1] Address at Cathedral, Feast of Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1923.

luminous exposition of the very important truths, which had to do with the problems of the world of his day — socialism, the duties of those governing, the true sense of duty among people, the rights of capital and labor. There was a man (Leo XIII), cloistered away in the Vatican, who dealt with the practical matters of the day as no other man has ever done.

That is what I saw in Leo XIII, who could deduce from eternal principles with infallible logic whatever concerned the welfare of man, and could detect at a glance the kernel of fallacy which lay concealed behind beautiful but futile promises. I spent six years of my life at the feet of that master and, of course, I have simply done according to my little powers what little I could do as I was affected by that intellectual giant. One could not help absorbing some little shred of light which was shed from that great personality.

Pius X was an entirely different person. The intellectual illumination of the problems of the day, as they affected governments, nations, and classes, had been the need of the hour of Leo XIII, but once that had been accomplished it was done for all time. Now comes another kind of man, the efficient administrator of a diocese. That was in a very particular sense what Pius X represented. They were different men, but one completed the other.

What I admired so much in Pius X was that, with all his meekness and mildness, when he put his hand to the plough, he never turned back. The application of the great universal principles of Leo XIII to the administration of a diocese was the work of Pius X, and, in following the path which he had clearly marked out as his duty, nothing could deflect him. He felt deeply and keenly the

obstruction put in his way by others whose first duty should have been to help him do his work.

He had the tenderest of hearts, but also the most resolute of wills. While opposition and obstruction pained him inexpressibly, he went ahead, with the result that in the end of his reign he had achieved quietly, simply, without noise or blare of trumpets, a complete revolution in the Roman curia.

Leo XIII was the great mind. Pius X was the great bishop. If you will, give him the glory of the name that was applied to him sometimes in derision, "he was the good parish priest." There was a Celtic strain in him. He had all the shrewdness and good nature of the good Irish parish priest. It was just those qualities that won the world for him. When he came to Rome, he had had no experience in diplomacy. When he came to the Papacy, it was a case of dealing with the diplomats of the world. It was expected he would fail. But he succeeded where Leo XIII, with all his diplomacy, had failed. At the hour of his death (Pius X), his bed-chamber was crowded with diplomats from the great nations of the world, among them atheists and infidels, some in tears, kneeling as at the bedside of their own father.

I remember once his telling me, because he had the habit of talking intimately with me, at the very time the word was being sent about that he knew little of world diplomacy, that "They say the truth, but, though I am not a diplomat and have no desire to be a diplomat, I am no fool."

I was to be, not an ascetic, but an active administrator, he told me, and in that I found my model in Pius X. In the midst of his greatest trials his soul was calm. He saw the obstacles deliberately placed in his path by those

who should have helped him. He smiled and went on. He was the gentlest of souls, but he was also the firmest in things that he knew had to be done. That, to my mind, is the greatest administrator.

The memory of these two Popes has been with me every day of my life. If I have approached ever so faintly what they represent, that is my great happiness.

It gives me great consolation and joy to note the vast progress of the Church in the Archdiocese during my administration. One hundred and thirty-eight new church edifices have been erected, sixty-two new schools, twenty new convents, and ten new educational establishments. These edifices, consecrated to their high purposes, were erected at an expenditure of $20,000,000.

The Seminary, Boston College, and St. Elizabeth's Hospital, the last two new from the foundations, are my special consolation and joy, since their glorious mission is to prepare our Catholic youth for a lofty work in life. The Seminary has been renovated and enlarged during my administration and another completely new building is now happily under way.

Sixteen years ago the Archdiocese had but a few institutions, all heavily in debt. To-day not a cent of debt remains.

It is apposite to state that splendid work is being accomplished at the Passionist Monastery and the Cenacle Convent. The great work of conducting retreats for lay folk has been most fruitful.

We are quick to say that our parochial schools are the best of schools. The system is improving. To-day all our teaching Sisters are specialists, each in her own branch. Their team work is admirable.

Our answer to all this wave of talk of the decadence of

family life and the lack of respect in children for all authority is that where there is not a Christian training the fruits are evident. Children can be protected. There should be the greatest watchfulness over their entertainment. We should determine if that influence is good or evil. As to motion pictures, for instance, the parent should make certain that his child sees only those that are good and inspiring. If this cannot be accomplished by the vigilance of the parent or by other means, then it should be effected by legislation.

In the end it is the parent's duty. The parent cannot shift that to the Church or State. Parents should not bring children into the world and then think no more about them. If the parent feels no responsibility for the child, how can he expect respect from his offspring? Nothing can take the place of the influence in the home.

I am not a foolish optimist. I think it is nothing short of silly to say that the world is moving into better conditions and greater good. That is silly. Human nature is the same during the centuries. You cannot have a sore spot without danger of contagion. If there is no respect for law, if religion is set aside or is mocked or its influence minimized, then the barriers are down and there is nothing to stop the spread of a virulent social disease. The very first attack is upon the church, the home, and the judiciary.

Once those defenses are weakened, the rest is easy enough. That is what every good citizen must watch out for. Good citizens are our barriers against the utter decadence of society and the downfall of everything that is good in social life.

Therefore, from my point of view, the outlook is good, because the attempt at destruction was made. The

American people saw where it was going on and they came to the defense of religion, the home, the courts, and the legislative. That came just after the war. During the war we were absorbed in war. Then the work began and the point of view shifted.

The people, imbued with a right sense of authority and of law, will progress in their desire for the remedy of certain methods and systems, economic, which have proved to be not adequate. The powerful and the rich all the world over got a lesson in the war. Things are in a hopeful way. Those who have control of the situation have begun to see that neither arrogance nor stubbornness in the face of humanity in general can avail for long.

The American standard of living will not permit the enslavement of the worker, and, even if this enslavement is decked out with fancier titles, it is enslavement nevertheless, unless they have the freedom they deserve in their personal human lives, and this cannot with impunity be tampered with or defied. The common welfare demands sacrifices on both sides. The worker no less than the employer must each be able to see in honesty and sympathy the point of view of the other, and work together for their mutual welfare.

And so that brings us to certain conclusions, in my case, regarding the work of a bishop, a work that is threefold: First, the providing of means and the stimulating of influences which concern worship; second, the growth of educational influences, and third, the work of charity.

Here we have the best seminary in the country, unequalled materially, intellectually, and spiritually. It is in the hands of a thoroughly competent and devoted faculty. Its superior does not exist in the world. For education, look at our two colleges, Boston College

and Emmanuel College. In works of charity — our hospitals are second to none. We have our homes for the aged and poor, our asylums for children, our provision for the neglected, both institutional and non-institutional, in every sense working in the most efficient manner. Thank God, I have much to be thankful for. That is my sentiment on my sixty-fourth birthday anniversary.

To-day I feel not a day older than when I was forty-five. I have the same enthusiasm, the same activity.

POWERFUL FACTORS IN CATHOLIC EDUCATION[1]

This is a beautiful and historic day. It is to us all an occasion of great joy and thanksgiving. Surely, we have many reasons to be thankful to Almighty God for the almost miraculous growth, first of all, of interest in, and devotion to, on the part of the priests, the good religieuses and the whole Catholic people of this diocese, the great cause of Catholic education, more especially to-day, on account of the quite miraculous growth of the Congregation of St. Joseph.

When we remember that fifty years ago there were only five religieuses of St. Joseph and one school, and that to-day there are over six hundred of these devoted women and hundreds of schools, we must believe that this is the work of God and that the hand of God is here.

A short time ago, there was an interview published, given by me to one of the correspondents of the daily newspapers, and I think it must have been rather interesting. He caught very well the spirit of what I wished to say. It is not surprising, however, that he omitted something that I was very anxious to have appear in that interview.

It is not my custom to give interviews at this time, except for very special reasons. Occasionally, there is a very special reason why the public should be taken into my confidence, and that was one occasion. The Bishop of

[1] Address on fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of Sisters of St. Joseph in the Diocese, delivered at Cathedral, December 27, 1923.

the Diocese must bear his burden alone as Christ did, keep his lips fastened tight as Christ did to Pilate and Herod. It is not the world's business. It is God's business. He has the appointment of God to God's work.

If he gets some share of credit, he thanks God for it, but he must also be ready to share, nay to bear, all blame for Christ's sake in silence. The dignity of Christ is his dignity, and it is enough for him to know that Christ understands — that is his chief solace, comfort, and strength, and he will find that nowhere else.

But, I repeat, there are occasions when it is well that the Bishop share his confidence with those who are interested in his work. Hence, in that interview, I spoke of the marvelous growth of religion in the Diocese. The increase in population indicates enormous increase in the religious spirit. That is the miracle, for all the world is given God's hand. God's all-powerful assistance is here. Who can doubt it who knows anything of the facts?

In the interview, I repeat, a very important thing is left out. The last word I said to him was, "Yes, that has been the marvelous, the miraculous growth of the religious interest of the people of this Diocese, indicated by the wonderful churches erected, the marvelous number of new parishes. I cannot easily realize it myself — during my régime I have created eighty-two new parishes. Nearly every one of these parishes now has a beautiful church and beautiful rectory. Many of them have a good school. These are miracles," and I said to him — "Neither I nor any other bishop in the Church could do this work, except for the wonderful coöperation of the priests, the religieuses and the Catholic people of the Diocese."

That, really, was the most important word I had to say, and that was the word he omitted. Now, I am happy to

have the occasion to say it to you. The work of stimulating the growth of religion is the chief work of the bishop of a diocese. After all, both by divine dispensation and human ordinance, direction must come from the head. The stimulating influences, civic, financial, and most of all, religious, must come from the head, because, who has the right of initiative but he?

Therefore, I thank Almighty God this day that I have before Him now, both in facts and figures and in your persons, the proof positive that, whatever else I have done or not done, I have given every moment of my life, while I have been Bishop, to this Diocese, to the stimulating of religious influences, to building churches, schools, and to fostering vocations to the priesthood. This has been my work and my only work. I have done nothing else since I came to this Diocese and to this seat of honor.

I have lived in it and for it. I have dreamed for it and worked for it, and God has blessed the work.

Certainly, dearest to my heart is the work of Catholic education, because it sums up everything. The children of the faith should know the principles of their faith, and bring them into daily exercise. They should be positive directing forces. They can only be taught to children in their earliest youth.

We hear so much about leaving choice of religion to a boy until he comes to maturity. Children have no religion left in them, when they come to maturity, and they have no desire to make a choice. The time to begin work to prepare the mental, moral, and intellectual development is while the child is at the mother's knee. That is God's schoolhouse. As years go on, the child must get the proper fitting, the proper training for life.

Then, that child must be transferred to one who can

properly take the place of the mother and the father. No one else has any right to teach any child, because, if we forfeit the right of parents, then we become anarchists and nihilists. Therefore, we must maintain what is our birthright, the right of the freedom of education.

We will have no imposed State system, because that would give us with one hand the glory of our Constitution, and take it away with the other. So we stand to-day, as we must always stand, for the God-given right of the parents in the matter of the children's education and training and fitting for life. No one else has any right. Where the parent can transfer that right, it must still be the right of the parent and of no one else. The State has the right to supervise the manner of education in such a way as to make sure that the child shall be trained to be a good citizen, but there you stop!

The child has an immortal soul. He is not to be a mere cog in the machinery of government. The child has a soul to save, and Christian parents can never be content with any system that forbids them the right to prepare children's souls for God.

That is the principle on which your Order is founded. Certainly, God has blessed your congregation.

Of course, all the sisters of the Diocese are very dear to my heart, but no one will mind, if I say that the sisters of St. Joseph and the priests of the Diocese are my nearest and dearest.

Almost every one works for the spiritual welfare and the faith of this Diocese, and we love them dearly. So, dear mothers and dear sisters, take with you to-day our very best wishes, our most affectionate blessing, and pursue your work in God's name.

You know how we have striven, all of us, year after

year, to make the system of your training as nearly perfect as is possible, thanking God when succeeding.

I have seen with my own eyes the progress and the quality of the novices, and the preparation and the training imparted to them. In ten years the whole character of your Order has been transformed. This is literally true.

Of course, it is hard work. It is a tremendous sacrifice every day. But there is no other way of achieving it. You have understood it and worked with me hand in hand, so that we may realize the great blessing of having the Order trained and especially fitted to the work of the parish.

I trust that the Press is represented here this morning, and that it will not forget that very important word I had to say. I thank God for the material proof, which no one can ignore, if he has eyes at all, of the marvelous spiritual growth of the Diocese in the last sixteen years.

I take the smallest share of the credit to myself. The work has been done, is being done, and will be done by our priests and our good religieuses with the corresponding cooperation of our laity, zealous Catholic men and women of this Diocese. I am very proud, and so proud I have not words to express my sentiments, of being Archbishop of such a Diocese, of such priests and of such religieuses and such people, but proud in the right sense, humble to the earth. I can only work as God gave me to work, and that I do to the full. I challenge the world in that. No thought, no hour, day or night that you and what you represent are not in my mind and heart. So, with God's blessing, let us go on together, working to the full measure of our capacity, working for the glory of God, for the salvation of souls, for the welfare of the State and the Nation, and our eternal welfare in Heaven.

ON DEPARTURE FOR THE HOLY LAND [1]

I AM happy to take this occasion of telling you that very shortly I shall be on my way to the Holy Land.

The work of a Bishop in this country, especially in an Archdiocese like ours, is heavy — it never lets up. But I thank God that, during the years I have been here, He has given me the strength and power to coöperate with you, so that I can honestly say that practically everything I planned to do, when I came here at the beginning, has now been done.

As a result of that coöperation, the Archdiocese of Boston is now in the front rank of the dioceses of the world. Our institutions are models of efficiency and free from debt — a very unique thing. They are doing noble work, unrivaled elsewhere. Our churches are filled to overflowing Sunday after Sunday, and are excellently served by the devoted priests. In certain world-wide works, like the propagation of the Faith, we are not only in the front rank, but we take the first place.

Boston also stands alone in the work of the Holy Childhood. Our schools are growing rapidly, and they are being taught most effectively. I say all this in token of gratitude for what has been done during these last fifteen years. But there is still a great deal to be done, and, if God spares me, I hope to do even more than has been accomplished thus far for the glory of God and the welfare of the Archdiocese. But that needs planning and reflection; it needs time for thinking and reflection. It is my

[1] Address at Cathedral, January 4, 1924.

wish by consideration and reflection to mature the other plans I have, and that is what I purpose doing on my way to the Holy Land. I shall then, laying those plans on Calvary, ask God to approve of and bless them; later, proceeding to Rome, I shall lay them before the Holy Father. So I look forward to this pilgrimage to Jerusalem as not a waste of time — far from it.

I shall have the opportunity for quiet, for rest, for meditation and for reflection. I shall remember you every day I am gone, and I here want to make a solemn request of all the people in Christ to accompany me in spirit on that pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

From the time I start to the time of my return, I trust the people of the Archdiocese and the children of the Archdiocese will pray for its welfare and for the welfare of my work. Part of the time will come in Lent, and what more beautiful way of spending Lent could there be than that of accompanying me in spirit on that pilgrimage? While I am absent, all my prayers will be for you and for the welfare of this Archdiocese. Accept from a heart, full of affection and pride for the coöperation you have given me, my heart-felt gratitude and my most fervent and sincere benediction.

A MESSAGE FROM PALESTINE [1]

At every shrine in Nazareth, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem, my first prayer was for all the people of the Diocese. In the City of Peace, which is Jerusalem, my prayer was for the peace and prosperity of America. I had expected much from my own personal devotion. The realization was infinitely more than the expectation.

All the authorities, ecclesiastical and civil, seemed during these few days to vie with one another in showing me every possible attention and consideration. All the Patriarchs, especially His Beatitude, the Latin Patriarch, treated me with the affectionate devotion of true brothers in the Faith.

All the civil authorities, His Excellency, the High Commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel; the Governor, Sir Ronald Storrs; the Mohammedan Mayor of Jerusalem, and our American consuls deserve every public gratitude for their unremitting kindness to me and all my party.

I leave the Holy Land with heart and soul filled with gratitude to God for allowing me the privilege of kneeling at these holiest of shrines, where the Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us, and where the Son of God was lifted up that He might draw all mankind to Himself.

From the Hill of Zion I salute and bless my beloved priests and people, and I pray God that the sacred privilege may bring us all countless precious Divine blessings.

[1] Message to faithful of Archdiocese, sent from Jerusalem, February 18, 1924.

A HOLY AIM ACCOMPLISHED [1]

My pilgrimage is all summed up in this: I have achieved to my complete satisfaction everything that I set out to do. My first purpose was to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. For many years I have looked forward to this holy privilege, but I have never been able to satisfy my desire and my pious wish before, on account of the multiplicity of my tasks and the constant demands on my presence in my own Archdiocese.

As this was the year for the visit "Ad Limina," as it is called, of the American Bishops to the Holy See, I decided to combine the two. So I started from this port (New York) the 14th of January last on the *Empress of Scotland* for the Holy Land.

My purpose was purely a spiritual one. I knew the ports through which we would pass. I had been to them many times before, and there was nothing of special interest in them to me. The great interest was the pilgrimage in an entirely spiritual capacity to the Holy Shrines of Palestine.

Even before I started, I received messages from various people of importance and high position, offering me hospitality and kindnesses and consideration; but I waived them all, because I knew that would distract me from the sole purpose of my voyage.

I was able in the main to carry out my plan in this line by keeping it a purely personal, spiritual affair, although,

[1] Interview to newspaper correspondents on S.S. *Franconia* at New York March 27, 1924.

of course, in courtesy I had to bow to the exigencies of circumstance, as they arose. For instance, in Alexandria, I could not refuse to visit the great Catholic college of St. Catherine's, where there was a delightful reception prepared for me, but it was brief and informal, and I kept it so purposely.

On my arrival at Haifa, the ecclesiastical and civil authorities showed me every possible courtesy. The representatives of the English Government were there. I made the reception as brief and informal as possible. They graciously acceded to my wishes in the matter.

We proceeded to Nazareth in an automobile which was sent down to this port (Haifa) from Jerusalem by the Latin Patriarch for my use during my stay in Palestine. The whole party soon arrived at this quaint little town, as the shades of evening were breaking over this hallowed spot. There we spent the night in the convent of the Franciscans.

The next morning we celebrated Mass at the Church of the Annunciation, erected over the spot where the Angel Gabriel announced the great event of the Blessed Virgin's divine maternity. After that, we proceeded to the Sea of Galilee. Here we descended from our autos and stood on a cliff overlooking Tiberias. From this vantage ground, we sighted the Lake of Galilee, around the shores of which Our Blessed Lord taught His saving doctrine.

Yonder rose in somber majesty the ruins of the ancient town of Capharnaum, where Jesus preached one of His first sermons as a young Rabbi. We viewed the little villages that dot the countryside about the lake, where the fishermen resided who were to be His future Apostles, and who were to go out to transform society and bring Christ's preaching and doctrines to all mankind.

Soon we departed for Jerusalem. Along the way, we gazed upon the places hallowed by the presence of Our Divine Master. Ere long, we sighted Mt. Scopus, from whose broad summit one first gets a view of the Holy City. From these heights pilgrims and crusaders through the ages have obtained their first impressions of the city of God.

Here we descended from our automobiles and saluted Jerusalem. We then entered our cars and proceeded to the Jaffa Gate, where we left the automobiles, advanced through the Gate and entered the Holy City.

There was a large delegation of citizens of Jerusalem and ecclesiastical authorities at the Gate to welcome us on our arrival. We proceeded on foot to the palace of the Patriarch, who had kindly placed his apartments at my disposal during my stay.

Here, my suite and I were to partake of the unbounded liberality and hospitality of the Latin Patriarch. Even the correspondents of the Boston Press, who had been sent by the Boston newspapers, were invited to take up their habitation here during their stay.

Soon, we were to experience a thrill of patriotic pride. As we entered the Courtyard, there was Old Glory flying to the breezes. There were the Stars and Stripes, emblematic of the highest ideals of free government, unfurled over the Palace of the Patriarch.

I was the first American Cardinal to visit the Holy Land. This beautiful and thoughtful act on the part of the Patriarch was a tribute of love for America, of high esteem for the Church in the great Republic and respect and reverence for the American Cardinal.

We were now in Jerusalem. Soon, we would begin our visits to the Holy Places. As we proceeded from

place to place, the flood of holy memories was overpowering.

Here we were amid the very scenes that witnessed the boyhood and young manhood of the world's Savior. On Thursday evening we stood in the Garden of Gethsemane. On Friday morning we said Mass on Mount Calvary. During the week all the sacred spots in and around Jerusalem were visited, including, of course, Bethlehem, where I said Mass at the Cave in which our Blessed Lord was born.

During my whole stay, nothing was left undone that would contribute to the facility and happy accomplishment of my pilgrimage. The British authorities did everything in their power to make our sojourn profitable and enjoyable. They came to the Patriarchate to visit me and pay their respects. I, in turn, repaid their homage by visiting them.

Their courtesy and the kindnesses of the Mohammedan Mayor of Jerusalem lacked nothing of that delicacy of perception for the fitness of things that makes strangers in a strange land feel at home. There was warmth of welcome on the part of all that I shall never forget.

I was an humble pilgrim and my mission was purely personal and devotional. I was, therefore, enabled to view things dispassionately, and gather at first hand my impressions of the Holy Land.

As I had no political mission of any kind whatever, and no ecclesiastical mission of any kind, I was consequently left entirely free of every sort of entanglement that could interfere with the complete realization of my dream, which was purely and simply a spiritual pilgrimage to the holy places.

I found His Holiness in excellent health. Notwith-

standing the fact that, by virtue of his august office, he is surrounded by the tremendous cares of all the churches, he preserves an admirable buoyancy of spirit, a remarkable calmness of judgment and a sweet and wholesome temperament. Without the shadow of a doubt, the Church and the world are to be congratulated that God has given the people at this time such a great sympathetic soul to rule His Church, and such a commanding influence over the lives and acts of men.

I was delighted to hear of the coming Consistory in which the Holy Father, as he had told me, intended, by the elevation of two distinguished members of the American Hierarchy to the dignity of the Cardinalate, to honor all Americans and the American Nation, on account of its wonderful generosity and its unique exhibitions of Christian charity towards the suffering peoples of Europe and Asia.

I saw, as the Holy Father spoke, that he was visibly moved and deeply touched by the outpouring of generous assistance offered by the Americans, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, to help save the suffering people of other continents, and especially the children.

In a tone which vibrated with his sentiment of gratitude, he said to me: "God surely will bless America and the American people for their wonderful Christian generosity and altruism in this tremendous crisis in the world's history, which still remains unsettled."

His Eminence said that while in Rome he took advantage of the opportunity to visit old friends of forty years ago. He spoke of one particularly interesting incident, that of a Miss Brewster, formerly of Boston, whom he knew in Rome as a little girl, and whose granddaughter will some day be the Princess Palestrina and whose son

will some day bear one of the proudest titles in all Italy — the Prince Barberini.

"Do you think a visit to those holy places, your Eminence, by some of the people who disbelieve in the Virgin birth might affect their views?" the Cardinal was asked.

I cannot see how they could help seeing the absolute error and falsity of their point of view, said His Eminence. I cannot be too strong on that. There is the holy town of Nazareth in which the Blessed Virgin lived and in which she received the annunciation of the Angel Gabriel.

In that village the tradition is perpetual that the Mother of Christ was a virgin. How can they accept the Scripture at all on any other ground? It was predicted by the Prophets that the Messiah would be born, centuries before. The Gospels deliberately stated that Christ was born of a virgin mother. From a religious point of view and from an historic point of view, there is no way of their escaping it; and to refuse to accept that point of view is simply to refuse to accept the whole scheme of Christianity.

If Isaiah in his vision was not making the revelation of God, then what was he doing, was he deceiving the world? I cannot understand their position from a religious point of view. I think they have been misled.

The fact is that from the beginning Christianity has preserved inviolate this traditional security and certainty. It is not an opinion that Jesus Christ was the Son of the Virgin Mary. It is a historic fact. To hear unscholarly men — because they are unscholarly — who are overcome by a false enthusiasm over pseudo-science and pseudo-history, making denial is certainly a most deplorable thing and one in which, unless they open their eyes, they will be deliberately guilty of a breach of true Chris-

tian sentiment, and of widening even more than ever the chasm which is separating Christians, and which is destroying the unity of Christendom.

No one can account for this except on the ground that they have ceased to study the foundations of Christian faith, and have allowed themselves to be shaken in the very essentials of Christian traditions. The Gospel itself is perfectly clear in the matter. Now, it is a new and rather startling thing for Protestantism, which has always made the pretence, at least, of being perfectly Christian, to make open denial of the Gospel facts. It is a new position for them to take, to destroy the very underpinning on which the Gospel rests.

I feel that it is a matter rather for pity than for bitterness that one could lose the Christian faith. Some of them evidently are losing it. I wonder how people in high places, people who pretend to teach the Christian faith, can deny essential Christianity. I wonder if they realize the judgment of God upon those who deliberately mislead the little children of the flock.

If we are to accept mere unproven scientific theories for our Christian position, then the whole structure quakes. The whole controversy solidifies the Catholic position, which is that the voice of the living Church, instituted by Christ for mankind in the truths of His revelation, and preserving intact the unity of His faith, is the only standard upon which Christendom can rest. Otherwise it is a mere guess, private opinion or private interpretation. There would be millions of those, and then where is the unity of the Christian faith?

America is the leader of the world. Therefore, whatever happens in America or to Americans is an outstanding matter of universal importance all over the world. Let us

realize our high position always, and strive by dint of honorable service, by fidelity to God's truth and to the highest interests of our glorious America, to shed additional luster on the Church of God and the Republic that shields and protects her rights. It is our high privilege, our holy duty.

LENTEN PASTORAL [1]

THE pages of history reveal the heroic deeds of great hearts and courageous souls. Merely to read them is to store the mind with the knowledge of great accomplishments and to stir the soul to lofty desires.

The drab humdrum of our modern life, with all its petty squabbles, acquires its proper perspective in the great scheme of human things, when the mind is lifted up to the calm contemplation of the big men and the big achievements of the great past.

Fortunate is he who not only reads the wonderful lesson on the printed page and painted scene, but in the very place, on the very ground, where the great achieved their immortal designs. To them the mute stones echo the voice of ages in tones like those once heard on Sinai. To them, the Pyramids, the Parthenon, the Forum are no mere crumbling remnants of a dead past. The shattered arches and broken columns chant not the requiem of departed glories, but the alleluias of heroes, the memory of whose deeds shall never die. Egypt and Greece and Rome will never be mere dumb mausoleums. Even to-day they live with an ever-quickening interest for all who follow to its source the potent stream of civilized human life. The builder, the poet, the writer, the ruler in the youngest of the nations must still learn from them the form, the style, the law discovered by them ages ago, which may be weakly imitated but never surpassed.

And this is why a bit of clay from Babylon or the tomb of a king who ruled Egypt in the dim twilight of history

[1] Lenten Pastoral, March 5, 1924.

can arouse a keener interest the world over than the tale of a battle fought but yesterday, yet already trite. For the story of life, not of death, is the eternal quest of man.

And this, too, is why for centuries the eyes of millions have turned their gaze to the little land of Palestine with an interest which not even Greece, nor Egypt, nor ancient Rome has ever aroused. For there at the further borders of the great inland sea, around whose lovely shores human greatness was born, God Himself came down to earth; and there He Who created life taught humanity how to live. To that little land for now twenty centuries every Christian has heard the call, as home calls to the wanderer in distant lands. And the call is to the soul alone. Long since, all its material glory has disappeared, for not a stone is left upon a stone of the great Temple, once the pride of all the Orient. Not thither goes he who seeks the loveliness of landscape or the beauty of architecture and art. There is nothing of all these except the wonder of the Syrian sky. The land itself looks as if a dire desolation had settled down upon it, and Judea breathes an air of indescribable sadness, oppressive, irresistible. Yet there more than elsewhere the soul finds its element. Something in the very atmosphere invites to repose in contemplation. The Christian feels, perforce, that somehow all the mysteries of all the ages are round about him. And truly, here the voice of God seems to call from mountain to mountain. Here, too, amid these valleys, God walked with men. Even now the spirit of God still broods above the same paths, long since trodden by the weary feet of Jesus.

As humble pilgrims, we had come, like thousands before us, to tread with deepest reverence those sacred paths; to kneel at the places sanctified by His divine presence; to feel the calming influence of sacred memories and to

strengthen our soul with the contemplation of the great tragedy. And so we knelt in the darksome cave at Bethlehem where Christ was born, where Blessed Mary ever Virgin laid the Divine Babe on the poor pallet of straw; and we kissed the cold stones which had offered Him shelter on that Holy Night, when He came unto His own and His own received Him not.

At Nazareth, in the place where Gabriel pronounced the great Annunciation, we recited, with a strangely new meaning, the words of the Angel's salutation; and before the altar we worshiped the Word Who there was made Flesh and Who came to dwell amongst us.

Before the portal of the little church we stood to gaze long and lovingly out upon the peaceful valley and the bare hills, where He passed the quiet years of His youth and young manhood, and over towards Cana where His great work began — began so joyously at the marriage feast and then so soon plunged into the opposition and hatred of enemies who never again would allow Him a single day of peace or joy or rest.

From the cliff above Tiberias, we looked upon the lovely Sea of Galilee, up and down whose gentle shores He wandered with His disciples, a few poor fishermen. Just before us is the level plain, where the famished multitude beheld the miraculous multiplication of loaves. And further to the left is the little hill which served as the pulpit, from which He preached the greatest and noblest sermon the world has ever heard: "Blessed are the peacemakers. Blessed are the meek. Blessed are they who weep." There on the Mount of the Beatitudes Christ upset the false philosophy of success, and there He overturned all the traditional standards of life hitherto accepted by His own people.

Here He declared the unshakable principles of the new law, and here He proclaimed the foundations of the new kingdom — not of force, of brute strength, of large possessions and lofty titles, but of mildness and gentleness and love. Here He threw down the gauntlet — here he challenged the powers of darkness.

Soon the great battle began; for there in the distance was Capharnaum, whose Pharisees drove Him out of the synagogue and away from their shores. There was Capharnaum, to-day a heap of ruins where the sneaking jackal finds fit shelter.

Rarely from His lips came aught but blessings, but Capharnaum He bitterly cursed. And the maledictions rest upon it until now — an accursed spot, whose people drove from their streets Him Whose presence was the only hope of salvation.

Nearer to us, as we stood gazing down upon the wondrous scene, was Magdala. Capharnaum, the home of cold-blooded Pharisees, is a miserable ruin, with the blight of God's anathema upon it. But Magdala, the home of the great sinner who loved Jesus so much because so much had been forgiven her, Magdala is alive with the gay voices of happy children and the song of the laborer at his task.

Thus, even dull stones may tell a great story — of hate and destruction, of love and life. Capharnaum and Magdala still teach the eternal mysteries of God, announced by Christ's gentle voice there upon the Sea of Galilee two thousand years ago.

From village to village He passed doing good everywhere. And following in His sacred footsteps over the stony hillsides, we came through the plain of Esdraelon into Galilee. Yonder is Carmel, where Elias called down

fire from Heaven, and behind is Tabor where Christ was transfigured. On every peak was a reminder of the prophets and the Kings of Israel. It seemed like a journey amid the ages, when mountain called to mountain; when from the hills the voice of God was heard, and from the valleys arose the cry of the chosen people, begging Jehovah to send down the Promised One.

And He had come. Over these same paths He had walked wearily — from town to town, from village to village, footsore, hunted, hated, hounded. Never before did I realize as now how, during those three tremendous years of Christ's public ministry, His days were spent in toil and thankless labor, and the night, for the most part spent in some desert solitude, in some dreary place, in some cave on the hillside, to escape the traps and snares and persecution of those cold-blooded hypocrites, in whose eyes whatever He did was evil.

He spent His days in healing the sick and cleansing foul lepers and consoling the wretched. In vain! Whatever He did was food for hate. Because He tore the veil from their mock religion, they hated Him and hate is always blind. If He healed the sick, they would only remember it was on the Sabbath. The law, the law, the dead frozen law was all they could see in human life.

They found fault with Him when He fasted, and they complained when He feasted. When He retired to a resting-place, they spied upon Him, and when He gathered the people about Him, they taunted Him with loving the company of sinners.

Up and down this cheerless road, over which we are now passing, He had traveled numberless journeys, and every foot of the way is a mute reminder of all that He suffered from cruel men with hearts of savage brutes—

jealousy if He won a soul — mockery and derision if He failed — studiously misrepresenting His words, and deliberately misinterpreting His aims and purposes — every step of His toilsome journey brought Him heart-weariness. Even when He spoke to the simple souls who gathered to hear Him, in the background always was a leering, bitter, cruel face, with diabolical hate written on every feature. In every gathering was a Pharisee ready to trap Him.

What could He reveal to men, whose very idea of God was a tyrant, and whose only conception of religion was a cold face, a frozen heart, an empty formula, loveless, merciless? What could such men see in a Messiah who again and again proclaimed that He had come to win sinners by love and mercy? How could men like these, encrusted in utter selfishness and pride, understand a Messiah who talked with outcasts and laid His gentle hands upon the heads of sinners?

Neither the Pharisees of Christ's day nor the Pharisees of our day can ever understand Christ.

Futile ablutions and silly phylacteries — these their puny brains and pinched hearts can grasp — never the bigness of a great heart, the greatness of divine love. They could quote a text for every thought and every deed; but a generous noble act they were incapable of performing. They could sit in the first places in the Temple with the mask of a holy countenance, but all the while they were ready to hound even to death Him who was Holiness itself. And because He knew them well, because He tore away the veil of their false piety and mock religion, they swore eternal vengeance upon Him, and hunted Him from valley to mountain, to lake and desert, like wolves — for wolves in human form such men always are.

And here at last is Bethany — Bethany where from time to time He went for rest, not so much from the fatigue of His labors and His ministry as from the ceaseless strain of the hounding of His enemies. Hypocrites — how He pitied them all! And they — how they hated him, venomous reptiles that they were — poisoning the very atmosphere by their presence.

As we go on towards the hills of Judea, the thought of the sadness of His life becomes overwhelming. And oh! when we think how few and how small were His consolations:

A few disciples — ignorant, rude men, with dull minds and rough manners, even then only of half-hearted attachment and lukewarm loyalty — now all awed at sight of a miracle, especially if it fed them; again, ready to fly at the sight of trouble ahead: and the multitude — a straggling, motley crowd, eager for a new sign every day; to-day ready to make Him King, to-morrow shouting for Cæsar, always, ever the fickle crowd: among the better class — a doctor of the law who comes to learn of Him in the secrecy of the night, and in the day ignores Him; a publican with whom no one else will have anything to do; a Samaritan woman once of scandalous life; a pagan centurion into whose house no Jew would enter. Such was the strange group among whom He spent His nerves and strength, and wearied His brain and heart. And among them all were only a few, oh, so very few, who loved Him whole-heartedly, come what might; His Holy Mother Mary, John and James, the pardoned Magdalene, Martha and her brother, Lazarus, and a few others — oh, so very few, whom he could really trust, and with whom he could really relax and securely rest.

These were some of the thoughts which crowded in

upon us, as we traveled over the desolate road which winds over hill and over vale from Galilee through Samaria into the barren hills of Judea, until, as we approached the sight of the scene where the great tragedy culminated, it seemed as if our heart was held in a death-grip of utter melancholy — a melancholy which, strive as we might, refused to leave us, until we had left Palestine far behind us.

In the late evening of Thursday, with the gathering dusk about us, we came alone and apart to the valley of Kedron and Gethsemane. There, beneath the same ancient olive trees and under the same stars which had been the silent witnesses of His unspeakable agony, we knelt upon the bare ground where He had knelt. The thoughts, the memories, the sentiments which flood the soul in that sacred spot no words can describe — indeed, they are too sacred for utterance.

That lone figure doubled to the earth with sorrow we seemed to see before us, broken, spent, abandoned. Anon comes the false friend — the friend He had made, exalted, honored. There, surely as nowhere else, one realizes the utter baseness and vileness of treachery. Friend — so Christ calls him even now — now when he has already bartered Him and sold Him.

If there are viler depths than this, hell alone knows them. If there be nobler heights than the forgiveness of the base treachery of a false friend, only God can scale them. To be ready to forgive what all men agree is unforgivable — that is divine. And to us the awful climax is here. Even Golgotha, horrible as it is, even Golgotha seemed a welcome release from the utter bitterness of the betrayal and the agony. Here in the shadows of the olive trees the heart of Christ was utterly broken. Alone, sold,

betrayed, abandoned, He died a thousand deaths. From now on, all through the mockery of the trial, the journey to Calvary, the crucifixion, the great tragedy hurries to its awful conclusion, until, with His weary bloodstained head drooping lifeless upon His pallid breast, He murmurs, "It is finished."

Gethsemane and Golgotha — names so sacred to the memory of Christ's suffering and death, that they alone sum up all the unspeakable sadness of the City of Peace.

Night had settled down upon the silent grove, lights gleamed from above the city walls, and so we slowly mounted the hill which leads to the frowning gate. On the morrow, Friday, at daybreak, we climbed up to Golgotha, and there offered up the perpetual memorial of the death of the Son of God. Then, descending into the heart of the dim basilica, we venerated the tomb of Jesus, and remembered the joy of His resurrection. We humbly kissed the sacred stone upon which the dead Christ was laid, the stone worn by the lips of millions of pilgrims of all the centuries and all the nations, and our brief but crowded pilgrimage was ended.

Beloved priests and dear people, at every sacred spot my first prayer was for you. At every sacred shrine you were with me, in every prayer and supplication you were present. For many souls I begged fervently many graces.

We are on the eve of the Great Week. Once again the scenes of Christ's Sacred Passion will be recalled and enacted before the eyes of our soul. Let us endeavor to read the lesson offered for our contemplation with a docile heart and a new light. Let us realize more clearly than ever the eternal love of Christ, His charity, His patience, His pardon. Let us learn, at last, how to suffer like Him, nobly, patiently, silently. Let us stand near Him at

Gethsemane; let us bear our cross with Him over the Via Dolorosa of life; let us mount with Him courageously to our Golgotha, which sooner or later every soul must climb. So shall we learn at last to die with Him, and so by His grace reign with Him forever.

My pilgrimage to where Christ died for us finished, I turned my steps toward Rome where dwells and reigns His living Vicar on earth. In Jerusalem I besought Christ to bless me and all those confided to my charge, and I received that blessing from our Holy Father, Pius XI. And as I knelt to receive it, I felt myself in the presence of Christ Himself. Centuries ago Christ had ascended to the right hand of the Father; but here was the successor of St. Peter — the Chief Pastor of Christ's flock, the Visible Head of Christ's Church on earth. In that gentle voice I heard the voice which preached the sermon on the mount. In that calm presence I felt the power which had quieted the waves of the Sea of Galilee. In the serene, kindly face I read the great sentiment of a noble soul — one worthy of the Vicar of the Prince of Peace — "Pax Christi in Regno Christi" — "the peace of Christ in the reign of Christ." I felt that his blessing upon me and my work would surely bear worthy fruit, encouraging, guiding, helping.

And I know that this blessing coming now into your hearts, beloved priests and people, will be to you all a strength, a power, and a lasting benediction.

And so may Christ's Blessing, and the blessing of Christ's Vicar descend upon you all and remain with you forever.

THE CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL MOVEMENT [1]

The Catholic High School is essential to the work of Catholic education. If Catholic education is to fulfill its sublime mission, the distinctive Catholic training of the individual must be continued during the entire period of intellectual and moral growth and development. At every stage of this vital process, the contributing means and methods are identical and unchangeable.

The saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, the enlightening and strengthening power of divine grace, the inspiring example of the religious teacher, the clear presentation of God's standards for human life — these are means used by Catholic education in the making of men and women of intelligence, virtue, and character.

The need of these influences is imperative in the crucial years of adolescence. What guidance shall be given to the ardors and enthusiasms, the hopes and ambitions of restless, unsettled youth? The truths of God must enrich the unfolding mind. The law of God must become the norm of conscience. The sense of personal responsibility to God must direct and control conduct. A thorough Catholic education is the perfect safeguard as youth makes its perilous advance into maturity of years.

The Catholic High School has been established to serve the most precious interests of Catholic youth. Its existence is inevitable in the light of the principles of Catholic educational effort. The constant increase of schools of

[1] Statement on Catholic High School movement, May 17, 1924.

this type is evidence of a holy and praiseworthy purpose to enlarge the field of action of the Catholic school. May God bless abundantly every effort and every sacrifice in the advancement of the Catholic High School movement.

A FAITHFUL PRIESTHOOD [1]

This whole community is to-day celebrating with thanksgiving to God the golden jubilee of the priesthood of good Father O'Reilly. The citizens of this famous city know the power which always worked for harmony in industry and good will in government. Undoubtedly, every citizen of Lawrence admits gladly that he is one of their foremost citizens — not for wealth — he has none; not for political position — he could have none; not for any material gain — he wants none.

What then is the secret of this prestige which every one admits? The fact is there is no secret at all — no mystery at all about it. It is easily told in a few words.

Father O'Reilly has labored nearly all his priestly life in this city for the spiritual welfare of his people first, and then for the good order and the prosperity of the whole community. In reality, the one includes the other, though on the surface they appear distinctly apart. The success of his efforts and the exceptional duration of them have won him universal approbation from all classes and kinds of men. In every city and town all over this great country the clergy are the same. Only a few live to reap public approbation and applause. The many die at their task without much human consolation.

The priest, wherever he is, is a power for good. The President only a few days ago voiced this sentiment when he said, "One clergyman is better than an army with

[1] Address at St. Mary's Church, Lawrence, on occasion of Golden Jubilee of Reverend James T. O'Reilly, O.S.A., May 4, 1924.

banners." And the reason is clear. The priest is God's messenger to man.

In the midst of confusion he announces the truth. In the midst of conflicting forces he points to mutual understanding and peace. He relinquishes all that he may help all. Before Social Service found its name he had found its power. The priest is the first social worker in the world's history, and he is the best, because he is freest and most detached.

What Father O'Reilly has been doing here for the souls and bodies of this community and the welfare of this city is being done in every community of this State and this country. There is absolutely no secret about the influence of a good priest. It is first, because he is a good man, and then, because as a priest he must seek the highest public good.

What would your city be to-day without the unselfish devotion to its highest interest of its best citizens? And I might go on to say, without exaggeration, what could even your best citizens do in certain cases without men like Father O'Reilly?

The Catholic priest has no political axe to grind, no financial interest to safeguard but the common rights of every citizen. And just because he is thus free, thus disinterested, all fair men trust him, and only unfair men distrust him.

The Catholic priesthood has no secret code. It stands in the open and works in the daylight. There are priests who succeed and priests who do not succeed in gaining the public plaudits of a whole community; but there is not one of them who does not deserve it.

To me, as Bishop of Father O'Reilly, the most significant feature of his work among you has been his com-

plete and willing self-detachment. The youngest priest in this Archdiocese was never more willing to serve under direction than this priest of fifty years of service. In times of greatest stress he only had one wish — to carry out the considered plans and directions of his superiors in the Diocese as well as in his particular Order.

And when the crises had passed, he never forgot to come back like a man to thank me for my counsel and direction. He had no stubbornness, because he had no conceit. And he won out in the end, because he was docile and eager for counsel.

This is not a gathering for a process of canonization. Father O'Reilly would be the last to pretend that he was without failing, fault, or defect. For that matter, the highest saints had these because they were all human. But oftentimes only a saint will acknowledge them. In the daily life of any man, be he priest or layman, there are difficulties which try one's soul to its last faculty, and no one escapes them all. To be always right is the privilege of one only — God.

But the will to be right and to do the right — that is God acting in man. The instrument is defective but the will is true. Let no one think that any man is perfect. That is the last thing that a priest thinks of himself. But, however far from perfection he himself may be, he holds within his soul a message, a power which comes from God. "He who hears you hears me." The voice is God's — the lips are clay. The priest is the Ambassador of Christ and we honor the Ambassador because we honor Christ.

To me Father O'Reilly stands as a type of the hard-working, devoted, docile, obedient priesthood of this whole Archdiocese. In him I honor not him only but

every priest like him, wherever he is patiently working out the great problem of the priestly life — how to bring God's message to men, how to bring men's souls back to God.

May God's blessing rest upon the work of our good priests. May their good work be better understood and more valued by all. And may this good servant of God in the happiness of to-day's greetings see a foretaste of the great reward, which one day Christ will grant him forever and ever.

FAITH IN ACTION[1]

I CERTAINLY am the first to rejoice in the accomplishment of a fine work done for God in this new parish. In fifteen years we find, on looking over our records, that ninety new parishes have been established in the Diocese. I very much doubt if that can be equaled. I am quite sure that it cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world.

The mere material achievement, of course, in itself is a matter of very deep significance, because, after all, these new structures are not huts or mere temporary things. They are really architectural triumphs that adorn and beautify the city. Every passer-by, if he has eyes to see, has his mind lifted up at the sight of such beautiful and significant structures as have here been erected.

The story of all the architecture in the Old World is practically the same. It was all built either as memorials to princely families, or to some line of kings, or to enormously wealthy merchant princes, who had the very proper motive not only to see that their names were carried down to posterity, but to have a memorial in God's service in sight of all the people. And it was a perfectly worthy and very fine thing to do.

In this country the situation is different. Only in very rare cases have rich men or women built churches. There are a few, like the Jenkins family of Baltimore and Mrs. Ryan, who have given notable examples in this line, which are worth copying by our extremely rich people.

[1] Address at dedication of St. Andrew's Church, Forest Hills, May 11, 1924.

In any event, thank God, we have not depended upon the sporadic efforts of rich people who might have felt it their duty; but most of them do not.

I am not talking now with any intention to arouse class feeling. That is the last thing in my mind. I am only stating a few obvious facts. If the Church were depending upon the rich for its vitality, it would have died long ago. Merely pointing to a few cathedrals, as in Europe, would give very little satisfaction to us, because we would be looking backward and not forward.

The work that is going on under the very eyes of the Catholics in the Diocese is simply staggering, but you do not see it, you do not realize it. One hundred and thirty new churches, schools, hospitals, convents, and rectories have been built in the Diocese in fifteen years, and one of the fine things about this record is the fact that the Catholic people who paid for all these buildings thought nothing about it, other than that it was their duty to build them. This is really an unprecedented record of growth.

There should be a greater appreciation of the priests' service, and a larger view of their position as leaders along moral and spiritual lines. Catholics should not be influenced by fault-finders who never coöperate, and who have had no part in building up the Church in the Archdiocese, and no share in the glory of its achievement.

It is the loyal men and women of the Faith, who build houses of worship where all may go for spiritual refreshment, and not the critics who hang back and never do anything constructive themselves, but try to prevent others from doing anything for God or for their fellowmen.

Why are you maintaining your churches, when others

have given them up? It is because the moment you cross the threshold you come into an atmosphere that is not that of the street or the market place. It is God's Presence. He makes you feel it. You kneel, feeling that something quite difficult to define has been lifted up within you, realizing a peace of mind that only the Presence of God can give. That is the power of the Church.

Good deeds are necessary in addition to Faith. It is by doing God's will that men are saved, and not only by believing.

A CROWNING TRIUMPH [1]

It was really not my intention to prolong the services this afternoon by speaking, but after that very touching and, to me, beautiful welcome on the part of Father Kelleher, pastor of the church, my own parish church, I really do not see how I can go away without saying a word.

I think you all know, without any constant repetition, how profoundly interested I am in the organization known as the Knights of Columbus. I do not think that there is need of my repeating constantly that the whole organization, the purposes and the end for which it was founded, and for which we trust it will always be carried on, are very near and dear to my heart.

Indeed, how could it be otherwise? For the two great purposes for which the organization stands are the two great purposes of Catholic life — love of God and love of Fatherland; faith and our country. These two ideals form the very ground-work, the very foundation upon which the whole Order rests. Consequently, it is the merest commonplace or platitude on my part to make constant repetition of my interest in your Order and the principles for which it stands.

If the Order is true, as by God's grace it is and will be true, to the Divine principle of faith, the revelation of God made known through Jesus Christ and His Church to the world, that is the first requisite of human life and supernatural life. So long as any organization stands for

[1] Address at St. Peter's Church, Lowell, to fifteen hundred members of the Knights of Columbus, May 18, 1924.

that, the ages may pass by, kingdoms may come and go, but, like the Church, founded upon a rock, that organization shall always stand firmly fixed in the Divine principles of God's own existence and truth.

As to the other fundamental principle — love of country, patriotism, devotion to one's nation — of course, that is one of the very essential points of Catholic doctrine. To question that, to speak of it as though we needed to prove it, would be really a sign of weakness on my part.

Why should I, therefore, who stand in the position of representing the Church towards you and towards the Nation, waste time or effort in proving a thing which is the foundation stone of Catholic action in public life — the love of our country, the love and devotion of the Catholic heart and soul to the welfare of our Nation? Commonplaces really, platitudes they become. There is no need to prove them, any more than it is needful to prove that the sun shines in the heavens, when the whole world is teeming with sunlight.

Apropos of another matter which may not be so well known to you, I want to say just a word in commendation of the extraordinary work which has been performed by the Order in Rome. I have just returned from the Eternal City, and I found our Holy Father deeply touched by the magnificent work done by the Order in Rome, in fact, in the very vicinity of the Vatican Palace in which he lives.

It is a superb work. Of course, we could not attempt to do it here for five times the money. It is a monumental work, like all the great buildings and institutions in Rome. They are perennial. They seem to last forever and ever.

And so, for all time, posterity in Rome will see this

wonderful institution, the purpose of which is the preservation of the faith among the little ones of Rome, the young people of Rome, the Romans, who gave their faith to the world, and yet whose faith is menaced from many sides, but menaced, we are very sorry to say, by the outpouring of millions gathered here in America, for a work which is carried on, ostensibly, at least on the surface of it, by Americans.

That is a pity. I am quite sure no fair-minded American would want that, because we all find in our experience in dealing with fair-minded people the world over, no matter what their religion or faith may be, that they are square in dealing. But, certainly, as to taking advantage of the poverty and distress and utter abandonment in some cases of desperately poor people, and trafficking with the most sacred thing that the human soul has as its finest possession, religion, nobody can tell me that any fair-minded American would have anything to do with a thing quite so ignoble.

Yet this is all being done under the very eyes of our Holy Father. It pains him to the very heart, because of his utter inability to cope with such a tremendous ocean of wealth, poured out for such an ignominious purpose.

Hence, he feels so grateful to those who have come to his assistance in his present plight. It is a great plight. He has absolutely no revenues at his command, no resources, no large financial means which he can draw upon to offset the work being accomplished by this deluge of money which comes from other quarters.

The Knights of Columbus, therefore, have done a fine work. If the other miserable undertaking is a thing of which no true American is proud, then this great achievement, which offsets it at least in a small measure, is a

work in which every American, every fair-minded man who respects the spiritual possessions of the poor people, may take a justifiable pride. In close proximity to the palace of the Holy Father, where the menace really was pointed, is this fine edifice, a noble institution, already quite well established for the very purpose of preserving the faith of the poor young people, not only the children, but the boys and girls growing up, who are enticed, lured away under false pretences, with money, to leave the sacred inheritance of their fathers.

For that, if for no other purpose, the name of the Knights of Columbus will be honored throughout the Christian world. It was a noble thing to do. Our Holy Father was delicate about it. He feared he was asking too much of America. Again and again he pleaded with the Bishops to make it known that it was only the absolute urgency of the case that permitted him to accept such bountiful aid as came to him from America.

Again, it was the poor who contributed. It is the most touching thing in human life. You see it again and again, all the time, this miracle of charity, of the love of the poor for the poor. Truly Christian, truly wonderful, truly heavenly is it!

With these resources, which you and your brother Knights, out of your slim resources, have sent across the seas to Rome, whence the faith of all the world has come, because from Jerusalem it went straight with St. Peter to Rome, where he founded the primatial see of the world, a bulwark to the faith has been erected. Out of Rome has gone the message to all quarters of the globe, ever since missionaries have gone forth to conquer the spirit of men with the Cross of Christ. Of course, we love Rome. Any one who knows history must love Rome.

I am very proud to witness such a splendid demonstration of faith and patriotism as you have exhibited to-day in this, my dear native city; and I am very happy that Lowell was honored by your presence, by the great gathering of the Knights of Columbus, who have come here to this very important city, not receiving anything like what it deserves in a human way. I suppose nothing can ever rectify that. When I think of the billions the toilers of this city have produced, and how little they have been given in return, I am, at times, appalled. It is a subject I do not dare to touch on very deeply.

I love this city. It taught me how to work from early morning until late at night, as the toilers and the workers of Lowell always did and even do to-day. There was a religious spirit of hope and confidence in those noble workers. The fathers and mothers of the present generation, of my generation just passing, were the noblest human beings that Lowell ever knew. What would Lowell ever have been without their self-sacrifice and devotion and honest toil? Where would the millions and billions ever come from that Lowell has produced, were it not for that noble generation?

When I saw little Bethlehem and realized what it stood for, an insignificant village lying there with the huts of the poor shepherds, I thought, O God, out of this poor spot came the Savior of the World.

Of course, one does not dare to make a comparison. It would be almost blasphemous. But out of this city of hard work, toil and self-sacrifice have gone men and women, who have tried to do their work, and who have tried to keep the banner of the faith waving high in the breeze and sunlight of Heaven.

That, I think, when all the story is told, will be the

noblest page in Lowell's wonderful history, because everything else will pass; that will never pass. It will not be recorded in glowing books or famous story; but God never forgets.

May God bless you all and may God bless this good city of Lowell.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSIONS[1]

WHAT a beautiful and inspiring sight greets our eyes in these picturesque surroundings on this fair and lovely morning in May! This large and enthusiastic gathering has a profound significance. We are all gathered here in the cause of God, the cause of the spreading of the Kingdom of God, and the cause of the missions of the Catholic Church.

This is no new story for our beloved Archdiocese and our truly devoted people. For over a quarter of a century the whole Diocese has been thoroughly permeated with the spirit of the missions. No wonder, then, as the preacher so eloquently said in his stirring discourse, that the missionary cause is upheld by the Archdiocese of Boston, its Bishop, priests and people.

We are not here to take any special praise to ourselves in this matter. We are merely doing our duty. In doing the simple and obvious thing which every Catholic and Christian must do, if he is a true follower of Our Blessed Lord, there is no special virtue.

The wonder is that any one who calls himself a Catholic could be indifferent to such a conspicuously noble cause. I can repeat to-day what I wrote sometime ago in a letter to another congress elsewhere, "We cannot expect to keep the faith, unless we help to propagate it." Hence, the Archdiocese of Boston, conscious of this need of preserving the faith, has become one of the great mainstays of the missionary movement all over the world.

[1] Address to Mission Crusade Convention, held on Boston College Campus, Ascension Thursday, 1924.

That this movement should gradually permeate through the schools and through the student life of the country is a very important phase of its growth. There is a special significance to the fact that to-day the Catholic scholar and student everywhere are taking up the cry, as the crusaders did, "God wills it."

That, to my mind, is stirring and inspiring, for we all know that modern education to-day is threatened with a spirit of destructiveness and negation, whereas life and the progress of life, natural as well as supernatural, depend upon positive constructive elements, not upon destructive forces.

One need only read the daily papers to see the echo of this really destructive reaction all over America, and, of course, that is merely the echo of what is taking place in Europe. Deny, deny everything, deny the existence of God, deny the existence of the soul, deny the sacredness of the Cross, deny the foundation of a Divine Church. In a word, deny everything, destroy the foundation of everything supernatural.

That, without a doubt, is obviously the open and clear purpose of a certain phase of modern so-called education. Of course, the pretext sounds very noble, very high. If there is anything that can voice this sentiment on their part, it is this — we must get rid of all the old ideas and build up on our own scientific knowledge of things. How utterly puny and utterly unscientific all that is, one easily perceives. In a word, how is it possible for the twentieth-century generation of men to dispense utterly with all the experience and knowledge gained throughout the long centuries of human existence?

And yet this is the specious cry which goes out to the youth of to-day: "Let us begin with ourselves. We shall

be our own ancestors." In a word, negation, destruction, tearing down, criticism, which has no value as an upbuilder, but criticism destructive of the highest and noblest sentiments that humanity has cherished during all the centuries, level humanity and bring an era of hollow thought, and will never restore the peace of Christ in the reign of Christ.

It is a very singular thing that the world has been obliged to wait until now for this unprecedented self-assurance on the part of mere children in the ways of knowledge and science. It is certainly an amazing act of self-assurance that they should imagine that we, the inheritors of all the knowledge and science of the ages, should now turn aside from Saint Thomas, Saint Augustine, Jesus Christ Himself, and turn to them for knowledge and inspiration!

It requires a tremendous amount of self-assurance on the part of any man to criticize what the whole world holds in honor. But such self-assurance is never lacking. Of course, we recognize that it is the part of absolute ignorance of facts. It is the assurance of men of conceit.

Therefore, the special significance of this great gathering is the fact that the missionary spirit is permeating the school life of the country, because it lifts the scholar, the student, above every merely luxuriant, sensual temptation into an atmosphere, which is clarified by the sunlight of Heaven, by the spirit of Our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, and sanctified by the spirit of God Himself.

That very atmosphere, into which the student life by this crusade is being elevated, will save it from the atmosphere saturated with negation, unbelief, and destruction.

May God bless the Student Crusade. From the very beginning, my heart has been with the work, God has

sanctified it, and He has given us to-day manifest proof that it has taken hold of the youth and the children of the present generation in this flourishing Archdiocese.

So, Reverend Father, bring back to those, with whom you associate and plan for the continued work of this glorious crusade, our best wishes. Carry back with you the picture which you see here before you.

These are the priests, the seminarians, the sisters, the brothers, the children of the Archdiocese of Boston. And one and all, whether he be present, or absent and still represented, voice the common sentiment of every Catholic in the Archdiocese of Boston — "Long live and God bless the cause of the Missions."

LOYALTY TO PRINCIPLES OF THE FAITH [1]

After this admirable address by Mr. Burke, so full of the spirit of faith and hope, confidence and love, there is scarcely any need on my part of repeating the simple fact, that the whole purpose of your training has been to bring into your lives the principles of faith, the principles of your religion, and to make them active during all your days.

Why should we have gone to the great trouble and expense of building a college or a great academy like this? It entailed many sacrifices on the part of everybody. Every stone in this building represents the nerves, the blood, the labor, and the life of some good nun. No one in this community ever has erected an institution such as this out of gifts.

The telling factor has been the beneficent work of the nuns. This building is a monument to them, to their labor and to their faith. They not only erected a building, but they give, day by day, all their efforts for your welfare.

Out of such schools have come admirable men and admirable women, men and women who give their lives to serious, hard work, to sincere and faithful labor, and to whom we can point with great pride.

Why should we spend ourselves thus? Why should there be a Catholic college at all, once we say it does not work inevitably in every single case? Why all this trouble, labor, toil, and pain? This, in one simple phrase, is the answer; we cannot do otherwise.

[1] Address to graduates at Emmanuel College, June 14, 1924.

The principle of faith demands true teaching in the training of the child. The principle of faith must go side by side with the knowledge and the science which are taught the child. Otherwise, there is no true education. That fact is so well known that it is not necessary here and now to enlarge upon it.

We have nothing to say about other schools. On the contrary, we have many solid and serious reasons to admire the good work they do. We set up no opposition or contrast. We know the thousands and thousands of good men and women who have come out of those schools, where they have not the advantages of Christian education that a Catholic school must give.

As Catholics, the principle of faith is uppermost in our minds. We cannot tolerate the idea, and be consistent Christians, that a child can be educated without inculcating religion. That explains the existence not only of this academy and our whole parochial school system, but of the new college of Emmanuel.

Last year, I was, unfortunately, absent from the city, and could not be present at the first graduation of the college. To-day I am very happy to be present, and to say to you that in the short period of two or three years the college has given a very substantial hope of good growth and serious progress.

There is no guarantee, however, that every one who goes forth from a Catholic college or school will be a model Catholic, or model Christian. Nobody can guarantee that. It is a human problem. It depends upon the individual's coöperation with God's grace.

These good nuns and the good Fathers who have come here have taught you the absolutely necessary principles of life. Will you obey them? Will you carry them out

and put them into practical working? It is entirely a matter for each individual to decide.

It is an age of dissension, an age of disunion, an age not only of materialism, but of individualism. When men or women go forth from a college like this, and have not learned that the very foundation of life is humility and patience in the sight of God, loyalty to the principles of his faith, then all this sacrifice is in vain for them.

The call to-day is for Catholic leadership. But there is no such thing possible as a Catholic leader, unless that leader has learned to obey. Otherwise, there is anarchy and confusion.

My dear young women, you have listened to counsel high and holy. Now that you are going forth from these halls, you will mingle with some whose views are not yours. They have lost the great principle of Catholic life — obedience. They have lost the great requisite to Catholic leadership. You must not fall into their error. You know the principles of Catholic life.

This is an important consideration for you to carry away with you. On graduation day, it is the custom to ignore everything, except what is merely beautiful on the surface. Your education would be in vain, would be useless, if you went out into the world with that negative feeling about your duty towards your Catholic position in life.

Your whole Catholic training would be wasted, would be futile, unless you have come to a full realization of the fact, that to lead one must first learn to obey, to obey God Almighty, observe His Commandments, the principles of His Church and the Precepts of religion, to love, to reverence the altar and the priests of the altar, and to follow. Then your leadership is safe and sane and secure. Other-

wise, it is of the nature of the blind leading the blind, and both fall into egregious error.

My dear young women of the class of 1924, we have every assurance that you have these principles well learned, well grounded in your hearts and in your consciences. The great thing is not to lose them in a vain, distrustful, suspicious world.

Hold fast to your determination to be truly virtuous, patient, loyal, Catholic women. You have had before you every day of your lives in this school the finest and highest type of Catholic womanhood. Now that you are going forth, do not forget that, but keep those impressions fresh and true and strong all the days of your lives.

Then your lives will be fruitful, because God blesses those who serve him. Go forth with confidence, go forth with courage, go forth above all things with faith, which reveres God and the ministers of God, and never forgets the obligations which Christ has laid upon his followers.

Follow Him, and then in reality you will be a leader in the world. Even though you may not be conscious of any throng following you, your example will be set to a fashion. Without your knowing it, other women will respect and copy your beautiful life and will follow, even though you see them not.

Follow Jesus. Follow Him during all the days of life, and when, at last, the great day comes, the great graduation day, when you leave all the fickleness of this world and you are face to face with the great Judge, God Himself will give you the great diploma of life — His blessing for all eternity.

INTO THE HOME OF PEACE[1]

"Out of the house of confusion into the home of peace!" With these beautiful and very touching words, a famous convert described his own transition from a semblance of the full truth to the realizing sense of the possession of truth in its entirety.

"Out of the house of confusion into the home of peace!" Peace! Everybody in the world, and all the nations of the world are constantly using this word "peace." It is very doubtful if many realize just what it means.

When Our Blessed Lord came into the world, the angelic voices sang of peace. After His glorious resurrection, when Our Lord returned to the world, that was the first word upon His lips — Peace. On one occasion He went further than merely declaring His wish for peace. He almost defined it, when He said, "The peace which the world cannot give."

That is principally and specifically the peace of God, the peace of Christ, the peace which the world cannot give, because the world has it not to give. The world can arouse animosities and cause confusion and riot of thought, often called progress, and the riot of desire called ambition. All these it may offer, but not genuine peace.

Beloved children in Christ, you have found the home of peace, peace of mind in the knowledge of the possession of the full truth, peace of heart in the ability by the help of God and the Sacraments of the Church to do God's will.

There is the peace which surpasseth all understanding.

[1] Address to one thousand converts at Cathedral, June 17, 1924.

There is no such peace on earth, because it is distinctly the peace of Heaven communicated to you by Almighty God Himself, who alone can give peace. So, after having your foreheads signed with the cross of salvation in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, the Bishop uttered again to each one of you the same identical words which Christ Himself said to His Apostles and His disciples, whenever He appeared before them or with them or among them.

"Peace be with you," the peace of God, the peace of Christ, which surpasseth all understanding. It seems that a cold unsympathetic world can only understand confusion, dissension, passion, war. These are things easily understood, because, unfortunately, we are living constantly in the midst of them. But peace is so rare, peace is so purely a gift of God that, in the words of Christ Himself, it "surpasseth all understanding."

May the grace of the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation strengthen your souls, so that you may know God's will, and strengthen your hearts and your minds, so that you may do God's will. In the fulfillment of God's holy will, even though you live in the midst of turmoil and disturbance, your hearts and your very minds will enjoy the peace of God, the holy peace of Christ.

THE TRUE PERSPECTIVE OF LIFE[1]

My dear young men of the Class of 1924:

In beginning your course here in our dearly beloved Alma Mater, you asked God's blessing upon yourselves and your studies. Several years have passed since then. You stand at last in this coveted hour face to face with the moment of parting from Alma Mater, and entering upon great work, the great duty of life.

The moment is joyous, but full of solemnity, full of hope, full of faith, and full of promise. Holy Mother Church, her ministers and her agencies and her truth, have formed your minds, your hearts, and your character. The foundations are deep, solid, and substantial. Those foundations will bear the test of time.

There will be days, no doubt, of darkness, days when it will seem as though the sun is hidden behind some impenetrable cloud, but oh, believe me, the sun of faith is there always; and in those moments summon into action the faith that is in you, and you will be filled with perfect confidence in God's eternal love for you. Not one of you but has a work to do which no one else may accomplish; not one of you into whose hands Almighty God has not entrusted some solemn, sacred thing to carry on for His sake.

Have courage and vision. Fear but one thing: a moment's infidelity to the great principles which have been inculcated in your hearts and solemnly blessed by Holy Mother Church. A moment's infidelity to them may blot out forever all honor.

[1] Address to graduates of Boston College, June, 1924.

So live that, when the great graduation hour of life is come, when your work, whatever it may be, humble or great, is done, you can turn your face to the stars and realize that you have carried on, that you have been faithful to the principles, which here in this blessed institution you have learned. Life is always filled with failures, but some apparent failures in reality are the greatest successes, when failure brings man closer to his God.

No one need now recall the principles of Faith to your memory. They are deeply graven upon your hearts and upon your minds. It is for you in those years so rich with promise and hope, which God is now opening out before you, to stand fast by the high standards placed before you, during your formative years within these sacred walls.

You will fail at times. I would be untrue to my office as a minister of Christ's Church and an apostle of the truth, if I led you to believe that even the most successful life is without its failures. Our Blessed Lord Himself, in the eyes of the world, failed utterly. With the hope that your faith inspires in your hearts, you will rise from any momentary failure or depression, and continue with more vigor, hope, and faith, than ever before. That is the lesson which Alma Mater has taught you, and with such faith you cannot fail.

I think that all who are present at these exercises today realize the fruitful results of Catholic training. Here is a Catholic college, founded upon the principles of Christian faith, taught by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ; a Catholic college, intended to rear, bring up, and sanctify Catholic young men. From the beginning to the end of the exercises, the one note that rang prominently forth and echoed again and again was that of loyalty to our

country and fidelity to the Constitution. In fact, the whole lesson is perfectly clear, that our Catholic colleges take precedence over others in inculcating fidelity to the Constitution and loyalty to country.

Again, the only single degree of honor out of course given by this Catholic college was conferred upon Sir Bertram Windle, a scientist. The Church has been falsely charged with being the enemy of science, and yet this Catholic college, founded upon Catholic principles, for the purpose of propagating Catholic faith and truth, honors with a high degree a man whose field has been that noble field called science.

Life is filled with apparent anomalies, apparent contradictions! The words of the orator of the occasion re-echo: "Patience, and yet more patience, awaits the verdict of time." The air is filled with a hysteria which calls itself knowledge. It passes like the mist in the morning.

Not long ago the Church was charged with being the enemy of the Bible. Who is there to-day who does not know absolutely, that the one organization that defends the Bible, the whole Bible, as the word of God, is the Catholic Church?

Only a short time ago, denials were noised about that a Catholic college could send forth loyal American citizens. It is likely that such a false impression still obtains in certain obscure quarters. Here is its best refutation. Here to-day, from the very beginning of the exercises, the one great word has been in defense of the Constitution and for the perpetuation of the liberty of the people.

The accusation is ever old, ever new. In the time of Nero, the Christians were accused of being enemies of the people. But in a short time the whole face of Europe was changed. The Roman Empire was dissipated, but the

Church grew ever stronger. Kings and emperors bowed before her. The multitudes embraced her. By the power of faith Christian law triumphed over Pagan law. That law still remains the foundation of just government.

Patience, and yet more patience, is the lesson we all must learn. The Church has no fear of the future. She turns back the pages of history, and shows to you again and again her triumphs over all these accusations, which in the end are either the children of hate or of ignorance.

Let us be firm, steadfast and true, not blatant, not too boastful. In this country we are still children. In this country our influence has not really been universally felt.

If we, alumni of the Catholic colleges, will only remain true and loyal to our Alma Mater, God's day will come, and America will bless that day. For to-day the Church of Christ, the Catholic Church, is the bulwark of the people's liberty, and at the same time the defense of law in this country; and so, please God, in His own wise way, in His own fullness of time, and with patience and vigilance over ourselves, God's truth will triumph. The Stars and Stripes will float victoriously in the sunlight of Heaven, because here on the soil of America Catholic colleges continue to send forth real defenders, not only of the faith but of the Nation and the liberties of the people.

And now, from my heart, I ask God's blessing upon you all. It touches me deeply to know, as I have been informed, that nearly a third of these young men, coming forth from Alma Mater to-day, have the hope and the desire of dedicating their lives to the service of God in His ministry.

When I look into these faces so full of promise and youth, and think that even now a third of that number look to the service of God, to His holy priesthood, for the

great joy and satisfaction of their lives, I am overcome with gratitude, I am overcome with thankfulness to God, that such colleges as this are saving the world, saving humanity. Whatever may be the world's ingratitude, however little it may thank us, yet surely God's priests are saving men from themselves and from the false principles by which they are constantly surrounded.

So, may God's blessing rest upon you. May God bless the good fathers and mothers, who through great sacrifices brought you to this day. May the blessing of God rest upon this place, upon those who have given their lives to the sublime vocation of Christian education of the youth.

THE CHURCH ESSENTIALLY A TEACHING BODY[1]

This morning, beloved sisters, marks another epoch in the gradual progress that we are all endeavoring to make in the great cause of Catholic education. We have seen, even within a short space of time, a wonderful growth and a constant advancement in this sublime movement, which, among so many other good movements, really must occupy the first place in our hearts and minds.

The Church is essentially a teaching body. The brief but sublime commission given by our Blessed Lord to His Apostles was, "Go forth and teach." Hence, the great mission of the Church is teaching.

The Apostolic spirit is exemplified in the words "Go forth." Intelligently and willingly, religious teachers must go out into the highways and byways, wherever there is work to be done, wherever there are souls to be gained for Christ, be steadfast in their work, high and noble or lowly as the case may be, and pursue their honorable vocation in the spirit of Christ.

That, of course, is done in many ways, but we restrict it to the particular way marked out by Christ, when He said "Go forth"; that is, have the will to go out and face the situation, whatever it may be, and bring the light of truth to the world.

Now, to teach one must have, first of all, knowledge. The prime requisite of Christian teaching is a knowledge of

[1] Address to religious teachers at Boston College Summer School, June 30, 1924.

Christ. Without that, teaching is vain, empty, and fruitless. With it, the simplest words are seeds which, planted in fertile soil, bring forth abundant fruits.

This teaching, of course, has its humble beginnings, as it had in the time of the Apostles. They went forth courageously and taught. They were willing to die, if necessary, for the teaching they were to bring to the world. That is the Apostolic spirit — to face with courage every situation and to overcome it for the love of Christ, and to count everything else as nothing, if only Christ's truth prevails.

Looking back over fifty or sixty years in this Diocese, we see how humble were the beginnings, how almost hopeless they were at that time. There were very few in favor of what is now recognized as a necessity, even in this Republic, Christian teaching.

That era witnessed the triumph of all the materialistic teaching of the age. And yet a little band of priests, brothers and sisters, who had dedicated themselves to the Apostolic work of teaching and of living the life of Christ, went forth in the perfect confidence of the Apostles. And they triumphed as the Apostles did. They literally gave their lives for the Christian ideal of education, but not until they had laid the groundwork amid unparalleled difficulties and at the price of heroic sacrifice.

The example of those good sisters, living under conditions which to-day would be deemed intolerable, of those priests, the teaching Orders of the Church, and of those brothers, is a living influence to-day in the great cause of Christian education.

But, of course, it is just such heroism in any cause that finally triumphs over the weak. It has a corrective purpose and accomplishes its end. It takes a long while to

plant the seed in the sacred cause of Christ, to bring the knowledge of His life, His deeds and His words, and the lesson of the Cross among the people.

Little by little, we have seen influences opposed to the great principle of Christian, Catholic education disappear. They are gone, and you remain to view the triumph of the great cause for which our pioneer priests, brothers and sisters fought so valiantly and faithfully. You triumph not only in the holy place, but even in the world at large. To-day, it is practically the unanimous sentiment all over the country that, without moral training in the schools, in the schools mind you, because that consideration was evaded as long as possible, national stability cannot be guaranteed. Nearly all the great educators of the country are of the opinion that, unless there is a system of moral training in the schools, taught to the children as they teach them arithmetic, history, or the sciences, there is a grave menace growing up against authority in general, and against law and order throughout the country.

Now, that is the victory of persevering faith in a great cause. It is the Apostolic spirit of triumph, even in the land of its enemies. Catholic action, having stood firm to the spirit of Christian training in the schools, is now the envy as well as the model of those who are amiably called our separated brethren, because they see that, without Christian training in the schools, the children are destined to grow up without any moral sentiment whatever. There can be no true morality, unless it is founded upon religious principle. This must be inculcated in the spirit of the child, or else later on its deficiency cannot be supplied.

And so, our schools have gone on from one stage of betterment and progress to another, until finally we come to this great movement which we are initiating to-day,

that is, the opening of the summer school for the teachers of Christian principles, Catholic principles, and Christian morality in the schools.

Let us thank Almighty God that we have seen our great desire realized. You will remember that, two years ago, in speaking to you at the Institute in Cathedral Hall, I said I prayed God that in a short time we would have our own summer school. Really, I did not realize then that within this brief space of two years that prayer would be answered, that this wish would be fulfilled.

Yet, we are here this morning, guests of this great college, already great, though only at the beginning of its true greatness, which is bound to grow as the years go on. We are the guests of the good Jesuit Fathers. That is as it ought to be. They are and always have been the pioneers of the great work of Christian education.

It is, therefore, proper that to-day we come under their roof and ask the blessing of Almighty God and their great Saint Ignatius upon this new work, undertaken here to-day. And I know, dear sisters and brothers, that every day that you spend here will be a day of profit and a day of love; of profit because of the natural advantages which you receive here from a consistent education in the great principles upon which you found your lives, and of love, because this is not merely a school, this is not merely an academy, it is a center of worship. The love of Christ dominates everything in the Church. In fact, without that love learning is vain.

And so, good Fathers, we thank you from our hearts this day for your hospitality; we beg God's blessing upon this great college and pray for its constant progress. We beg God's blessing upon all here present. The work being done for the furtherance of Catholic, Christian training will have God's blessing and will bear fruit.

MORAL TRAINING IN EDUCATION [1]

It is an encouraging sign that the people of this country are now awakening to the vital need of moral training in education. Less than a century ago, the present practice in American education was inaugurated. The advocates of the discontinuance of the teaching of religion did not foresee the inevitable consequences of the new policy. To-day the confidence of the past has become doubt and fear for the future. There is an insistent call that something be done at once to safeguard the moral sense of the youth of America.

The admission of an evil is half the cure. The general dissatisfaction, expressed frequently and publicly, with the character product of American schools and colleges, shows a change of thought in the right direction. How wholesome and how promising is the present demand of honest and earnest men and women for more emphasis on moral training at every stage of the educational process! Let the hope be expressed that discussion, study, and experience will soon open the minds of all men of good will to the only solution of this fundamental problem of life.

The consideration of the question of moral training seems centered at present on the discovery within the individual himself of the secret of virtuous living. Each man is to use his active and latent powers of conscience and build unto himself a law of life. Human minds are to unite in this momentous investigation for the develop-

[1] Statement on moral and religious training in the schools, appearing first in *Collier's Magazine*.

ment of a form of conduct which can be applied effectively in the affairs of men.

This ambition is not new in the world. The philosophers of old reflected and pondered with the identical end and purpose. With superior intelligence and with admirable effort they sought an explanation of life, a motive for correct living, and a standard of honorable conduct. Where are their findings to-day?

What man constructs for his own satisfaction, he tears down at his own convenience and pleasure. Human nature cannot be uplifted by its own boot-straps. Human nature rises only in the sublime realization of the fact that life is a gift of God and that faith, love, and obedience to God are the abiding obligations of this earthly pilgrimage. In this truth man finds motive, purpose, and objective which completely satisfy his soul. Nothing less suffices in the ordering of life's duties and responsibilities. There can be no morality without religion.

LETTER OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI APPOINTING HIS EMINENCE, THE CARDINAL, APOSTOLIC LEGATE[1]

To Our Beloved Son,
William, of the Title of Saint Clement,
Cardinal O'Connell,
Archbishop of Boston.
Our Beloved Son:

Health and Apostolic Benediction!

Blessed is that people, among whom is held in highest honor and in public devotion the Divine Name; for, surely, that people will be enriched by celestial favors and will progress prosperously along the road of happiness. Now of your Nation these things may be truly said, since, from the time the Confraternity of the Holy Name was established and propagated throughout America, chiefly by the zeal of the Sons of Saint Dominic, it has brought in its wake signal blessings both to the Catholic religion and to the civic welfare of the country. By stimulating the men of the country to the practice of virtue, by sanctifying the Christian family, by establishing the principles of justice and peace, this confraternity has contributed to those elements of moral life which redound to the strength and the beauty of a nation.

What more beautiful sight can one behold, what more

[1] This letter of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, delivered by His Eminence, the Cardinal, his personal representative and Apostolic Legate, before an immense gathering at Washington, sets forth graphically the noble sentiments of His Holiness, his gratitude to and affection for America, and his abiding appreciation of the admirable work of the Holy Name societies throughout the country.

solemn and magnificent evidence of faith can one see, than an immense multitude of consecrated manhood, marching gloriously through the streets of your cities beneath the holy banners of the Cross, and giving public testimony of their living faith in the Majesty and Power of Christ's Holy Name?

We do not wonder, therefore, that all the Bishops of America have manifested their extraordinary interest in the establishment of this confraternity in all the dioceses of the country, so that the Holy Name Society has already nearly five thousand branches.

We need not say with what consolation we have heard this good news, which brings the same joy to our heart as it did to our predecessors; and now that we have received the word that the first General Convention of the Holy Name Society is soon to be held in Washington in commemoration of the six hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation under the Pontificate of Gregory the Tenth, we rejoice greatly, and, considering the magnitude and importance of this great Convention, we choose you, our beloved son, that you may in that Congress act in our person and preside at the various gatherings and ceremonies in our name.

We have no doubt that this convention, held in the Capital city of your Nation, in the presence of Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, and witnessed by a large gathering of the members of this Society, will become a famous reunion of Christian manhood, and will redound to the greater glory of God and to the welfare of your country.

In order, therefore, that this great event may bring forth in the souls of all worthy fruit, we grant to you, our beloved son, the privilege of blessing those present in our name, and of proclaiming a Plenary Indulgence on the

most solemn day of this reunion under the usual forms and conditions.

Meanwhile, to all those who have given their aid to this important work of the Convention, especially to Father Joseph Ripple, O.P., we gladly give our blessing, and as a proof of our particular benevolence to you, our beloved son, to the other Cardinals and Bishops and to the clergy, likewise to the people of America, we lovingly impart in the Lord our Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, this Thirtieth Day of August, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Four, and of our Pontificate the Third.

PIUS THE ELEVENTH

ADDRESS TO HOLY NAME CONVENTION[1]

To this noble assembly of Christian manhood, gathered here in the Capital of the Nation, representing millions of Christian men in all parts of our great country who have enrolled themselves as soldiers of Christ under the glorious banner of His Holy Name, we offer a most sincere and heartfelt greeting.

The whole American Hierarchy of the Holy and Apostolic Church of Christ welcomes you to her maternal protection and affection; but, most of all and greatest of all, the Vicar of Christ himself, the Chief Shepherd of all Christendom, Pius XI, gloriously reigning, embraces you in his paternal affection, and blesses you with his Apostolic Benediction.

Our Holy Father, not content with sending you from the throne of the Fisherman a gracious and salutary message, has deigned to honor this occasion and this assembly in the most distinguished manner. By sending to this convention his personal representative in my humble person as his Apostolic Legate, it is as if he himself were with you here in person to encourage you, to stimulate you to greater zeal and greater love and greater devotion to the sacred cause, which this confraternity upholds and maintains. What a singular honor our Holy Father has conferred upon us all by this very special proof of his affection and benevolence! I can find no words to express my own profound gratitude for this most touching proof of his consideration for me personally and for all gathered

[1] Address to Holy Name Convention at Washington, September 19, 1924.

here. Surely, this noble act of Pius XI must bind us all still more closely and intimately to the See of Peter and the Supreme Pontiff, whom God preserve for many years, that he may himself witness the abundant fruits of his zeal for God's glory and the Church's progress.

We see also in this most significant gesture of the Vicar of Christ another most clear evidence of his special admiration and affection for America. As one thoroughly versed and profoundly learned in the story of the nations, past and in the making, Pius XI has from the very first days of his Pontificate realized fully the mighty influence exerted by our beloved country in all those things which concern the stability of order and government. And he knows thoroughly well the fine attitude which this Nation has always taken towards the equilibrium of good government, without which permanent relations between the peoples of the earth cannot endure. But, most of all, he has again and again manifested by public utterance and action his deep appreciation of America's magnanimity and generosity in its mercy and tenderness towards the weak and suffering of Europe, and of Asia as well. And so, in this latest of his gracious acts, we see another obvious sign of the Sovereign Pontiff's great desire to show for all America and all Americans his particular gratitude and affection.

From our hearts, touched and moved by these constant acts of paternal kindness towards us and towards our country, we send across the seas to the Father of all the Faithful the expression of our deepest and sincerest devotion and affection, and we fervently pray that our people and our country may ever continue to merit and enjoy this most consoling confidence and love from him, who for us is the Visible Head of God's Church on earth.

And to this we add another prayer, that America, which he loves and admires so much for her true liberty and matchless generosity, may with God's help ever strive by her prestige and her moral leadership to bring about the realization of his constant prayer and desire: the Peace of Christ in the Reign of Christ.

And now one may ask: What is this society whose representatives are gathered here from the ends of the Nation? What is this confraternity which Pontiffs and Cardinals and Bishops hold in such high esteem? What is the purpose of this organization, which in a few brief decades has covered the land with its wonderful increase? In a word, what is this convention all about, and why does it assemble here at the seat of the government of the Nation? For certain it is that all these questions have during these days been asked a thousand times.

There is no secret involved in this conference and this gathering, and the answer to these questions is as clear and straight as truth itself.

We have come and we have here assembled first to renew our pledge of loyalty to Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Savior, and we have chosen this great Capital of our Nation as our meeting-place, in order that at the very seat of our national Government we might pledge once more and reaffirm our unshaken and unshakable allegiance and love for our beloved America, and renew the spirit of fidelity to her sacred institutions and the maintenance of her law and authority.

This Society of the Holy Name has for its aim and purpose that which its title obviously indicates — to honor the name of the Redeemer of the World, the Prince of Peace. Every one can, therefore, see at a glance that this devotion is as fundamental as religion itself. Indeed, in

its full comprehensiveness it is religion itself, for in its exercise we behold the supreme adoration of the eternal Godhead — the binding in bonds of love all humanity with the Creator and Redeemer of men.

In the sacred name of Jesus the first Apostles wrought those wondrous deeds which showed that the seal of God's power was upon them. The dead were raised to life again, the blind again received the gift of sight, the lame arose and walked — all at the invocation of that Divine Name which, uttered first in Palestine, within a few years resounded throughout the world. And as it was echoed from mountain peak to mountain peak, it sanctified the valleys and the plains. Out of savage tribes by its power came new nations and new governments. The rough barbarian was transformed by it into a peaceful citizen. The rude mud-huts, once the name of Christ had hovered in benediction over them, became noble cities, and in the central place of honor the noblest monuments of architecture reared their glorious arches towards Heaven.

The Holy Name of Jesus was ever the fruitful seed of true knowledge. The rude rustic from the understanding of all that this Name implied turned his gaze from the soil toward the light which religion ever brings to even the lowliest and the humblest of humanity. Out of the jumble of unformed dialects the monks, who erected the great schools of learning, high over whose portals was the divine monogram of Christ, framed the laws of gentle speech and the new languages.

The veneration and love of Christ's Sacred Name is the miraculous power which saved Europe to civilization again and again. When the utter ruin and destruction of all law and learning threatened humanity in the degener-

acy and the utter downfall of Greece and Rome, when later the barbaric tribes from the North and the East threatened to overwhelm all culture and all learning and all civil order, it was the power and love of the Holy Name, held fast in the hearts of Christian men, that stemmed the tide of utter desolation and complete destruction, and patiently and laboriously sustained the very foundations of human culture and morality. And when, centuries after, the division of Christendom, hitherto one and united, hurled all Europe into a conflict so enormous and so fratricidal that the fundamental principles of Christianity itself seemed on the very verge of decay and death, again it was the men of the Holy Name, who, when the din of battle had passed and the clouds of confusion had rolled away, came out of the conflict unwounded and unharmed — nay, strengthened by the conflict for greater endurance and nobler triumphs.

These were our ancestors in the Faith, noble Holy Name men, who, when the choice was offered between honors bought by disloyalty and poverty and deprivation incurred by their invincible fidelity, gave up all and suffered all rather than yield the priceless gift of the Christian Catholic Faith. These are the noblemen of nature and of grace. In our veins courses their blood.

> "Ages ago, our fathers firm and loyal,
> Fought for the faith, forever the same;
> We are their sons, our heritage is royal,
> And we shall conquer in the Holy Name."

The power of the Holy Name has not diminished in the passage of the centuries — nay, each new generation of Christian men, loyal to the sacred tradition of their fathers, manifest their love and their fidelity to Christ's Holy Name and to the Church, founded and conserved

by its divine power. Indeed, within the last few short decades this holy confraternity, in this country especially, has grown by leaps and bounds, until there is scarcely a city or a town in all America where its fame and its influence have not penetrated.

And this wonderful influence is no mere shadow. It is a sublime reality. Behold the constant increase in the frequent communions of our good Christian men. Behold month after month the ever-growing numbers of those who throng the Churches, kneel in devotion before the Tabernacle, and gather about the altar rails in order to partake of the Bread of Life, sealed with the name of Jesus. Any one who knows anything of Catholic doctrine and Catholic practice realizes what these things mean.

They mean the growth in holiness of sturdy men. They mean the sanctifying influence of Christ's Sacraments, which cast out sin and wickedness and meanness of life, and bring into the soul the beauty of Christian virtue — of a firm and unconquerable faith in their divine destiny, in the strengthening and purifying of lives dedicated to noble ideals, in deepening the foundations of a life for God, in the upbuilding of all those finer and purer elements of character, which produce the permanent fruits of our true civilization. Such men are not only the glory of the Church — they are the very backbone and foundation of the Nation.

Such men in private life are the edification of their entire community — good husbands, good fathers, good citizens — and, because they know by their daily experience in the very midst of temptation the dust and the turmoil of human life, the supreme value of the knowledge and practice of Christian Catholic principles, they stand, as they must ever stand, for the freedom of the faith of

Christ and the complete liberty of a Christian education for their children.

Humbly before God and the world they walk their simple way; but, with the unconquerable strength of defenders of the Holy Name, they stand and will ever stand unawed and unafraid of the forces and the influences, whencesoever they come, which may menace them in their rights human and divine. These they are ever ready to defend, because they well know that, bound up with the very fundamentals of religion, are the rights fundamental to humanity — the sacred rights of the individual and the family.

Now, since upon these same rights and duties the permanent welfare of the Nation depends, it is clear that the men, who are faithful to the Holy Name and what that Name stands for, constitute a splendid array of the finest elements, upon which the welfare of any country may absolutely depend.

Respect for authority? Why, as children they have understood this. It is no new doctrine for them. It is the foundation of their spiritual and civic life. Obedience to law? Why, this is part and parcel of the fiber of their very souls. No new-fangled theories with high-sounding names about fantastic privileges and the conflict of classes, or of social anarchy can ever surprise the men of the Holy Name into forgetfulness of the real doctrine of Christ, the foundations of which are justice and love. And so it must be evident to all that, in the fearless loyalty of true Holy Name men to the glory of God and the welfare of this country, America has a great army in battle array, strong with the strength of God, who in every time of national stress and strain may be entirely depended upon as a bulwark against anarchy, disloyalty, and disorder, which,

wherever they appear, menace the very foundations of national and international peace and prosperity.

And so we have a right, a glorious and well-earned right, to assemble here on the soil made sacred by Washington and Lincoln — both of whom, not merely as private individuals but as heads of the Nation, have again and again given utterance of their complete and sure confidence in the sterling qualities and the unflinching loyalty of our noble Catholic manhood.

And here, under the protecting shadow of the dome which crowns the halls of national legislation, we salute at the same time the Cross of salvation and the banner of our Nation. And, while we send over the wide ocean our signals of love, devotion and loyalty to him, who sits upon the Throne of the Fisherman, we send also our respectful salutations and our firm pledge of civic loyalty to the President of these United States.

With this double salutation to God and our country, we open this first National Congress of the Holy Name Society. And invoking upon all here present, and upon all whom those present represent, the blessing which our beloved Holy Father lovingly imparts to us, the blessing of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, we go out from these halls, chanting as we march the battle-cry of the consecrated army of Christ:

"Up, Christian Soldiers, Christ who goes before us,
Shows us His Cross and leads the way;
Pius, our Pontiff, guides, and God is o'er us,
Victory is ours, if we but watch and pray.
Fierce is the fight
For God and the Right;
Sweet Name of Jesus,
In Thee is our might."

ADDRESS AT DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL TO NUNS OF THE BATTLEFIELD [1]

We dedicate here a sacred memorial. It is consecrated to the memory of a band of saintly women who, when the need of humanity and the Nation called, left their quiet cloisters for the awesome and touching scenes of the battlefield and the military prison, to bring to the captive and the wounded, the suffering and the dying, consolation, help and courage.

They well earned the glorious title conferred on them by those who witnessed their work of mercy — "The angels of the battlefield."

Night after night, and all through the night, they passed silently among the shattered frames of gallant soldiers, left dying upon the blood-soaked ground.

Their little flickering lamp was the only glimmer of light that lit the tragic shadows where death stalked abroad — the gentle touch of their pure hands upon the fevered brow of a wounded comrade was the only reminder of the mother and loved ones he would never see again — their whispered prayer the only word which changed bitterness into forgiveness — their holy presence the only calming influence which brought to the pallid face, distorted with anguish, the wistful smile of the stricken soldier, who had done his duty, offered his life for his country, and now longed for the peace of Heaven.

[1] Address on occasion of dedication of Memorial to Nuns of the Battlefield, delivered by His Eminence, the Cardinal, as Papal Legate at Washington, September 20, 1924.

In the crowded hospitals and prisons, amid deadly fever and pest, these quiet messengers of mercy moved from cot to cot, careless of their own lives and comfort; and they never rested until they had brought hope and consolation to the victims of the monster, War, which carries death and suffering wherever it shows its horrid head.

Often, without sufficient food themselves, they brought nourishment to those weakened by the ague of the swamps, and by the loss of blood from gaping wounds. Worn and weary through sleepless nights, they labored on; their only word of recognition or of gratitude the feeble smile on the parched lips of dying men who, suddenly regaining consciousness after a dream of Hell, beheld as in a vision these visitors from Heaven.

Some of these holy women paid with their lives for their heroic devotion. They, as well as the soldier fallen in the fight, gave their all for the Republic. They, too, have a right to be honored by America and all humanity for that noble testimony, which they so freely gave of the great love of God, sanctified by noble service to suffering humanity — they, too, gave their lives for America. The Nation has done well to remember those who fought and bled and died for her.

Is it possible that she should not remember these courageous women who gave, while the Nation needed them, all that they had to give — complete devotion, long and weary vigils, tender nursing — all amid the nerve-racking scenes of horror, so entirely new to their secluded lives?

Our country was neither so rich nor so powerful then, and her resources for the dread emergency of war were not then what now they are.

Skilled nurses were then unknown, except among the holy sisterhoods of Mother Church, from whom Florence Nightingale learned the rudiments of that wonderful art of disciplined helpfulness, which later blossomed into the Red Cross. Yes, it must not be forgotten that from quiet Irish nuns this great woman gathered the secrets of sacrifice and noble courage — to-day, the admiration of the world, wherever aid and devotion are needed.

Is it possible that our great and powerful Nation has forgotten all this? The really great cannot even appear to be ungrateful. Even if such ingratitude were possible, it would matter little to the angels of the battlefield. Small thought had they then or ever of monuments of bronze and marble, erected to their memory. Their whole lives and all their actions had long before been offered on the altar of self-sacrifice to Him who never forgets. No hope of glory theirs when they knelt by those who had fallen. They, too, would, like the nameless heroes of the war, sink unhonored into a nameless grave.

They well knew that they in their turn would go to their little plots of earth, marked only by a lowly cross in a hidden corner of God's acre. No thought had they of monuments of glory. What they did, they did without other thought than the charity of Christ which urged them. No one more than they would be surprised to learn that some day — a day long, long years after they had gone to their eternal rest — a band of noble women, their sisters in the faith, their very own in race and religion, would not, could not, allow it to appear that the Nation had been guilty of ungrateful oblivion of deeds less conspicuous, but not less noble, than were the deeds of those who had led the Nation's army to victory for the Union and triumph for the sacred cause of Freedom.

And to-day we must in solemn duty honor not only those whose valiant lives and heroic service this monument commemorates, but also those devoted noble women of a noble race and a divine faith, who for long weary years have toiled with what at times seemed almost fruitless labor to rescue the Nation from the blame of neglecting to honor those, who in her hour of greatest need gave all they had to give for the Nation's defenders and the welfare of their country. Their names, too, should be inscribed here, as they will certainly be written by the recording angel of good deeds. The women of the Order of Hibernia have shown themselves worthy sisters of those honored here to-day by this monument and this presence.

There are a dozen words in our language which condense into a monosyllable all the horrors of life: pest, hate, woe, fear; but the word "war" expresses the terrors of them all combined. The word itself is elemental — a cry of horror ending in a moan of anguish — WAR!

In its train follow death, destruction, and disorder. Wealth and science and art and labor, all are its victims, and all the precious possessions that men have toiled for are melted down and moulded into shell and shrapnel whose only purpose is to kill.

In times past the lust of a crazy despot or the greed of plutocrats for wealth they never could use was the all-sufficient cause of the unleashing of the hounds of destructive conflict.

The pagan tyrants invented their own heavenly court and peopled it with demigods — beautiful bodies with hands of steel and hearts of ice — Mars and Minerva and Mercury — fictions of cruelty and avarice and deceit — and their celestial hymn was Væ Victis — Woe to the Conquered!

Why wonder at the stupid credulity of the populace of Greece and Rome, which so greedily swallowed the myths invented by despots to exploit their slaves? Has modern paganism improved upon the ancient brand, with its doctrines of the survival of the fittest, superior races, hymns of hate and the enslavement of the weak?

Is it so surprising that a mechanical age should invent its deus ex machina? May not the inventor of a machine invent also a creed, and the pilot of an airship invade Heaven? May not the war lord exalt aggression and conquest into heroic virtue; and the timorous and peaceable citizen decry even national self-defense as a brutal crime? Quis custodiet custodes? May not the demigods of wealth create supermen of force, and the zeal for peace at any price generate a race of cowards? Where does the truth concerning war lie but as always, between the extremes of a rampant militarism hungering for a fight and a flaccid pacifism which plays the coward?

Time was when a united Christendom knew whither to turn for the sure and safe solution of all its social problems whether of peace or war. Time was when the voice of the common Father was heard by all nations, blessing a just and righteous defense, and denouncing unjust and criminal aggression. The voice of Peter then was for all Christians the voice of Christ. And, as a Julius in righteous indignation led the loyal defenders of Peter's Patrimony against the invader, so Gregory, who loved justice and hated iniquity, brought a treacherous and brutal emperor to his knees in the snow at Canossa.

That was when Christendom was one in faith, when the Brotherhood of nations acknowledged in fact and in deed the Fatherhood of God. That was before a nationalism gone mad had destroyed with one blow the unity of

Christendom and that universal spiritual authority, which has ever been the best safeguard of international concord, and the strongest bulwark against inhuman and unjust war which the world has ever known.

For, the curse of division is conflict, and the effort of a divided Christendom to achieve lasting international amity without a centralized authority, which is of God, is to attempt to build a bridge, the keystone of whose arch is not in place. It may look safe — it will inevitably crumble. The laws of mechanics are obvious — the laws of moral unity upon which international solidarity rests are less obvious to those only, who persist in the fallacy that human passion and national egotism can be overcome by a formula. Until nations and men alike humbly seek the guidance of God, mere makeshift policy will hold up the masque of a mock peace, behind which is the visage of cold skepticism and distrust.

Peace is always possible on earth. The angels promised it that Holy Night when Christ was born. But it was promised only to men, as to nations, of good will; and good will, if it means anything, means the desire of men and nations to conform to the eternal decrees of God. Then and then only will the Kingdom of Christ behold the peace of Christ, for which we humbly and devoutly pray.

In its quest for God's lasting peace upon the earth, it may be that our beloved Nation may still be driven again and again to face the horrors of conflict in defense of its own existence, its rights, its liberties, and its sacred institutions. Trusting to the glorious and noble traditions of America, we know that such a conflict will not be of its seeking, and never for conquest. May God protect America from such emergency. But should it come, then the

Catholics of this land, guided by the unfailing light of eternal principles, will again, as ever before, stand valiantly or die gloriously for their Nation's just defense of a sacred cause. Then, too, will come out of their cloistered homes another band of ministering angels, the spiritual heirs of these holy nuns whose sacred memory we here venerate; and they, like those here honored, will bring to the fallen heroes aid and consolation, courage and resignation, the while their trembling lips repeat again and yet again, through the terrors of the night till the dawn breaks, till the mists of battle are rolled away, and the serene light in Heaven again appears — Pax Christi in Regno Christi.

To these holy and valiant women Christ has already given the great reward, promised even to those who give a cup of water in His name. And now, at last, the Nation's Capitol guards their sacred memory, and all America will forever guard their precious deeds in highest honor.

LETTER OF APPRECIATION AND GRATITUDE [1]

BUREAU OF THE HOLY NAME SOCIETY
839 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK,
October 2, 1924

YOUR EMINENCE:

The record of the great National Convention of the Holy Name Societies cannot be considered as complete, until we have transmitted to Your Eminence the expression of our appreciation and gratitude for your presence during its various exercises.

Our Holy Name Societies shall forever exult in the glory of having had Your Eminence as the special extraordinary Legate of the Holy See for this memorable ecclesiastical event. I am sure you yourself were impressed with this sense of appreciation on the part of our delegates, by the enthusiastic and affectionate reception which they accorded to you, as well as by the sustained applause which greeted your every appearance from the public reception at the Pontifical Mass on Thursday to the ever memorable grand finale at the base of the Washington Monument, where two hundred thousand men proclaimed vociferously their fealty to the Vicar of Christ in the person of Your Eminence.

As National Director of the Holy Name Society, in the name of the upwards of six thousand Branches of the

[1] A letter of grateful appreciation sent to His Eminence, the Cardinal, who was chosen by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, as his personal representative at the Holy Name Convention at Washington. The letter was written by Very Reverend M. J. Ripple, O.P., P.G., National Director of the Holy Name Societies of the United States.

Confraternity scattered throughout the United States, I express to you, extraordinary Legate of the Holy See for this occasion, most heartfelt thanks and gratitude, and beg of you to bless our humble efforts in behalf of religion and patriotism.

Perhaps one of the most consoling reflections of our great historical event is the courage and confidence which the Holy Name Society by its National Convention has inspired in the hearts of the Bishops and the Clergy of our country, and the assurance which it has given them, by its strictly ecclesiastical organization, of loyalty and obedience, unparalleled in the history of Catholic organizations of men.

Once more humbly begging Your Paternal blessing upon our efforts for the glory of the Church, I am,

Obediently yours in Christ

M. J. Ripple, O.P. (signed)

Fr. M. J. Ripple, O.P.

National Director, Holy Name Societies

A FAITHFUL, LOYAL LIFE [1]

Holy Church, wise with the wisdom of the ages as well as with the wisdom of God, esteems prayer more than praise. We are gathered here to pray for the repose of the soul of him who in life was known everywhere as John Bruen.

Whatever words of praise I have to offer here are not really for him, who is now receiving his great reward from his just Judge, but rather for our benefit — for us still living and still faced with the great problems of daily life.

This daily modern life is growing so complex that on the surface if seems bewildering. The rush, the scramble, the envies, the mad jealousies, the bitterness of conflict, the crazy whirl — all these merely daze us and, if taken too seriously, would stagger us.

Fortunately for us, our faith reduces all life, even modern life, to a few simple principles, and upon these and a few simple true men real life revolves. Abstract from the maze of ambitions and the giddy whirl of selfishness that cover modern life, and you find that these and all their kind are the smoke, not the reality, of things.

The real things that keep life going steadily are not this smoke and flurry — they are the simple things, like trust and fidelity and loyalty. And the things of life that really matter are done by men who are constant in trust and fidelity and loyalty.

The heads of big concerns are often credited with

[1] Eulogy over Mr. John A. Bruen, at St. Paul's Church, Dorchester, October 6, 1924.

achievements really accomplished by men whom the world does not even know — the men who, day in and day out, ceaselessly, tirelessly, are at their task — keeping the accounts straight and true. They get little honor and small emolument — generally, they are men who care very little for these, but they are always there, always faithful, always loyal. And the well-being of the great concern would fall, if they failed in trust and fidelity and loyalty.

Such a man was John Bruen. Though solicitous for the millions he helped to count and account for, which passed through his honest hands, his mind was not riveted on them. Even in the midst of an atmosphere which generally freezes the human side of men, he had the heart of a boy — the sweetness and kindness of a child. And that explains the reason why, even after a long day's hard work, he found his delight in serving the little children of the poor.

For years he was a member of the Board of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, and for years he never missed a single meeting. True, faithful, loyal John Bruen, where in these days of utter selfishness shall we be able to find your successor!

No work can go on without an assurance of fidelity and loyalty by those to whom it is entrusted, come what may. And so Christ chose the moment when they were all beside him. He suddenly hurled at them a tremendous problem, and for the moment deigned no explanation of it in any words of His.

He had chosen them — they were His. They said they loved Him. They trusted Him — yes, but could He trust them? Would they prove faithful, loyal, true to Him? So He made the test. They must take Him at His word or

go — they might take His plan or leave it forever. So He turned to them and, seeing in their eyes the look of hesitation, He said to them, "Will you also leave me? If you are going, go now." The moment finally comes to every man at the head to do the same thing.

Without fidelity and loyalty there can be no true devotion, no dependable service. Fidelity — it is the whole thing, where service and good work for a great plan are concerned. The chief of any great concern knows how true this is.

John Bruen gave it — fidelity, loyalty to the full, all that was in him, without thought of anything else, because that was his whole character. And he died as he had lived, faithful, loyal, true to those who had trusted him.

God rest your faithful heart! We loved you, because nothing on earth could change your affection, your trust, your fidelity, your loyalty. It stood the test, and now God will reward it as He alone knows how.

May the example of your fidelity and true loyalty be forever a blessed memory, and may they stimulate others to follow the beautiful example of your faithful, loyal life.

THE CRADLE OF LOVE AND KNOWLEDGE[1]

It seems only yesterday that, standing in the tribune of the Treasury Building at Washington, my eyes wandered down the full length of Pennsylvania Avenue, at the end of which is the glorious dome of the Capitol; and all down that long distance, through a drizzle of rain, bore the hundred thousand Catholic men, there in the Nation's capital to reaffirm their love for Jesus Christ and their loyalty to their flag.

Surely, in this country there never has been such a sight before. Never in America was there such a tremendous outpouring, assembled for the holiest and most profound sentiment that could possess the hearts of men.

To-day, turning to my own beloved Diocese, here in the city of Cambridge, I see a similar demonstration, a similar outpouring of the same sentiment of devotion, loyalty, and faith. My heart, stirred as it was to its very depths there before the tremendous parade in Washington, seems in a certain way to be stirred even more profoundly to-day, because you are my very own.

Looking out upon these outpouring demonstrations on the part of our men, may we not with pride establish a certain comparison? Where else is it visible? Who else is doing these things? Only our Catholic men, our Catholic manhood. All over the world we hear from time to time that the churches, not ours, are vacated of men, and that there are very few others who enter their portals to listen to the message. Certainly that is not true of us.

[1] Address at dedication of Blessed Sacrament School, Cambridge, October 5, 1924.

Year by year, it seems, by a special grace the unmovable faith of our men is becoming stronger and stronger; more obvious, more evident, more fervent and loyal than ever. Surely, Almighty God must rejoice at such sights as these. He came on earth for the love of man. The Son of the Eternal Father, our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, suffered and died for men, and all to make them realize His love for them, and to win them by the tenderness of His affection.

Catholic men understand the love of Christ. They realize what the affection of God for them means. They are not ashamed to be loved by God, because their hearts and souls, filled with a sustaining faith, make them realize that the basis of all Divine action is Divine love; and that God Himself, omnipotent as He is, absolute as He is, independent as He is, who needs nothing, nobody, yet craves for the love of His people.

Be mindful of that wonderful apparition which Blessed Margaret Mary saw, when Christ appeared to her above the tabernacle! He revealed His Sacred Heart, and He directed her to win the world to Him through devotion to the Sacred Heart. That is the full meaning of this devotion.

My dear men, when we see the progress of the Church and the true manhood of the faithful, we can only kneel and thank God that our churches are not and never will be deserted by men. They are loyal, strong, devoted. The hearts of men, who are firm and generous and true, form the real foundation of the Church and society.

We are not claiming for them, or anybody, perfection. Christ did not come on earth to redeem the perfect. He Himself has told us that He came to win the lost sheep of the house of His brethren. It was because we needed God

that He came to us. We have only to witness the life of Christ Himself. To whom did He show himself after His resurrection?

Therefore, courage, my dear men. Have courage in your daily lives. You must of necessity face varying circumstances and conditions which constantly arise. But if, behind it all and in it all, there is in your hearts the great principle of eternal love for God, Christ and His Church, and devotion to eternal truths for which He died, fear not, all will come right in the end.

As I looked out upon that striking demonstration in Washington, and as to-day I followed after the long procession of our Catholic manhood of this one parish, naturally the question presented itself in my mind, What of the future? Who will succeed them? The answer, of course, immediately came — the school will provide for that.

Why was it that in other nations, in other churches, the manhood was lost to them? Because everything was secularized, because the manhood was not trained in the faith and hope and love of God, as little children. Even God must begin early with His work, because those who wait for later years will find that some one, an evil one, has been there before.

So, Holy Mother Church fills not only her churches but her schools. In fact, she prefers to build her schools first, because without them, without the training of the children, the Church would soon wilt.

Father Butler and good priests and people of this parish, I congratulate you from my heart. You have done a noble work for God in erecting a school for the children who will be your successors.

It is the duty of every man living to do something for

the world in which he lives. Blessed is he who makes two blades of grass grow where before there was but one. Here, here, is the arena. Here is the field in which the blessed blades of grass, dedicated and blessed to the service of God, will grow, not two, but thousands.

May God's blessing rest upon this people, upon this parish and its priests; and may this school which to-day I blessed and dedicated to noble service, the knowledge and love of God, be not only to the Church, but to the city and the State a cradle, a nursery, of all that is best in human life. The little children who will grow into young manhood and young womanhood, and all those who in years to come will occupy this place, will thank God that they have had a Catholic school in which to learn the knowledge and the love of God. They will thank you and pray for you.

It was a touching thing to-day to hear the words of a little child, when she said, "Your Eminence, we pray for you." It touched me deeply. The prayers of the children are the strength of the world. God bless you all.

CHRIST, THE FOUNDATION STONE OF LIFE[1]

I THINK we all realize that there is no happiness so great as that which comes at the moment, when we are able to offer something worth while to one, who fills a high place in our hearts and affections. That is the only meaning of gifts. That is the real significance of the ceremony that takes place here this morning. It is an offering on the part of the Archbishop of the Diocese to Almighty God from the priests and people, by whose efforts and labors this beautiful temple has been erected.

It is a gift to God, a gift to Him, who is first in our hearts and our minds and our souls, and, therefore, first in our love. The world has been searched to collect the beautiful things that have been grouped together here architecturally, to form this very beautiful building, now a temple of God!

The marble for centuries was buried in the mountains. Nobody knew of its existence. Out of the love and the affection of the priests and people of this parish, it has been procured, quarried, polished and put in place, and it now gleams with beauty, reflecting the love and affection of the people.

The windows are streaming with the sunlight of Heaven. They express by art, by the triumph of architecture, our affection for God. That is the whole meaning of this beautiful church. In itself, of course, it is just the product of a certain kind of intelligence and industry; but, if it

[1] Address at dedication of St. Paul's Church, Cambridge, October 13, 1924.

were only that, it might just as well be a chamber of commerce. It is, however, anything but that. In the central place of this temple is a throne, whereupon Christ Himself sits and rules. It is His house.

It is rather curious that we offer to Him His own gifts, and then take a certain pride in it. I remember very well from my own experience, of a child who saved the little remittances given to him by his father from time to time. He saved for a long time, in order to give something back to his father who had been so good to him. Finally, he bought a little jewel, and, when the father's birthday came, he brought the jewel to his father and gave it to him. He said, "Papa, I want you to wear it in your cravat. It is my gift of affection to you." His father looked at it and smiled, for he knew it had been bought with his own money. But it was more than a gift. It represented the affection of his own son. He put it in his cravat and he wore it with great pride. Every day the child would look at the beautiful pin, and remind his father that it was he who gave it to him. After a long while the father rather tired of being reminded constantly that his son had given him a gift. After all, it was bought with his own money. So, after a month or so, the father, constantly being reminded that this gift was for him, took the pin out and said, "You had better take it back. You are talking so much about it that I am rather tired of hearing about it. You take it and wear it."

So, if we pride ourselves too much in the gifts we give to God, it is like taking them back. We give them with a free and generous heart, but they are all His own. These marbles, these stones are all His. The only value in the whole gift is our love. After our love has been demonstrated by our sacrifice, we should say no more about it.

It is all too little. It belongs to God, and we leave it with Him.

There is a special significance, and a striking one, too, in the juxtaposition of this Catholic church, the daughter of a great old Mother of the ages, standing, as it were, vis-à-vis with a great temple of learning. That it is a great school, no one needs to deny. In fact, no one can deny this in honesty, in truth, and in justice. Millions have been poured out for its maintenance generously. Let us give full credit for that generosity. It is a tribute to the fine spirit of the American people. More than that, it means devotion of teachers and professors who, day by day, year by year, give the best that is in them for the pursuit of truth. Boys and young men come from the ends of the world, and gather here with the one desire — to get what they can of the truth.

We have no desire (it would be very petty and small on our part) to try to minimize the tremendous influence of this big university. And in very many things it merits praise. Of that there can be no question.

In a certain sense, we are proud that there is such a great, influential institution here in this State. Why should we not be? But (there is always a "but") when, centuries ago, some of the great schools of Europe, like Oxford and Cambridge, forgot their duty to their Mother, they carried on a campaign for truth, and in many cases carried it on nobly, for example, in scientific work, in some cases historic work, in literature, in the arts.

Of course, they have just missed the real thing. They have some truth. They have not all the truth, unfortunately. They have missed the way because they have cut off the light. We state this with no spirit of enmity; rather in a deep spirit of regret. This sacred edifice, this

temple of God, possesses the whole truth, the real truth, the fundamental truth. It imparts the lesson every day, that life can really dispense with every sort of half-truth, that wealth or learning is not all, but that faith is all. Without faith all else is a mere shadow. This college, great and embellished, has a certain usefulness. It does without doubt a very large amount of good in a civic way. Yet it lacks the ancient faith, and, without first principles, one has to be very careful, even in civic life. If, however, this great school had the old faith of Christ, for which she was supposed to be erected, her influence would be supreme. We would be the first to gather round her.

That fond hope probably never will be realized. When institutions, like men, depart from fundamental principles upon which the structure of truth must be erected, they are very likely to go their way for centuries. They may hold some truth; unfortunately and fatally, not all truth. It is well, therefore, that, right here, face to face with this justly famous school, with its gathering of noble, learned men, with its buildings and its collection of treasures, intellectual and artistic, which after all are worldly considerations, should stand the living proof that this is not all of life, that wealth and learning and position and influence are but ephemeral.

Our priests and people stand the daily test. They can look poverty in the face and smile. They can behold all the wealth that the world holds, and yet in their comparative poverty remain faithful and true. They can very well do without earthly treasures, if they have the true faith. That, in a few words, is the lesson this church teaches. It is a constant reminder that, after all, the foundation stone of life is Christ. Without Him, all earthly beauty will fade, and great institutions will totter.

To me, there is a special significance in the fact that this church is dedicated to St. Paul. He was a fiery soldier for a while, a learned man, a Jewish scholar. He was not merely a passive scholar. He was once a fanatic. Sometimes scholarship breeds fanaticism. Men who are in earnest about their studies sometimes carry an idea too far. St. Paul was at one time one of these.

When he heard of the deep impression the "new religion" was making throughout the Roman Empire (he was a proud Roman, although he was a Jew), glorying in his Roman citizenship, he obtained permission from the emperor to lead a force against the Christians, in an endeavor to conquer them. What rights had this little upstart crew of fishermen? he reflected. They were not scholars. They were not conspicuous for their wisdom.

Hence, he set forth to persecute the Christians. He was in good faith. Although he was a dynamo of energy, he was too intelligent to direct his force the wrong way. It was his honest conviction that the Empire was about to be destroyed by believers in the new cult, who styled themselves Christians. Proud of his citizenship and learning, he entered upon a systematic crusade against the Church, in order to impart what he believed to be a needed lesson.

While at the head of his troops, seeking out Christians for persecution, under the laws of the Empire, a light struck him full in the face. He was shaken to the depths of his soul. He fell from his horse, blind. He heard a voice which said out of the gloom, "Paul, why persecutest thou Me?" He never ceased to hear that voice; he never ceased to see that vision. He arose, and, by the protection of the Holy Spirit, found his way to the place where the Christians had gathered, and falling upon his knees wept bitterly, asking to be forgiven. Sight was restored to him,

and Paul went out, a true Christian, converted, a vessel of election.

All that energy, all that dynamic force which he possessed was thereafter directed to one end — to gain the world for Christ. He never slept, except when driven by sheer fatigue, until he had won the world back to Christ. The more he mingled with these poor fishermen whom the world scorned, these unknown people without education, training, or social standing, the more he visualized the glory of God's church, and the more determined he was to promote it in the face of the royal decrees.

He lived with the Christians, he loved them. At last he saw that worldly learning was not all. Once he had embraced the true faith, he realized the false values of this world. In his admirable epistles which one can read again and again with increasing profit, he voiced most eloquently the ardor of his valiant soul, exalting spiritual standards and frowning upon what the world esteems its priceless possessions.

He knew whereof he spoke. His early life had been given over to the search for learning. He attained his end, but now, with the image of Christ crucified before his eyes, the worldly structure fell into ashes. Here is the lesson of St. Paul.

A few years ago, I had the privilege of standing on the hill of Mars, where St. Paul, devoured by the love of Christ, uttered his striking doctrines. "All or nothing," that was his motto. Such power and determination are impressive. Though an outcast before the great Acropolis of Athens, he laid down God's law to the wise men of the world, showing that they were following a shadow, gathering wisdom and earthly treasures that must all be left behind. It was not surprising that such teaching and preach-

ing won many to Christ. His strength was of God. Undaunted by shipwreck, prison and chains, he pursued with unprecedented zeal and energy the cause to which he had consecrated his life and endeavors. He spent himself preaching one lesson — Christ and Him Crucified, folly to the Gentiles, nonsense to the learned.

St. Paul defied the world with all its learning, with all its wealth, and with all that wealth and learning could garner. He stood unmoved and immovable in his sacred calling. Here is the lesson. Christ Crucified is present in His Church, whether it be a structure of magnificence in architectural beauty and design, or a poor wooden edifice. There his truth abides, and it is our only truly great possession.

Father Ryan very well touched upon the devotion of the people. Such devotion is, of course, a constant miracle, which God Himself produces among the simple ones of the world. These will always be His treasures. He excludes none. Unfortunately many exclude themselves from the Kingdom of God, because they have too much thought for the things of the world.

Father Ryan, I congratulate you and your people. You have given all the credit to the people. They know, and I know how much credit is due to you, yourself. You have labored here practically during all your priestly life. You have been a good, hard-working, devoted priest. Therefore, you have been able to rally your people around you, because they trusted you. Out of this harmony and cooperation between priests and people has come this noble edifice. But never forget that, whether in the little church, or in the basement, or in the magnificent temple, there is one only treasure — Christ Crucified.

May His presence be with you all. May He bless and

prosper the work of priests and people of this parish. Stand fast to the truth. Nothing else is worth possessing. Everything else is glamour. It will pass. The presence of our Lord in the Sacrament of Love, the presence of Christ Crucified will never fail you.

We accept in the name of the Diocese this beautiful tribute of love from the priests and people of St. Paul's parish. May the blessing of God descend upon you all, and remain with you always.

THE RED CROSS COMMENDED [1]

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE
GRANBY STREET, BOSTON
October 8, 1924

MR. JOHN H. STORER,
The American Red Cross,
Washington, D.C.

DEAR MR. STORER: —

I am pleased to have the opportunity to give a word of commendation to the work of the American Red Cross.

The deeds of your society seem one of the most consoling chapters in the history of our great Republic, and, in fact, of all civilization. Born upon the battlefields in the midst of suffering and death, the noble purposes of the Red Cross have been fulfilled on every occasion, when affliction has come upon humanity. Surely, it is a work that commends itself to every man who has any love for his fellowman.

The work of the American Red Cross has been a glory to our people, and has placed America before the world as a Nation of mercy and fraternal charity. In its latest accomplishments in aid of the stricken people of Lorain, Ohio, at the time of the terrible tornado in August, 1924, it again demonstrated its readiness and efficiency in immediately coping in emergency with great disaster. In the late war, it proved that patriotism did not prohibit care of the fallen enemy, as well as of our own heroes.

I feel confident that our people will give wholehearted

[1] Letter of His Eminence, the Cardinal, to Mr. John H. Storer in commendation of the Red Cross.

endorsement to your purposes, for they desire to share in any movement that brings blessing and strength to our country.

Very sincerely yours,

W. Cardinal O'Connell

AN EXPRESSION OF FAITH [1]

It is natural that a son of Lowell should always be happy to embrace any occasion that brings him home again. I assure you that, often as I return to this city of industry, to the scenes of my youth, I thank God that my preparation for a life of hard work and complete devotion was made among people who love work and whose work sanctified them.

Beloved people of Lowell, I rejoice with you to-day doubly, because here on this spot is a new temple, dedicated to God. After all, the things of this world pass. The great things alone remain.

The industries of the world have their mission in life, but, without the faith of God, the faith of Christ, implanted in the people, no civilization could thrive; and this church, built by the zeal of your pastor with your generous coöperation, is one of the great things of life that will endure.

It will bring you endless blessings, endless happiness. So to-day I join with you in your rejoicings, and ask Almighty God to bless this temple, the pastor of this church and the people of this city with His manifold and lasting benedictions.

[1] Address at laying of cornerstone of St. Rita's Church, Lowell, October 25, 1924.

THE POWER OF GOD MADE MANIFEST [1]

A VERY few years ago, I saw the need, the real necessity, of providing in this particular district a place of worship for the people, a house of God of their own.

During these few short years, I have watched closely the work that has gone on. The administration of a huge diocese like ours, the Archdiocese of Boston, presents manifold labors and difficulties. The growth has been tremendous, the needs to be supplied are most important. The number of people of varied races and origins is constantly on the increase. New needs make themselves felt; financial needs, spiritual needs, material needs. There is a field of great opportunity, but also of increasing labor, for him whom God has placed at the head of the administration.

I do not need to state that it requires constant vigilance. Any one who is in the least acquainted with the administration of affairs, even in a small, limited, local way, will be very quick to see that, when this administration is spread out over a vast territory, where the needs of the people are so varied, where even the many races must be bound together in the unity of the faith and the bond of love, it requires almost superhuman energy, vigilance and wisdom. No man, no matter what his experience or his wisdom might be, could ever alone hope to cope with a problem so vast, so difficult.

It is only by complete coöperation and by God's Divine grace that any one at the head of a great spiritual organi-

[1] Address at dedication of St. Ambrose's Church, November 2, 1924.

zation like this can ever hope to accomplish anything. Therefore, it is plain that the work of administration of a great diocese, such as this, requires all the energy possible in a strong man, who can, with God's help, face his burden day by day. Thank God, during my labors in the administration of this Archdiocese for sixteen years, God has given me phenomenal strength to face each day's burden. I say this merely in recognition of God's goodness to me.

I doubt very much, if people generally have any idea, or can have any idea, of the peculiar difficulties which the administrator of a great Diocese must daily face. You have your own families, of four or five or six, and, really, you find it difficult enough in these days to keep them in order. Now multiply that by a million, and you have some idea of what the Bishop of this Diocese must be ready to face on all occasions.

In the process of founding a new parish like this, of course there are all sorts and varieties of opinions and wishes which are manifested. Some want one thing, others another; some want nothing at all, they just drift along. And out of this medley of human opinions and desires must be framed, by the one who has the work in charge, unity of design and plan and coöperation of all. That, of course, any one, who is used to dealing with human nature, knows is a tremendous task.

The only problem that should interest anybody in a work like this is to find out God's will, and to do it to the best of his ability, paying no attention to other considerations; for, if one runs after the will o' the wisp of popularity, he will inevitably end in complete confusion, will satisfy nobody, and nothing will be done. Of course, to achieve results, great strength of character and great

firmness of purpose are necessary. These come only from devotion to a cause.

We are constantly hearing about democracy, its beauty, its charm, and its power. Yes, there are some democracies that plainly lead to Leninism, nothing else. There is much cant in all this talk of democracy. It has been proved again and again that a certain kind of democracy fools the people into pure and simple despotism.

The Church will have nothing of that. The most democratic organization in the world, as far as respect for the individual is concerned, is the Church. The son of a peasant, as all know, may become Pontiff. But once in power, once divinely appointed, there is no more chatter about cheap popularity, or attempting to satisfy everybody.

Looking over the work which has been developed during these last sixteen years, the whole countryside covered with the most beautiful and substantial specimens of architecture in churches, schools, and convents, one is simply compelled to recognize that the hand of God is here, and the power of God is made manifest. The priests have worked hard, the people have coöperated well, but, above it and beyond all that, are the great sustaining grace and power of God, which have directed the work and carried it to its conclusion.

The latest proof of this is this church. Once it was decided to erect a parish church in this locality, the next thing was to find a priest who could do it. Father Harrigan had done excellent work as a curate in one of our city parishes. He had worked modestly but well. He was then transferred to one of the loneliest posts in this Diocese. It was a test of character. A man who could face such a life unflinchingly and do his work, as if all the

world were looking on, had the strength of character to do greater things.

This was the man whom I chose for this really great work of forming a new parish in this crowded district, and of promoting the complete development of a fine parish. The work thus far accomplished seems little short of miraculous, but, of course, much still remains to be done; and I pray God that he may bless the parish priest and the good people of this parish, that they may be enabled not only to look back at the success of their efforts in completing this beautiful church, but that they may go forward with the work with courage, strength, and love.

CHURCH OF ALL NATIONS[1]

STANDING here on this eminence, the expression visible in the sea of faces about me is one of happiness and of joy. The reason is clear. To-day we are placing upon this beautiful site the cornerstone of a temple dedicated to the worship of the One True God.

The same spirit that animated the early Christians, when they placed the cornerstone in the great basilica of St. John Lateran in Rome sixteen hundred years ago, animates you. To-day the people of this parish see arise on this beautiful height, looking out over the whole countryside, a beautiful edifice, erected to God's greater honor and glory.

This church will serve not only for God's glory, but for the salvation of souls and the right direction of good citizenship, for, beloved people of the Franco-American colony of Haverhill, by whose sacrifice and labors and prayers this beautiful church has been erected, you know full well that, as the Church of God embraces all races and all nations, and as the children of all nations and climes are at home before her sanctuaries, provided they are faithful to Holy Mother Church, so, too, America embraces and unfolds her wonderful liberties and her wonderful opportunities to the children of all races and of all climes, and blesses those who come to her with the spirit of true citizenship, devoted to the memories of the past and the race from which they

[1] Address at laying of cornerstone of St. Joseph's Church, Haverhill, November 9, 1924.

sprang, because that is a natural right, but also devoted to her welfare.

This church means all of that. It means that God's blessing will be here with you and among you. From out this beautiful site will go the lessons of peace and the proper direction of morality. God's blessing will rest over all His people and over this land.

So, I invoke here the blessing of Almighty God upon all present, upon all who by their prayers and sacrifices and coöperation built this edifice, to the glory of God and the welfare of the people.

A PRACTICAL EXEMPLIFICATION OF TRUE PRINCIPLES[1]

This occasion is, of course, a very happy one for the Sisters of Notre Dame, because it marks the seventy-fifth anniversary of their coming to this Archdiocese and this parish. It brings before us, also, the great work they have done during these seventy-five years. Only God knows just the character and the fruits and the blessings of this great work, but, on the other hand, many of their fruits are quite visible to all.

Certainly, those seventy-five years mark a period of earnest and zealous labor for God in the great field of Christian education. The field of labor of dozens of Sisters of Notre Dame in this Archdiocese is to-day extensive. Yet it all grew out of the fruitful efforts of a few sisters, who at that time did a unique service in coming here.

Of course, one of the great fruits of their long mission has been the preparation of children's souls for life, for this mortal temporary existence. They have fitted them by training, mental, spiritual, and moral, and for correct, proper, and holy living. They have succeeded in that important enterprise in very large measure.

It only weakens a cause to contend that it was absolutely successful. We never make such pretensions. Religion itself never quite accomplishes that. If, in the main, the results are good, then we have reason to be

[1] Address at St. Mary's Church, North End, on occasion of commemoration of seventy-fifth anniversary of arrival of Notre Dame Sisters at Boston, November 16, 1924.

very well satisfied. And in the main the results have been good.

We have only to look about us to see the splendid Catholic womanhood, the true Christian mothers, that this education has produced. On all sides one sees the devoted women, not wives or mothers only, but daughters, who literally spend all their lives in the work of God, laboring hard and diligently to provide for their parents and for those who may need their assistance.

The preparation which results from such training as the Sisters of Notre Dame and all the other religious orders impart to the children consists mainly of two things — obedience to the law of God and to the civil laws, and the conformation of their lives to God's will. Indeed, these are not two things: they are only one.

The life which the sisters and the religious lead holds a powerful lesson. The children see before them the effects of these two great principles of life. Every day and every hour of that life is regulated by a law, by rule. Their whole life is made to conform to God's will in every way.

Hence, the children are given a practical exemplification of true principles. They are very quick to observe many of the silent things about them which adults scarcely realize. Such lives lived for God body forth the practical teachings of the Catholic religion and the principles of faith. Catholic doctrine and teaching can be taught by almost any one who knows them, and they are taught by lay people as well as by religious or priests.

The mere teaching of a subject in itself accomplishes only intellectual results. Moral results are far more important. The holy habit of the religious means moral as well as mental training. The Crucifix in the school,

the quiet prayer, the little invocation, the little statues in their niches, the flowers before the Madonna, all these are the silent but impressive influences of a child's Christian education.

We have much to be proud of in the splendid results of this education. We have a Catholic laity, both men and women, who certainly are blessed by Almighty God for their strong faith and their ardent love of that faith. Such characteristics come in large measure by inheritance from their good parents, their good, Christian homes. Of course, their love and loyalty have been increased by the religious who have given their lives to the teaching of the children.

It would serve no useful purpose to say, or pretend to say, that in every individual case all of this education and training attained perfection. Of course it has not. But Catholic education and training, nevertheless, best prepare and fortify the individual for life's work. I think we can safely say that because it can be proved. It certainly does preserve the individual's faith in God. It strengthens one's sense of duty towards God by the cultivation of religion. It lays due emphasis on attendance at Mass, on confession and membership in sodalities, as well as on other vital matters which the Church offers her children, to nourish their souls in the love of faith.

We have a noble body of Catholic women in this Archdiocese, one, I am sure, which is very pleasing to our Blessed Lord. But why should I limit it to this Diocese? Throughout this country, our Catholic womanhood is alive to the beauties of their faith and the proper application of Christian principles to the serious problems of life.

This becomes manifest whenever there is a great cause to be carried forward. Entrust it to our good Catholic women and it is done, done with a will, and done well. There is no great charity, there is no cause of the Church, such as caring for the poor, the destitute, the sick, that cannot be entrusted to their keeping, and it will be well accomplished.

In the main, the womanhood in this Diocese, in this Province, in this part of the country, has achieved remarkable results. In large measure this is due to these holy women who have given their lives to promote Catholic education in this district.

The spirit of Notre Dame is one of obedience and discipline. The Sisters of Notre Dame have inculcated it during their long service in Boston. They maintain excellent discipline, which is traditional with their Order. My visitations take me to every quarter. I find no convents in better condition, better regulated or better disciplined, than those of the Sisters of Notre Dame. That is a great compliment.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the principle of self-sacrifice. I hesitate to speak at length on this characteristic, because it might carry the implication of self-pity. What sacrifice has any one made in taking up the cause of God? One makes a decision, one great resolve, and it is over.

As for thinking every day is one of sacrifice, what is one giving up after all? Mothers in the world have to give up something. Girls working in shops and factories make sacrifices every day. Yet all pursue their various occupations serenely amid their daily hardships. In a word, everybody makes sacrifices. The moment one devotes himself to any great cause he must face condi-

tions incident to its accomplishment, and forget everything else. That is not sacrifice, it is devotion.

Of course other considerations at times present themselves and with some degree of success. What of it? We do not put off our human nature, when we put on the religious habit. That remains. God made us so. We are all human, just men and women. Saints are not so common on this earth. It cannot be gainsaid that they exist among the laity as well as among the religious. One who gives himself to the cause of religion, as a religious, is fortified by God's graces, and has many consolations. The religious lead regular lives, they have their regular work, and are well provided for. There is no risk. Their tasks are done out of a spirit of love, which knows not sacrifice. Self-pity in the accomplishment of great works removes all the merit. Give the best that is in you to God, and He will reward you for it.

May God bless not only you, but all the religious of the Diocese, men and women. They are doing and have been doing a noble work. Where would we be, or what could we achieve without them? They all are aware of our deep appreciation. They are happy because they are helping us. They take pride in the great results which are being accomplished here. The work of all priests and religious justifies our hopes for the future progress of the Diocese. God bless you all.

REMINISCENCES OF THE JUBILEE OF 1900[1]

I WELL remember the ceremony of the opening of the Holy Door on Christmas eve, which inaugurated the Holy Year of 1900. It was not only the beginning of a Holy Year, it was the beginning of a new century — the twentieth. Great preparation had been made all over the Christian world for the advent of the century. Missions were preached in nearly every diocese of the world, calling the people to make due preparation for the beginning of what seemed to be the promise of a great new era.

I do not know why, but there was a certain charm about the words "the twentieth century." It seemed as though the world were coming out of one epoch and entering another, a new one in which anything might be expected. I remember well just at that time the wonderful prophecies and prognostications which the facile prophets, who are always with us, made.

As I look back on it now, I remember well the tremendous prosperity that the civilized world was enjoying at that time. It seemed really at the apex of material success, with an added promise of much more in the coming century. All the world was to be suddenly illuminated. All the great problems of life were going to be solved. There were to be no more wars. Everybody was going to be rich and prosperous and happy. Science was going to solve all the mysteries of

[1] Interview on Boston Pilgrimage, given to *Boston Herald*, November 16, 1924.

life; and so the children entering upon that golden era were to be the most fortunate children of all the world.

Alas and alack, what false and foolish prophecies these were! The children born into the new century, many of them, lie dead in Flanders fields. The wars still go on and the rumors of war still continue. Science has given us much since then. It has given us the airplane and the radio, but we have got so used to them already that we scarcely think of them now as wonderful inventions at all.

And science, yes, it has discovered a great many things — discovered poison gases; and the airplane has been used for dumping tons of TNT upon thickly populated cities and the radio has served to locate the enemy and turn torrents of ammunition upon his hiding place. But it has not solved, any more than the nineteenth century did, the great problems of life, and of course science, with all the bombastic prophecies we still hear about it, will never solve them. The fact is they are solved. They have been solved since the advent of Christianity; solved as far as the meaning of life is concerned; solved as far as the meaning of righteousness and the moral law are concerned. It is not science that will solve life's problems — it is just good will and the grace of God.

That is nothing new. They came with the angels on the first Christmas eve. Of course, science and learning, properly understood and properly used, will help, in the future as they have in the past, the individual in the application of the moral law; but science will never solve life. That is not its specific function. Life is a moral thing. It deals with the world unseen as well as with that which the eyes behold. It deals with

the spiritual, and with that science pretends to have nothing to do.

How, then, can it solve life? It can bring us comforts, conveniences, but we all know perfectly well that they in no sense are bound necessarily to make life better or holier or more worthy. There are spiritual things with which science as such has nothing to do. Science will go on in its investigations and its discoveries, but only religion knows and understands the human heart, knows and understands the mysteries of life, knows and understands and solves the riddles of existence. So, the twentieth century has not fulfilled the promises of the false prophets; but, I repeat, at the time — on the eve of Christmas, 1900 — the air was full of the wonderful romance of the twentieth century.

I can never forget — indeed, I see it now in a vision of memory, the wondrous scene of the opening of the holy door by the great Pontiff, Leo XIII.

He was then a very feeble old man of nearly ninety. As a prelate of the court, I had my place in the great procession. Many of the great ones of the world were in that procession, and many more stood by, spectators, as it passed. Down the great staircase leading from the Scala Reggia to the portico of St. Peter's came the great pageant, princes and nobles of every rank, representatives of the crowned heads of Europe at the time, most of whom are now dead or in exile, prelates of the highest rank, cardinals in their scarlet robes. Silently, slowly they came, and took their places before the holy door, the Porta Santa.

It was in the late afternoon. The sun was slowly sinking behind Monte Mario. The great bells of St.

Peter's were booming out the annunciation of the death of a century and the birth of a new one. There was a stillness over the vast multitude. Thousands were in the portico; hundreds of thousands in the piazza. And then, suddenly, in the great portal leading into the portico appeared a vision, one I shall never forget, nor will any one there present who saw it.

High on the Sedia Gestatoria, borne on the shoulders of the crimson-liveried lackeys, seated in royal state in the great crimson and gold chair, the flowing robes of the great papal cope enveloping his delicate figure, the gleaming tiara on his head, the face as if of alabaster, thin, but all alive with the gleaming fire of those piercing black eyes, appeared Leo XIII, who had touched the apex of his earthly glory and prestige.

There was something so ethereal in his presence, in his face, in his figure, that it seemed truly like a vision not of earth. Trembling, he extended his long right hand, the delicate fingers quivering with age, as he gave his blessing to the great throng which filled the portico.

Near me stood a little group of men of world-wide fame. Among them was Puccini, the great composer. Tall, handsome, in the very fullness of the vigor of life, also touching the acme of his fame, he stood there as if rooted to the pavement. His handsome face paled. I noted it well, as he looked toward the door that served as the frame of the wonderful picture. His large black eyes dilated, then closed, as the tears sprang from them and fell unheeded down his pale cheeks. And then he knelt and bowed his head, as over the kneeling multitude I heard the low, solemn tones of the great Pontiff's benediction.

You see, I was fairly young then. Just forty. And had I been eighty, I know that that sight would have thrilled me, even as it did then. On came the moving throng toward the holy door. The bearers stood still. A word of command from the captain of the noble guard and, slowly, gently, the Sedia Gestatoria was lowered to the pavement. A cardinal reached out his strong right arm to assist the feeble Pontiff to alight from the throne. Slowly he mounted the few steps toward the holy door. Thrice he knocked with a golden hammer, reciting the formula of tradition, and little by little the masonry gave way. The débris was quickly brushed aside, and first entered the holy Pontiff himself.

The holy door was opened as the century was about to open. The ceremony was ended and the Holy Year began. From that day until its close, hundreds of thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world flocked to Rome to pray at the shrine of the Apostles, to be blessed by the successor of Peter, and then to return to their homes, as millions during all the ages had done before them, carrying with them the thrill of what might be called a religious romance.

What it all means, of course, only a Catholic can realize. It is easy to speak of these things, and doubtless they interest everybody, but there is something underneath all of them, which appeals to the soul of him who knows and understands.

That was to be my last year in Rome, for early in 1901 I left the Eternal City for my work in America. That year was filled with the most stirring and delightful experiences, and the memory of it is one of the most beautiful and precious of my whole life.

Two Pontiffs have come and gone since then — the saintly Pius X of blessed memory, and the war Pope, Benedict XV. And another is now on the Throne of the Fisherman. In a little more than a month he, too, will be borne down the Scala Reggia, out into the portico before the Porta Santa. This time it is a man of vigor and strength, and, for a Pope, of comparative youth.

He guards the treasures of the ages. He has no prophecies to make and no illusions to spoil. He is the eternal Papacy, the rock of Peter. He has known war, and he lives amid the rumors of war, but in his soul is the peace of Christ. On ascending the throne of the Supreme Pontiff, he took for his motto, "Pax Christi in Regno Christi." The thought of peace is forever in his mind, the desire of peace is ever in his heart, the prayer for peace is ever in his soul.

And when he opens the Holy Door again, this latest time of so many openings and reopenings during all these centuries, as he crosses the threshold of the great basilica, he will face toward the great window of the basilica, looking west, and there, illumined by the rays of the setting sun, he will see, as so many of his predecessors have seen before him, the dove of peace, the spirit of God descending upon the world.

(While His Eminence was dictating these words he seemed to be looking afar off to recall vividly again the vision of that day which made such a wonderful impression on his mind and soul. Slowly, and still more slowly, the words came, and as he pictured the vision of peace his voice quivered and he could scarcely go on. But he suddenly finished and said, as I saw the tears glistening in his eyes, "I think we had better stop here.")

A MEMORIAL OF LOVE AND SACRIFICE[1]

HUMAN life is so full of mysteries that, unless it were illumined by the light of faith proceeding from Christ, the Light of the world, we should spend our whole lives trying to solve even one of them, and then perhaps, often fail. In fact, we do find that very keen minds and very deep students of human nature and history have failed in the solution of some of the mysteries of life, because they refuse to accept, or were not given, the only light that can solve them.

I think, really, one of these great mysteries is the power of human influence, the force of human association. It is such an indefinable thing, it is so subtle, that it almost escapes definition; and yet it is persistently and eternally there.

Almighty God, when he created man, said: "It is not well for man to be alone," — that is true in more than one sense. A man who persists and insists in being alone ends by not being a man at all. His heart turns to stone.

God created human life and human beings in such a mysterious way that he intended no man to be alone, ever. He made the human mind and human heart so that every human individual is a person apart, an individual apart, is himself and nobody else; nevertheless, he is never quite by himself, he is never himself alone. He is himself, plus or minus the influences of association. He is big and great, or he is petty and

[1] Address at St. Rose's Church, Chelsea, November 23, 1924, on occasion of Diamond Anniversary of Parish.

nothing, just in so far as he opens wide his heart, his mind and his soul to the finest influences of life, to the most sacred, the most beautiful, the most profound human associations which surround him, or closes up his heart against these beautiful influences and proves false to his highest instincts.

God made the human heart and the human personality to be a thing dependent upon association, and no one is human, no one can remain human long, who tries to escape that law. That is a mystery. To my mind it is one of the greatest proofs of the spirituality and the immortality of the soul. The tremendous power of affection upon life is a purely spiritual thing. The world has become so self-centered, and consequently brutally selfish, that I think it is safe to say that many would not recognize unselfish affection, even if they saw it.

I shall never forget the conversation that I had several years ago with one of our great kings of finance. It was one of the most pathetic incidents that I can recall in my whole life's experience. It happened in Rome, while I was living in the Eternal City.

We had both been invited to a large dinner party on Easter Sunday. After dinner, to escape from the throng for a few moments, we both retired to a quiet corner in the drawing-room, and there, merely to make conversation, I said to the great man, "Of course, you are enjoying Rome, with its wealth of art, and the treasures of the ages, and the music which one hears here as nowhere else in the world?"

I looked at the face of this man, whose fame filled Europe as well as America, and I can never forget the expression of pathos that came over it.

He answered, "Well, I am trying to, at least. Shall I tell you a story? In a certain sense, it is the story of my whole life. Many years ago, when I was still young, I met a man of my circle, a little older than I was. He was a man with a soul and a heart, and his life was filled with a love of the beautiful and the best. He was not rich, but he had enough to be happy. We might have been the dearest friends, and that friendship very likely would have altered the course of my life, but I had already made my decision to steel my heart to everything, except what led to money and success.

"I have achieved them both, but now I realize that, in not accepting that beautiful friendship and the fine influence it would have worked in my character and my outlook upon life, I have won the dross, and lost the real gold of life. And so I lost my friend, the most precious thing that life can bring, because I had decided that only fame and money were worth while. I closed my mind and heart to friendship, and now I am an old man who would give all he possesses in the world, if he could have back the friendship offered to him in those days of long ago."

That was the pathetic story of one of the greatest financiers that America has ever produced. At the end of his days, the affection of a friend that he had lost counted infinitely more than all the world of success and gold, that he had achieved. In a word, on the edge of the grave he had found the true value of unselfish affection, and had learned that success without it is only ashes. In other words, he acknowledged the triumph of the spiritual in human life, the spiritual influence of kindly association over the material things, to the acquisition of which he had given all the best years of his life.

This modern world has become so brutally cold and selfish that it is almost afraid to acknowledge true friendship, and in doing this it is false to the highest instinct which God has planted in the human heart for a noble purpose.

The beauty of the influence of affection born of true friendship is that it goes on growing more beautiful as the years pass. Friendship, even at its birth, is already beautiful, because it is a participation of God's love; and everything that proceeds from God is beautiful. There is in the beginning of a great friendship the glow of its novelty, but, if it is true friendship then, as the years pass, it grows stronger and finer and deeper, just because it is true; and it begets another great spiritual value as the years pass by, and that is loyalty, the loyalty which stands the test of trial and disappointment and sorrow and loss. Hence, when values are true, age by maturing them only makes them more precious, more valuable and more sacred. Therefore, the experience of life forces us to conclude that a true friendship is one of the greatest gifts of God, and like all God's gifts, it grows in value with time.

If this is true, as it certainly is, of human association, it is equally true of the association with things which in themselves seem material, but, on account of their influence, rise above the material. This church is a material building. It is composed, if you analyze it, of brick and mortar, steel and wood, but for those who have for many long years come here to whisper their secrets to God, to offer up their prayers in the hour of their sorrow and affliction, to escape the cruel world and find a sanctuary, it is no mere material building; it is a true friend given by God Himself, and, like true

friendship, the years have only sanctified it, purified it, strengthened it in its beautiful influence upon human life.

Seventy-five years ago, this church was looked upon by those who built it as a beautiful structure. In a way, that was the glamour of a new friendship; but to-day, after the passage of three quarters of a century, the walls may look their years, but, oh, there has entered into these very walls a beauty which no material could ever express. The prayers, the sighs, the tears of thousands who have come here for help and aid and consolation have in a certain sense entered into the composition of these material walls, and they have transfigured them into a temple not made by hands — the temple of the friendship of God.

As the true friend of early youth or manhood becomes dearer and dearer to us and more precious and more beloved in the passing of the years, because he has stood by us in the difficulties and trials of life, as well as in its joys, so this Church of St. Rose has become dearer and dearer to all the faithful of this parish because it, too, like a dear friend, has stood with them and for them in all their trials, temptations, and difficulties.

Just as true friendship must have its baptism of fire to prove and to test its firmness and its fidelity, so this Church of St. Rose has had its baptism of fire, and it has come out of it triumphantly, still the dear, faithful friend of those who love it.

I heartily congratulate the parish priest and the people of this parish on this beautiful anniversary, the seventy-fifth since the foundation of this church. There are undoubtedly temples more gorgeous, more beautiful than this, but none are dearer to the hearts

of this people than their own Church of St. Rose. It stands with them to-day as a trusted friend who has stood the test. Age has not dimmed, but brightened its beauty.

And here I wish to state to those who ask me if I intend to build a new cathedral in Boston, decidedly no. And the reason is the one I have already given you. What this rushing age, this restless atmosphere of America needs is the beauty of a tradition, which it almost entirely lacks. To me the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, built by the sacrifices of a generation past, and by a saintly bishop who has gone to his reward, is a doubly sacred thing.

I love every stone in it, because it is an old, a true and a tested friend; and I never enter it without thinking of those by whose sacrifices and labors it was built. To me there can never be a more beautiful cathedral, because of the memories it enshrines. What does it matter what its present surroundings may be? These will change, as all modern cities change, but in the midst of the constant changes will be that one permanent reminder, beautiful as it certainly is, of the faith and the fidelity of a bishop and a people, who have passed from the scene, but whose prayers and aspirations have woven themselves into the very fabric of the edifice, and tell us a beautiful story in stone of love and affection and devotion and sacrifice.

So, let us keep our old churches, as we keep our true friends. The older they grow the more we love them. So, I bless again this dear old church, its pastor and its people.

AN APPEALING CHARITY[1]

It is very encouraging to see such a large number of our good Catholic women here to-day. It means that you are interested in the work of the Infant Savior.

I will never forget the tremendous impression made on me, as I knelt in the grotto at Bethlehem one day last spring, and realized that in that lowly place had come into the world the Infant Savior, Our Blessed Lord. A glance around the cave and a thought of the night that He came visualized to me His pitiless advent among men. Nothing could be more pathetic than the abandonment of our Blessed Lord on His entry into His own world.

And nothing, of course, touches the heart more than the thought of His Blessed Mother, who knew of His sublime dignity as King of the Universe. Silently, sweetly she accepted the mystery, in the full realization that out of this wonderful advent of Christ would ensue the reign of charity for all the world.

Before that hour, there was no real charity. Even now mixed motives and selfish ideas oftentimes vitiate the very best-intentioned works. The influence of the Christ Child is, nevertheless, wide and all-embracing to-day. Before Christ came, there was utter and complete selfishness. It was characteristic of the Pagan world and of the Jewish world. It formed one of the reasons why Christ came.

[1] Address to Guild of Infant Savior at St. Cecilia's Church, Boston, December 2, 1924.

Men had forgotten how to love each other. Instead of the great law of charity and love which Christ came to inaugurate, to enforce as the most essential part of His teachings and belief and kingdom, there was an attitude of complete indifference. At His very birth there was a typical instance of it.

Pity and sympathy would have been won to any mother under the conditions. But for Mary there was none. Fatigued by the journey from Nazareth, they came, seeking a shelter, only to be spurned and rejected. Our Blessed Lady bore it all with sweetest patience.

Uncomplainingly, they passed from door to door. Inside there was revelry and gayety. But there was no harbor for them. Completing the last steps of this bitterly cruel journey, they went into a cave in the hillside, used for the stabling of beasts of burden. There the King of the World, the Emperor of the Universe, was born — the Infant Savior.

He might have chosen the palaces of the kings. They were all His possessions. He came to teach patience. He came to give the most perfect example of unselfishness. In His coming He was absolutely destitute.

This guild was founded to perpetuate the beautiful Christian virtue of charity for children; and on account of love for the Christ Child, the Infant Savior, and at times with difficulty, this guild has been able to do a considerable amount of good work. It is, of course, not commensurate with the amount of good that could easily be done, if there was a wider love of the Infant Savior.

God is so bounteous and merciful that He never allows Himself to be outdone. Anything that is accomplished for His little ones He always richly rewards.

The Guild of the Infant Savior, and all those who coöperate with its work, will certainly share His blessing, which is the greatest gift that any one can receive on earth. His love is the eternal reward of the just, of those who have sought His Kingdom. His love creates such power in the heart, in the soul, and in the mind of the individual that he can face all the trials of earth complacently, just as the little Infant Savior faced the coldness of the world at Bethlehem.

No king could prevent His coming, and no king could offset the beautiful teachings which He came to spread over the world. Hundreds were slain in their attempt to reach Him. And so, during the intervening centuries, obstacles have been placed before all who would extend His work on earth. But let us remember that there never was a great work begun for God that had not its difficulties, over which true Christian souls have triumphed.

There never was a work done in God's name and for the benefit of humanity that did not have to surmount some cross. There never was a work begun to glorify the Infant Savior that did not have to share His passion. And there never was a leader who worked in His cause who has not been obliged to win victory for God by personal sacrifice in the face of untold difficulties. This is the history of all worth-while endeavor.

Selfish vanity and pride would only obstruct any religious movement. Such attitudes are not those of leaders. Sincerity and a right motive in the achievement of noble things make leaders. A sacred thing, like this Infant Savior Guild, progresses through unselfishness. It grows, lives, and does its work, because proper motives energize its members. They labor un-

ostentatiously, and without the ambition that ruins all effort and uses a really great cause for self-seeking and social preferment. Surely, no true Catholic woman could for a moment entertain such low motives of action and at the same time retain her self-respect.

The Advent season has opened. Let nothing interfere with the advancement of this cause. The crown that you are weaving is the crown of love to place upon the head of the little Infant Savior, born in a stable, born in a cave. That crown you have first to offer to the little ones who need care, attention, and love, who need the material attention which so often they do not get, and which only good, Christian, Catholic women like you can give.

This is the noblest, most sublime ambition that can possibly animate Catholic women for action. There is nothing finer, nothing nobler.

There is a noble side to every work of God. Let us see that nothing ignoble enters it. It is not sufficient for us merely to contribute some little mite, because in the end that is all it is. I know that the mite of those who cannot give more is most precious in God's eyes. There are many who give what they can; but the material contribution is the least part of it. It is their desire to help in the work of Christ, our Savior, that counts most. That is the real value.

You must always keep this thought uppermost in your minds. Never allow yourselves to get away from it. Above everything, above any gift that you may give, remember that it is the great gift of your love for the Infant Savior that is the supreme consideration in your lives. Without that your lives are empty. Of course, this is true of men as well as of women. Unless men

keep a tender spot in their hearts, a little knowledge of sentiment and the love of what is beautiful, fine, and true, they become nothing but machines. Their lives become mechanical. Even their churchgoing becomes routine. They go, they come, they enter, they pass out. But no change takes place. Hardly for an instant are their souls touched. Here is the cross.

Oh, the barrenness of such hearts! Rather a million times those who make no boast of wonderful virtue, but who really can shed tears of love at the sight of our Blessed Lord. That is why He loved them so. That is why He loved the Magdalen. She still had a heart of love for Him, and it won Him and it saved her. Side by side with the Magdalen were the proud women of Palestine. And He looked at them and He knew they were stone. And He passed them by. He had nothing for them, because they had nothing for Him or anybody else.

The world is growing cold, colder every century, certainly in these later years. It would be hard to find a time in its history, when there was so much complete selfishness.

God will judge the world for its coldness. He will judge leniently the sinners, who, perhaps, have fallen, because they had hearts. But He will judge severely those who have turned their hearts to stone, even against Him.

Keep your souls alive, keep your affections strong for every cause which is for God. Keep your tears fresh to shed for Him who came in the bitterness of that holy night to show us His love. All these things are the wealth of the heart and the finest riches that human beings can offer.

Here are these thousands of little ones, crying for assistance. Their cry is incessant. They, too, have come into the world without anything, sometimes without a mother's love. Our Blessed Lord loves every one of them. He loves them very tenderly, they are so destitute, so poor and so abandoned. During the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, which you are about to receive, ask God to keep the love of your heart fresh and full for Him and for His little ones. Spread that sentiment. It is the sentiment of affection and devotion. It is the very essence of religion itself. It is the very flower of Christian love and Christian charity and Christian faith. Without it your hearts are a desert, barren, unproductive; nothing blooms because there is nothing to fertilize, and there is no sweet rain of tears and affection and love to dampen the soil where the seed is planted.

We gather as we sow, we reap as we plant. If there are consolations that come to many good, Christian women who have not much money, who are obliged to toil hard, and who have to be careful of everything they give, it is because our Blessed Lord knows their hearts, knows what they would do if they could.

A little mite, one penny, given with a good spirit, will be worth a million given for vanity or pride or merely show. The blessing of God will rest upon the guild, because it makes its work truly Catholic.

I am here with you to-day to encourage you in the cause to which you have set your hands. My message is not new. I have labored for forty years in the cause of charity, and I know the responsibility that rests upon all to promote it in a true Catholic manner. That is why I speak so insistently and strongly.

I leave these thoughts with you, that you may ponder over them, and bring renewed effort into your holy work of charity.

Now, good women, as you promote your charity, rise up in your might, in the fearlessness and the charity of Christ, and oppose uncharitableness in word or deed. Your courage will often be tested in championing Christian justice and charity, Christian conduct. Be not dismayed. God's truth will triumph. In that victory you will have your honorable part.

So, let us all group together. Let us have a spirit of charity and kindliness, first of all, trust in our Blessed Lord, loving tenderness and gentleness for everything that He represents and for His cause, and for the little children who are so dear to Him.

Carry on the work of the Infant Savior for the little ones, keep the love of the charity of Christ, and have a hatred for selfish, uncharitable language that would be contrary to the purposes of this Guild.

I congratulate you upon the work already done, and congratulate everybody who has had anything to do with it. We know that quite a large sum of money has been given by the good women of the guild. Considering the difficulties in the way, it is quite marvellous. I repeat, the money part of it is the smallest part you can give. Our Lord had love for human beings in His heart. Treasure that and our Blessed Lord will reward you.

God bless the guild, its officers and all its members. May it persevere in its work. Face difficulties bravely. They confront all of us in life. Our Blessed Lord had them, and they will face everybody until the end of time. He will bless you and make your Christmas happy.

When all the world has forsaken you, the Infant Jesus will be with you, because you have worked for Him, because you have tried to spread His charity by thought, word, and deed as far as your influence reaches. That is work in its highest and truest sense. May God bless you and strengthen you in your purpose.

A NOTABLE WORK FOR THE CHILDREN[1]

THE Guild of St. Apollonia is to be congratulated on the wonderful work which it has accomplished in the last five years. When it was started, we had great hopes that the Catholic dentists would be interested in the progress of the guild, would give to it a large share of their attention. We never dreamed that within such a short time such a marvelous amount of excellent work would be done.

I need not add here to what Monsignor Splaine, your spiritual director, has so well said. I need not go into the details of the work. Any one who wishes to know these details can easily find them in that admirable little book, entitled "The Guild of St. Apollonia," which should make a wide appeal not only to Catholics but also to the public at large.

Thousands of little ones might be forced to begin life with a great handicap on account of some defect in their teeth, were it not for the guild. Science now proclaims that defective teeth may cause serious bodily defects. With the interest shown by the dentists of this city, the children are given a fair chance in this regard.

I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Forsyth, who was a great public benefactor. He and his brothers had hearts of gold. They were really upstanding characters, simple in their manner of life. Having a large amount of money, they thought of the public, and, after studying

[1] Address to Guild of St. Apollonia at St. Cecilia's Church, December 7, 1924, on presentation of Shrine of St. Apollonia to His Eminence.

how they could do the most good with it, turned to this channel and built a palace, which typifies the beauty of their own souls. In that beautiful building is carried on the very important work of caring for the teeth of those who, otherwise, perhaps, would neglect them. The Forsyth Dental Infirmary is now a matter for public congratulation to the city of Boston.

Our Catholic dentists, naturally, having a Catholic point of view, wished to do their share. They wished to manifest their interest. They wished to alleviate pain by the science of dentistry. But as Christians they possessed the spiritual viewpoint. This attitude was represented in the formation of their guild.

In human life the most solid foundation of everything is religion. In fact, if we take away the old foundation, things last for a while, but sooner or later they crumble. So, these good men, wishing to perpetuate their work, founded it on a spiritual basis, a religious basis.

On this occasion, the placing of this very beautiful statue, the work of Mr. Kirchmeyer, whose art is renowned the world over, in this church will be a public manifestation of the religious spirit of the dentists, because there is, surely, a phase of their life work which is essentially religious.

They do their excellent work in the alleviation of pain. Human life is full of pain. We come into the world in pain, and we leave it in pain. All through life there is constantly recurring a sense of grief which comes in many cases from physical pain.

The Church herself has always fostered that Christ-like charity which enlists itself in the alleviation of pain, and in caring for those who suffer. Our Blessed Lord Himself, of course, was the greatest of all martyrs. His

whole life and His death were typical of the heights to which suffering can go, as well as of the magnanimity in suffering which is produced by suffering borne in a spirit of courage and patience.

Doctors and dentists who are used to this phase of human life, who see almost nothing else in the pursuit of their own active profession, must note two different phases of it — the suffering borne with patience and the suffering which begets impatience in those who must witness it, because it is not borne with courage.

One of the main purposes of the guild is to spiritualize physical suffering. This noble, courageous act is of inestimable value to doctor and patient. The experience of the ages teaches that, unless there is behind pain something that lifts it up into a spiritual entity, there can be no patience with it.

Pain we must face, whether we will or no, in some of its many manifestations. Besides physical pain, there is pain of the heart, pain of the mind, pain of the soul. The alleviation of pain by giving people the courage to bear it while it lasts is in itself the work of the Guild of St. Apollonia.

The fine spirit of unity characteristic of the guild deserves congratulation. There is not a guild or association of men in the community that has kept itself together with more remarkable unity and high sentiment than the dentists' guild, the Guild of St. Apollonia. It certainly is very much to their credit that up to now they have been so perfectly united, and have worked in such perfect harmony. Much of that is due to the direction of Monsignor Splaine, the spiritual director of the guild.

This day will be notable in the history of the guild.

The scientific value of dentistry has been enhanced enormously within the last twenty-five years. It just remained to give it this spiritual touch to bring it up to great heights. That is done here in the presence of our Catholic guild of dentists, the Guild of St. Apollonia, in the blessing of this shrine to their patron saint.

We always go to God, often through the saints. A statue may be of marble or wood. In itself it has no power. But God, who is omnipotent and who can work things in His own way, is not governed by any laws but his own. He can choose the channels through which He acts. Statues and images excite devotion to God, who has wrought such miracles of grace in His saints, the handwork of His creative genius.

No one will deny to omnipotence the power, the right to work as He chooses. All history proclaims that God has worked through agencies strange to the human eye, His purpose being to confound the wisdom of the world.

When the people of Jerusalem brought before our Blessed Lord one who was blind, they knew perfectly well, because otherwise they would not have brought him to our Blessed Lord, that a word from our Savior, Jesus Christ, was sufficient to cure him. Of course, it is always through faith that such things happen. What did our Blessed Lord do? He did not merely utter the word. Sacred Scripture tells us the story in these words: "He spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and spread the clay upon his eyes, and said to him: Go, wash in the pool of Siloe, which is interpreted, Sent. He went therefore, and washed, and he came seeing."

This is the lesson that Almighty God is constantly teaching the world through the humblest agencies

which He chooses. And the reason is to confound the wisdom of the world. The world is always looking for the miracles of science, to the great and powerful. God has never utilized these agencies to produce His marvelous results. He looks to the humble, the lowly, precisely those instruments and channels which the great and the learned despise.

Witness His own birth. He came to us in a way that the world can never understand. But He preferred to come thus, to confound the wisdom of the wise, which in the end is but folly.

This wooden statue, artistic as it certainly is, is only a representation. No Catholic prays to the wood in that statue. The statue is but a reminder of the patience and sanctity of St. Apollonia, who gave her life for the faith; the greatest act of love that man can perform.

This statue will be a reminder of the work the guild has performed. It is symbolic of its spiritual ideals. St. Apollonia will surely repay the dentist and his patient.

The life of those who are dealing with pain constantly is depressing, unless they are helped by spiritual influences. One tires of it all. But, after all, it is part of human life. If men have something behind them which arouses spiritual ideals, there can be no question but that force serves a useful purpose.

For the Catholic dentists, St. Apollonia is this force and influence. I gladly avail myself of the opportunity of offering the first prayer before this statue, and I commend myself to her care. I trust she will teach me and everybody else who comes and kneels before her statue that pain has its place in life, that pain is not all harm,

that we must suffer patiently. If we would glorify the best that is in us, we must carry our crosses patiently. Our Blessed Lord bore severe trials that He might teach us patience and courage.

God bless the guild. May this shrine to St. Apollonia be a perpetual reminder to its members of the real dignity of their work and their profession.

THE GOSPEL OF TENDERNESS[1]

My dear Vincentians: — It was with difficulty that I was able to come here this morning. I think you know something of my busy life. There is scarcely a moment that is not occupied.

But I was determined to be here this morning, even if only to give you my blessing. The pressure of many duties makes it necessary that I speak only briefly to you to-day. Already the hour has nearly come when I must preside at the Mass in the Cathedral. During Advent, it is one of the obligations of the Bishop of the Diocese to assist at the High Mass on Sunday, if it is at all possible.

What I have to say to you is from my heart. I consider the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in this Diocese, as everywhere, one of the greatest glories of the Catholic Church.

The work was founded by a layman. It has borne wonderful fruit. The saintly Ozanam was filled with the desire to glorify God and His Church, at a time when faith was weakening in some quarters. Visualizing the work already accomplished, he saw the need of lay support to strengthen the efforts of the clergy.

Their work was in itself great, but it did not quite reach into certain sections. There are some quarters into which their efforts do not reach. In France at the present time there is prejudice against the Church. A

[1] Address to Members of Particular Council, St. Vincent de Paul Society, at Cathedral School Hall, December 14, 1924.

layman devoted to charitable work can often penetrate quarters from which the clergy are isolated. This was Ozanam's thought. He builded his efforts around that central idea.

Hence, he founded the first St. Vincent de Paul Society, which has grown through the intervening years so marvelously that it is one of the glorious products of the Catholic faith to-day. The fruits of its noble endeavors are everywhere manifest. There are other fine societies in the Church, but a special quality of manhood is needed for your work. Those who attach themselves to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul have a special character of their own.

First of all, they are men of faith. One might say that this is true of the members of all Catholic men's societies, and so it is. There is, however, something more to membership in the St. Vincent de Paul Society. It is faith working through charity, working through love, working through affection. The heart of the Christian man shows itself in his concern for the poor, in his concern for those who need help.

That is the very essence of religion. People may attend Mass regularly, and assist at religious functions with great devotion. But that is not all. There are people who go to Mass, and yet remain, sometimes, as hard as stone. The wellsprings of love seem to have dried up. They are not touched by the sight of poverty, or by the sight of suffering. They have lost some of the finest sentiments which Christ Himself so gloriously exemplified during His life.

The men of the St. Vincent de Paul Society possess those qualities. They need not be orators. They need not be conspicuous by their learning, or by any great

political achievement. Such apostles of charity have hearts beating within their breasts. They have the impulse to do good among the poor, which is one of the sweetest things in life.

The amount of work achieved is not the most essential consideration. The essential value of such whole-souled endeavor lies in the desire to help, the desire through love to bring others back to the love of God. This is the finest ideal a Christian man can have in his heart and in his soul.

It constitutes a priesthood in itself. It is really a part of the priesthood of Christ. The consecrated priest, of course, stands as a minister of God between man and God, but you men constitute the priesthood of charity, the priesthood of affection, the priesthood of tenderness.

If there ever was a time when the world needed tenderness, it is now. Tenderness is a beautiful word. It is opposed to everything that is being preached today in the world of success. The worldly successful tell you not to be tender, to harden your heart to everything, to seek your own selfish interests, regardless of your neighbor. That is the gospel of cold-hearted success.

Christ's doctrine is opposite to that of the world. Earthly standards have always brought confusion. To destroy the false principles of life, principles which have dried up the souls of humanity, and to implant faith, hope, and charity in the hearts of men, Christ, our Redeemer, came into the world.

You know what the Pharisees were. They observed all the externals of the law. They were veneered with a fair exterior. When scratched, the foulness within

was laid bare. That was the ideal of the ancient Jewish civilization. And that civilization, remember, was of the highest type known up to that time in the world. Everything else was crass idolatry to the Jewish civilization. But see what it turned into — the cold external observance of the law. When our Blessed Lord came He despised them.

Yet our Blessed Lord was love itself. But there was one set of people with whom He would have nothing to do. He despised, not them, because Christ loved even the sinner, but their philosophy. Because of His strong attitude against them, He was made the object of their bitter hatred, which, in the end, demanded His life.

Christ preached the gospel of love and tenderness. The poor had the Gospel preached to them, the blind received their sight, the lame were healed, the leper was cured. This was proof of the divinity of His teaching.

Now, behold the world around you. Is it not going back to Pharisaism? Is it not preaching the doctrine of hardheartedness, of earthly success? And yet, what truly great success do men record, who spend their lives in the accumulation of honors, wealth, fame, position? They become restricted, self-centered, until there is nothing left but selfishness. That is ashes. Looking back on a life such as that, certainly, if there is anything left of human conscience, a man must suffer in his dying moments, in the consciousness of what he could have done but did not do.

Oh, what opportunities have gone unnoticed. The gospel of tenderness never reached him. Perhaps it was never preached to him, perhaps he was never given a chance to grasp it, because he lived in a world of selfishness.

Many do not reach out for spiritual conquests in others, because they do not need anything themselves, because they are self-sufficient. Worldly standards stifle the noble aspirations of the human heart. The poor, however, we have always with us. They need us. It is the gospel of love, the gospel of tenderness to help them. That is what we find among the men of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. They are not only good men, they are men who observe the precepts of their Church.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society attracts men who have hearts. It attracts the man of sentiment, of tenderness and sweetness. They have not allowed their hearts to turn to stone. They have kept them fresh in the love of God and their fellow man.

The blessing of God is upon our men of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. It keeps them from becoming purely selfish, and increases their devotion.

Christ is with you this morning. He loves you. You are carrying out the gospel of His love, the gospel of tender hearts, which feel for their fellow men, and are willing to give the most precious thing a human being can give — affection and tenderness.

May God be with you always, and may you keep that beautiful sentiment, which is the fundamental sentiment of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Keep your hearts clear and fresh, and against the gospel of Pharisaism. That has been preached for centuries, and it has not only brought failure, but bolshevism and socialism and communism into the world.

Selfishness does not pay in the end. The selfish world, that gives nothing, that wants everything, in the end will reap the evil fruit it has sown.

On the other hand, the gospel of Christ, expressed in thinking of others, aiding them in misfortune, and strengthening them in their sufferings, succeeds. That is the mission of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

May God's blessing be with you. You are the one organization that is nearest my heart.

A PLEDGE OF THE NATION'S WELFARE[1]

BELOVED MEN OF THE HOLY NAME SOCIETY:

It always makes me very happy to witness every year on the Feast of the Holy Name this great and triumphant gathering of Catholic manhood in the mother church of our Diocese. It is a sight to rejoice not only men, but the angels themselves.

In these days, when there are so many attacks launched against the divine faith of the Church, and when there are so many illusions and delusions playing upon the minds of men to weaken the bond which unites them to Heaven, to their eternal destiny and to God, surely, it is most comforting to find that here, in this holy place, you start each new year with the solemn pledge that the enemies of the faith shall not triumph over your souls, that you here resolve that your love of Jesus Christ will grow stronger and stronger, that more and more you resolve that you will frequent the Sacraments, which our Savior has provided for our sanctification. Only thus can we live our lives in unity and harmony with Him.

I find that, as the older generation passes away, the younger generation of Christian manhood nobly takes its place. Surely that is reason for great gratification on the part of the Head of the Diocese.

When, recently, in Washington, I saw the triumphant march of our Catholic men down the great historic avenue of the Capital of the country, the conviction

[1] Address to Holy Name Societies at Cathedral, January 4, 1925.

gripped me that, no matter what the forces allied against us, truth must prevail in this country. God's blessing is on the manhood of the Nation, because it is Christian at heart. Our Catholic men stand in the very first ranks.

This is the meaning of our Holy Name Society — the cultivation of the love of the Name of Jesus Christ. In that name is all power, both in this world, and in the life to come.

When our Holy Father in the recent consistory, in the most public manner in which the Pope ever speaks, proclaimed to all the world his happiness and his pride in that demonstration of Christian faith, surely it was a day when America could well be proud.

The Holy Father, after all, is the Leader of Christendom. When he speaks, all the world listens. It is very rare, indeed, that His Holiness speaks directly and explicitly of the Head of any Government. On this occasion, he said he took pride in the attitude taken by the Head of our Government, our President, who, though not a Catholic, nevertheless stood before the Catholic cohorts there assembled by the hundred thousand, and professed his faith in Christ, and applauded and praised the men for their courage in their faith. Surely no head of any nation may expect more or greater praise than that on earth.

Our Holy Name Society is really a pledge of the welfare of this country. Our Catholic men are firm believers in and lovers of Jesus Christ. Hence, this land is safe against anarchy, against tyranny, and the forces of disorder.

After all, it is the spiritual force that is the great bulwark against anarchy and disorder. No amount of

arms, no number of bayonets, can conquer the enemy; it is only by the spiritual power of faith and love that order and law, once established, can be maintained permanently.

So, it is to your credit and honor, my dear men, that in these days of weakening faith you hold your heads erect and your souls strong in the perfect conviction that Jesus Christ is King, our King, and the King of all the universe.

We say, therefore, again and again, "Blessed forever be the Holy Name of Jesus." May He bless you in your lives, in your hopes and in your families, in your work and in your rest, and may that blessing descend upon you now, and remain with you for the remainder of the year and forever.

ON DEPARTURE FOR ROME[1]

In a few hours, the first American pilgrimage will leave the port of Boston for Rome. I think it is only natural that we of Boston should feel a certain pride in the fact that the first great national pilgrimage from America, certainly during the Holy Year, sets out from our own port.

We only hope in our humble way that all the other dioceses of America will now take heart and courage, and follow the good example Boston is now setting.

It is a wonderful privilege that the pilgrims are about to enjoy. First of all, it is the dream of every Catholic, indeed of every Christian, to be able to salute the great shrines of the Eternal City, and to walk those hallowed ways which have been sanctified for so many centuries by the martyrs and the confessors of the faith, and especially to be able to carry out the pilgrimage in such an easy manner.

When we think of what the pilgrims of old had to suffer, and the tremendous sacrifices which they were compelled to make to visit holy Rome, certainly we may feel that things are made very easy for us to-day; and they really are. However, it is not merely in the difficulty of the voyage or the journey that the great spirit of the pilgrimage manifests itself.

After all, again and again we have to repeat, it is not the material circumstances or conditions of life, it is the spirit which animates life, which makes it great and

[1] Address at Cathedral before departure for Holy Year Pilgrimage, February 15, 1925.

worthy. Of course, the twentieth century offers facilities of which the people of the Middle Ages never even could have dreamed. They had to make their way on foot over hundreds, yes, thousands, of miles, through bleak forests, over mountains, among savage tribes, finally arriving in Rome quite exhausted.

Of course that was a fine spirit of sacrifice; but the spirit of faith need be no less to-day because our means are more facile. We know that, although we are embarking on a modern ship, with all the possible conveniences of modern life, nevertheless, the devotion and faith which animate the pilgrims who are living to-day are as high as they were in those who lived centuries ago.

We look forward to the moment, when we shall stand before the throne of The Fisherman. At that moment, beloved children in Christ, I want you to know that not only those that may be around will be in my heart and my prayers and intentions, but all of you, all you fathers and mothers and children of this great Archdiocese, indeed of this whole country, for the pilgrimage takes on a national aspect.

It will be the first great pilgrimage, I think, that has ever gone forth from America. I remember, when I lived in Rome, at the college, of presenting little groups of tourists. They were nominally pilgrims, but there was no official head of the pilgrimage. They were tourists who came to Rome, and took advantage of the occasion to receive the blessing of the Holy Father. But this is really the first great gathering of Catholic men and women to set forth in a body for Rome, to obtain the privileges and pardons and the graces which enrich the Holy Year.

We want you to know that you will always be with us in our prayers. The number who can go on a pilgrimage of this kind must necessarily be small. It is the few who are able to go. First of all, for many of our American people, absorbed as they are in their daily toil, it is not easy to give up a month and a half or two months to be absent from their work; and the expense is great. Indeed, I think they will have so many delightful advantages, that they will have to pay for them in some other way. I think it is the poor, those who are tied to their tasks at home, the good mothers who cannot leave their families and the good fathers who cannot leave their daily toil, who are to receive the greatest blessings of the Holy Year.

My prayers first will be for those who are at home. I will remember them, with the other pilgrims, at all the shrines, and tell the Holy Father in my address, how steadfast and loyal are the people of the great Archdiocese of Boston. I ask the prayers of the people for a safe voyage.

THE FIRST AMERICAN PILGRIMAGE OF THE HOLY YEAR[1]

This afternoon the Boston pilgrimage sets out on its long journey to Rome. We may be pardoned if we feel a certain pride in the fact that this is the first American pilgrimage of the Holy Year. It is fitting that this venerable Archdiocese, one of the most loyal and devoted sees of Christendom, whose shepherd is now the Dean of the American Hierarchy, should show the way and lead all other pilgrimages from these shores to where the Universal Shepherd, the Father of all the faithful, has the seat of universal spiritual power and authority.

It is no light matter for our good people, even with all their devotion and loyalty, to undertake so long and so arduous and so expensive a journey. All our people are working people.

To leave their tasks, their labor, their homes and friends, and to set out at such sacrifice upon a journey, which, at best, is trying, is surely a token of the fervor of their faith.

They gladly make the sacrifice, for they feel the gentle compulsion which urges them to seek at holy Rome, at the feet of their Chief Shepherd, Christ's Vicar, the blessing, the pardon, the consolations, which await them at the end of their long and fatiguing journey.

[1] Address before embarking on S.S. Ohio for Holy Year Pilgrimage, Sunday afternoon, February 15, 1925.

Those who are thus able to set out on this holy quest of graces and blessings are the few. Millions who are as eager as these will follow them over the seas with longing eyes, to see what these pilgrims will see.

We want them all to know that they will never be absent from our prayers and affection — less so, in fact, than if they were able to be with us.

Before the Holy Father, at the shrines, in the basilicas, in the catacombs, everywhere they will be in our hearts, and the supplications for them will be upon our lips. Many of them, more than we, will be the recipients of God's powerful grace and blessing.

And as we shall pray for them every day until we return to them, so we beg them to remember us daily in their supplications and Masses, that God may give us a safe and happy voyage.

Above and beyond our prayers for our own welfare, temporal and eternal, let us unite, pilgrims and those who remain, in our devotions and our holy aspirations for the blessing of Almighty God, the Father and Ruler of all, upon this Nation and this State. In many ways He has shown America divine favor. Let us ask Him to still keep and guide and bless our own land, our hearths, and our homes.

ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, ROME[1]

A SINGULAR thing about San Clemente is that it is really three churches, one over the other. The lowest one is the original house of Clement, whose father was a senator of Rome. It became an oratory in the earliest years of the Christian era. Clement was the third Pope after St. Peter and was a fellow worker with St. Paul. Therefore, this church goes straight back to Apostolic times.

Constantine, when he came into power as the first Christian emperor, built over this oratory of San Clemente a beautiful basilica, the remains of which are still extant, with wonderful frescoes on the walls and magnificent columns. For a time it was a ruin, because in the eighth century the vandals bore down upon Rome, and destroyed so many monuments, among them this temple of Constantine, which was built in honor of St. Clement.

After that, for fully a century and a half, Rome was a shambles, and this wonderful basilica, with this oratory of St. Clement beneath it, was covered with débris to such an extent that it was completely hidden.

Finally, in the tenth century, when peace had settled in Rome again, a new church was built above the basilica of Constantine, making the third church, one on top of the other, each one typical of its time. Therefore, we have three distinct periods of Catholicism and

[1] Address to Boston pilgrims, delivered at San Clemente, Rome, March, 1925.

Christianity represented by the three churches. The first is the oratory of St. Clement of the first century, the second is the basilica of Constantine of the fourth century, and, finally, the present beautiful basilica, erected in the eleventh century.

All this was threatened with destruction in 1911, because one of the aqueducts passing underneath the church burst, and flooded the whole region with water. The whole oratory of St. Clement was completely immersed to a height of some ten or fifteen feet.

This went on for a year, threatening the complete destruction of all the wonderful memorials that have been there since the time of Clement and Constantine. The walls had already begun to crumble on account of the dampness, and all the frescoes began to show the effects of the flood. It was about this time that we rendered the aid that eventually saved this famous shrine to the Church.

ADDRESS TO THE HOLY FATHER[1]

YOUR HOLINESS:

No sooner had the Jubilee Year been proclaimed than we resolved to make this holy pilgrimage at the earliest possible opportunity.

The Archdiocese of Boston, by this enthusiastic response to the invitation of Your Holiness, has once more demonstrated its traditional faithfulness and loyalty.

The mere announcement of a pilgrimage to Rome brought from all parts of my great Archdiocese numerous applicants from every class and rank of people, judges, lawyers, doctors, professors and teachers, business men and artisans, the rich and the poor of our faith. Members of every state of life have answered the call of their Holy Father and the urging of their Archbishop, and whatever have been the varied distractions of their daily lives, whatever duty and toil have claimed their minds during monotonous years, having preserved their staunch and loyal faith, they kneel here to-day exemplars of our holy religion.

The sacrifices entailed were as nothing — the long voyage, the extended absence from home and business, age or impaired health, or financial considerations — in fact, there was nothing which could prevent these stout-hearted Christians from the fulfillment of this holy vow.

[1] Address before the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, on occasion of audience of Boston pilgrims with His Holiness, March 12, 1925.

Force of circumstances has made it absolutely impossible for many others to accompany us. They are absent, it is true, in body, but are with us at this time in affection, in desire, and in spirit.

We have come from the far-distant land of Columbus, across wide expanses of ocean, now troubled and again calm and serene — we have at length arrived at our much desired goal.

As a shepherd of a portion of the flock of Christ, it gives me great pleasure to present to our common Father and universal Shepherd this large number of those intrusted to my immediate care, as well as the good wishes of the vast throng of those who are here only in spirit.

Accept, Holy Father, the reverent tribute of our fidelity and attachment, and grant us and all those dear to us the Papal Blessing: obtain for us from the powers of Heaven sufficient graces to the end that we may enjoy the fruits of this holy pilgrimage.

May it be for each and every one of us a true spiritual renovation — and may it bring about in that Archdiocese so dear to my heart a reflowering of Christian virtues, a breath, as it were, of new life. May we ever turn in spirit to eternal Rome, capital of the world, city of martyrs, of pontiffs and of saints, and with the docility of children may we hear the voice which issues from the infallible source of truth and be obedient to him who rules for Christ here upon this earth.

Humbly prostrate in the presence of Your Holiness, we ask you to comfort and to bless us.

ALLOCUTION OF HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS XI TO BOSTON PILGRIMS[1]

It is a matter of great comfort and consolation for us to hear the touching words that your Chief Shepherd, the Cardinal Archbishop of Boston, has addressed to us in your name. As the common father of the faithful, we welcome you all, and we congratulate Cardinal O'Connell upon the splendid success of the pilgrimage he has led across the seas and finally into our presence, here to receive from a heart that loves and cherishes you all the blessing of the Holy Father.

We rejoice to welcome to the Eternal City again your beloved shepherd, who is bound to us by so many ties of loyalty and affection. We have had many evidences of his loving attachment, but we regard this one as the most comforting of them all, because, after our proclamation of the Jubilee Year to the whole world, the first response in a great and organized way has been from the Cardinal Archbishop of Boston, thousands of miles away. Other pilgrimages, large and small, may come from far and near, but they must follow in the footsteps you have made. You from Boston have marked the way, you are the heralds, the pioneers, the first, and we welcome you with a heart full of gratitude and love.

We accept the sentiments of filial affection that you lay at the feet of the Holy Father, and we know that you are speaking for nearly a million of your brethren, whom you so fittingly represent. We are conscious of

[1] The account of Boston Pilgrimage would not be complete without the noble allocution of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI; hence, that address is given above.

the sacrifices that you personally have made to accompany your Cardinal to the throne of Peter, as representatives of his flock that is so dear to our heart.

We are aware of the perils and hardships of your long ocean voyage, the fatigues of travel, your absence from business and from the loved ones at home, and we recognize the financial sacrifices you have made to journey upon this long pilgrimage, but all these sacrifices are as so many evidences to us of the holy enthusiasm with which you set out with your beloved Cardinal; and now that our beloved son has led you into the presence of your Holy Father, we are stirred and thrilled with this spectacle of your faith and devotion.

Almighty God has guided and guarded your steps in safety and security, and together we adore and thank Him and we bless His Holy Name.

I welcome you as children coming to the home of your Father. Wherever your Father is, there is your home, and now that you have come unto your Father's house, enter, be at home, and enjoy all the blessings of peace and love, and rest in this sacred home of homes that is yours, and belongs to you equally with all the faithful children of the whole world.

Our heart is rejoiced at the spectacle of such a large number of your priests who have accompanied you on your pilgrimage, to be your counselors and guides and friends. We welcome and embrace the whole priesthood of Boston in your persons, and we bestow upon you all manner of power that we possess to bless your devoted parishioners, when you return to your parishes. Give to those devoted souls at home our most paternal and affectionate blessing. Tell them they, too, are in our hearts and minds at this moment.

Bring in a special manner our most special blessing to the aged and infirm, to those who lie suffering upon beds of pain and to the little children of the flock. Bless them all in our name, fathers and mothers and whole families, the good religious in the schools, and especially the youth of your land, those young men and women who will be the future props and support of your country and the Church, and who are so fittingly represented by these young men and these young women so prettily set apart in their costumes of virgin white (pointing to the section of the pilgrims, where all the younger girls of the party, in white, were artistically grouped together).

I welcome you with special warmth and affection, because you are Americans, children and citizens of that youthful, noble, and generous Republic across the seas. The United States is the object of my special blessing and affection, because of the noble example you set the world of reverence and of respect, of generosity and of service. America is sublime in her ideals, but it is her practical application of her idealism in terms of world service that makes her stand forth, conspicuous and unique, as the friend of all humanity.

The world is her debtor, and we, too, have countless proofs of her help and affection. May God bless your country and your rulers, and may you always give to her in return the fullest measure of patriotic love and service. Love of your God and love of your country should go hand in hand, and the truest Christian is he who is also the purest citizen. Our heart has been thrilled with admiration and gratitude at the reports and representations of the Holy Name convention in your national capital, whereat our beloved son, your own dear Cardinal, was our personal representative.

We beheld you marching under the blessed symbol of the Cross of Christ and under the beautiful banner of your native land, and we saw you consecrate your patriotic service to your country by laying it upon the altar of highest religious sanction. Keep your love of your country sacred and sublime, and give to her noble life the last full measure of your service and devotion.

We welcome you, our children from the western world, to this old center of the universe, to immortal Rome. Behold the majesty of her basilicas, the sanctity of her shrines and the glory of her faith, but then we ask you to go down into the crypts and catacombs, and see the beginning of what you now behold as so splendid. It will temper your holy enthusiasm with sublime humility and gratitude to God for those noble martyrs, whose blood became the seed of Holy Mother Church.

Go down into the Coliseum. People it again with the Roman Emperors, the vestal virgins and the Roman populace gathered "to make a Roman holiday." Listen to the roars of the famished wild beasts, waiting to spring forth upon the helpless Christian martyrs, and then behold the supreme sacrifice of maid and matron, of patrician and plebeian, while they laid down their lives as witnesses to the truth of the faith of Christ.

And then linger on, in imagination, we ask you, until the shades of night descend upon the Coliseum, and behold the angels of God come down with the palm leaf of victory to bear each glorious martyr's soul to God, as one by one the last flickering light of life goes out down there upon the sands of the arena. Yes, let memory run riot around these hallowed scenes, and tell us if, apart from the Hill of Calvary itself, you have not stood upon the most sacred spot in all the world.

And then come back into our basilicas, singing your beautiful and stirring Pilgrims' Chorus. You will kneel before our altars, your altars, and, with eyes that will be blinded with tears and with throats that will be choked with emotion, you will pour forth your acts of faith and love and gratitude to God. And may His sublime peace rest upon you all, that peace that came to the martyrs, as they winged their blessed flight to God. Then rise up, new men and women in the faith, and return to your homes and bring with you a spark of this holy fire, to kindle for the peace and comfort and salvation of your fellow-men.

My prayers were with you and your noble valiant Cardinal from the moment you left home and set forth upon this long pilgrimage that is so happily ended here to-day, and my prayers will be with you all, until you are all safely in the arms of friends and families once again. Be united in charity and love under your pastors and Chief Shepherd, and thus united may we all journey together along the great pilgrimage of life, until we all come home one day into our Eternal Father's house.

Beloved Cardinal and beloved pilgrims, ave et vale.

STATEMENT ON ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK[1]

THE journey over was as nearly perfect as possible. Although we left in fog, we had a smooth sea throughout the voyage to Naples, a remarkable condition for that time of year.

I was delighted to learn that our pilgrimage was the largest that had come to Rome during the Holy Year, and to find that it was greeted as such.

We were received with open arms everywhere. The Holy Father himself remarked that he had noticed the perfect discipline and order with which the great event was carried out. He made the interesting comment that Boston has taken the lead in so many other things that it was not surprising to him that it had performed this excellent proof of its devotion.

The Holy Father spoke of the wonderful progress of America, and the great power for good that it had established. He felt that it should be the great light that might bring about the pacification of the world. The Holy Father is devoting all his energies to the consummation of world peace.

As I look back upon the pilgrimage, I cannot but mention and emphasize the great debt to the (Cook) tourist agency that made our plans for us. They deserve great credit, for every arrangement was perfect. There were no delays, no petty annoyances to mar our peace.

[1] Statement to newspaper reporters on arrival at New York of S.S. Lapland, April 23, 1925.

The courtesy of the Italian Government was everywhere wonderfully gracious, and I must confess that I was somewhat surprised by its perfection. When we arrived in Naples, I was greeted warmly. The prefect of the province, the mayor of Naples, and other government officials came officially to extend their regards. A military escort on bicycles accompanied me whenever I went out, and I was constantly attended by a commissioned officer of the Italian army. When we went to Rome, I was officially escorted by a general.

The Pope is bearing up well under the strain of Holy Year, and his tremendous interest in the pilgrims themselves has given him unusual strength. They flow constantly into Rome, and there is a pilgrimage every week from Germany.

But there is nothing perfunctory about the greetings of His Holiness to these throngs of people. He takes a great personal interest in every person whom he meets, and, in many cases, devotes a considerable time in questioning and blessing them. He is most kindly, agreeable and calm.

His Holiness speaks and understands English. I asked, as a special favor, if he would allow me to deliver my address to him in English, so that the pilgrims might understand it, and he immediately accepted the suggestion. That is typical of his graciousness and thoughtfulness towards his people. After the address was concluded, I soon found that he had grasped the whole thought of it, and he explained that, while he had some difficulty with the English spoken by the English, he was perfectly able to understand the English spoken by Americans. He had followed my words perfectly.

(In Rome His Eminence saw many of the old friends

whom he made during his extensive residence there. One of his most interesting experiences was a reception given by Henry P. Fletcher, the American ambassador. The entire American colony attended, as well as large numbers of tourists, whom the ambassador had invited to meet the American Cardinal.)

We had a delightful time in Mr. Fletcher's apartments in Rospigliosi Palace. They were filled with interesting Americans. I have great admiration for Mr. Fletcher, for I think that he is the most efficient ambassador that I have ever known. He not only has a keen sense of his social duties, but also fails to show any evidence of his long years abroad. He is always distinctly an American.

I have never seen Italy in such a peaceful situation. It has gotten back on its feet quicker than any other of the war-stricken nations. The people are thrifty, hard-working, and are making wonderful progress.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PILGRIMAGE[1]

NATURALLY, my dearly beloved children in Christ, the sentiment that almost overpowers me at this moment is gratitude to Almighty God for so many privileges and favors, which He has showered upon me and also upon this Diocese — upon its clergy and laity, and upon those who accompanied me.

I said, when I was leaving you, that you would be in my mind and heart every day until I returned, and I never knelt at a shrine or said a prayer before the high altar that I did not think of you all, and especially at that moment when, kneeling at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, I implored his blessing and God's blessing on you all.

I know that you followed with great interest that wonderful pilgrimage. Hence, I need not now go into details of description. To sum it all up, I can only repeat what was said to me again and again in Rome by the Holy Father, by the many eminent cardinals, and by all those who witnessed the way in which the pilgrimage from Boston was conducted — that it was the highest exemplification of piety and devotion. One and all said to me that the pilgrimage had made the greatest impression at Rome of any that had thus far come during Holy Year. That spirit of devotion and of religion marked every moment of the pilgrimage.

I can testify that, from the hour of our departure until the pilgrimage broke up in Rome, the spirit of

[1] Address at Cathedral, Sunday, May 10, 1925.

devotion, of faith, and of religion was ever uppermost in their minds and hearts, and was manifested in their conduct.

I cannot tell you of the overpowering sentiment that filled us all, as we walked down those tremendous naves of the basilicas, five hundred strong, singing the hymn of the pilgrims, chanting the glory of Christ and the Church. As we knelt before the great altar, and received the most wonderful and most delightful words of hope, our hearts were thrilled.

Again and again I turned to look upon the pilgrims, and, amid all the joy and the singing of hymns and psalms, I saw the tears stream down their faces, they were so overcome with emotion.

That was the whole spirit of the pilgrimage from start to finish. An act of faith like that, so universal, so centered, so devoted, can help to bring manifold benedictions to this Diocese and to the whole country.

After all, we are only your representatives. You could not all come, but those who went felt a certain responsibility in their minds and hearts, and they showed it in the concentration of their devotion, in their prayers, in their Masses, and in their reception of the Blessed Sacrament, most of all, in that wonderful moment, when we all knelt around the Holy Father, offering up his Mass, and asking God to bless this Diocese, its Archbishop, its priests and its wonderfully devoted laity. There were moments when one felt almost in paradise.

In coming back, one feels what a great privilege God Almighty granted us, and to you as well, even though indirectly, because you were never out of our minds and hearts. We prayed for you there, and we pray for you here, that God may bless you, prosper you, and

keep you a united flock, so that you may be prepared for the eternity that awaits us, so that, after the days of pilgrimage and trial here, we may again meet around the throne of God, and chant His praises forevermore.

Now I give you from the bottom of my heart, not only my own blessing, but also the blessing of the Vicar of Christ, which he has sent through me. May it make you stronger in your devotion; may it make you a more united people, for the glory of Christ and the welfare of His kingdom on earth.

LOYALTY AND FAITH [1]

THERE is nothing more pleasing than that my first visit upon my return to the Diocese should be to this noble charitable organization. I can hardly say that I can see you all, but my eyes are becoming accustomed to conditions. I am happy to see the old, familiar faces which I have known to be so true and loyal. You are all dear to my heart.

Both the purpose of the organization and the loyalty of the men who carry it on are precious in the eyes of Almighty God. We always feel that the principles of the organization call for the superior type of manhood. With the passing of years my admiration grows for the great work being done, and the wonderful way in which it is accomplished.

One of the beautiful things in the life of a bishop, in his trials and consolations, is the bringing out of that spirit of loyalty and faith. It is not fickle. You are doing the great things of life, and by doing them you become stronger and stronger, and thus promote unity and strength.

I cannot stay long with you this morning. You know they are waiting for me in the Cathedral. May God bless you all. I am happy to be with you. Your sentiment of love and affection and your devotion to this cause give reason for gratitude and thanksgiving. Therefore, I bring to you a very special blessing of the Holy Father.

[1] Address to members of Particular Council of St. Vincent de Paul Society in School Hall, Sunday, May 10, 1925.

I told him in detail of the constructive work that you are doing, and his face glowed as he said, "I appoint you to bring to them my special benediction." So, my good men, this morning I impart to you that blessing of the Holy Father, my own and God's blessing.

EULOGY ON ST. MADELEINE SOPHIE BARAT [1]

THERE is certainly a striking contrast between this little gathering in this chapel and the great gathering massed in Rome under the huge dome of St. Peter's for the canonization of Madeleine Sophie Barat. There, of course, is all the glory of the Church, graced by the presence of the Vicar of Christ. But you, in your simple way, have the same spirit.

We offer the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord our unselfish devotion, a characteristic of our canonized Saint. That same spirit of devotion, loyalty, and love that the Holy Father witnessed among the multitudes at Rome is present to-day in this little group; it is a yearning for the things of the soul — not for the material things of the world, which have comparatively really very little value. And so, beloved Sisters and dear children, we are really participating in the great event of the day as truly as though we were personally present at the canonization itself.

What is a canonization? It is a great ceremony surrounded with majesty, and glorifying one possessed of our frail humanity, who, by her heroic virtue, has entered into the great body of the Elect of God. After all, that is the essence and substance of canonization.

The spiritual joy which is aroused on such occasions finds its reason in the fact that a canonization is so inti-

[1] Eulogy on St. Madeleine Sophie Barat at Sacred Heart Convent, Boston, June 1, 1925.

mately connected with the welfare of humanity and the salvation of souls. Human nature is the same the world over; but, by the grace of God, heroic virtue is crowned here on earth, as was the case with Mother Barat and numerous others.

Some one hundred and fifty years ago St. Madeleine Sophie Barat was born in the province of Burgundy. She was the child of very poor parents, who cared little for the world, but were devoted to God's interests. Sophie early manifested extraordinary piety and religious fervor.

In a very short time the name of Madeleine Barat was known the world over. Why? This is one of God's secrets. Certainly, the world would not choose her as a leader under these circumstances. Yet the fact is that, after sixty years of devotion to a great cause, she had thousands of followers. The fame of her sanctity was known throughout the world. Now her name is glorified forever, for to-day, only a very short time after her death, she becomes one of the Saints of the Universal Church — one to whom we are allowed, yes, exhorted, to pray, because of her power of intercession with God.

What carried her to such heights? It was her love for the Sacred Heart and for our Blessed Mother. She never knew failure, but reposited her confidence ever in our Blessed Lord. God in his own mysterious way, through instruments which He deigns to use, accomplishes His purposes among men.

Madeleine Sophie as a little girl manifested a deep religious spirit. Her brother was at that time preparing for the priesthood. Though a very severe and studious young man, he loved his sister, and saw in her great possibilities. She had a sympathetic heart, full of affec-

tion, and loved strongly whatever she loved. Little Madeleine had many faults, but not serious ones. She poured all the wealth and affection of her passionate nature into the love of Jesus Christ, and directed that love particularly toward His Sacred Heart. A great religious, she maintained her simplicity throughout her life. There was no subterfuge about her; no pretense.

Her brother fostered in her a love for learning, which at that time was not conspicuous among the women of France. He was severe and a strict disciplinarian, as sometimes happens to those with much learning. The result was that Sophie, during her whole life, remained a self-disciplined person. Such training moulded a strong character in her, as one might well suppose.

It so happened that at that time there was very little religious teaching in France. Possibly Christian parents felt the need, and in some inscrutable way Mother Barat was chosen to promote Christian education in France. This she was quite well prepared to do at eighteen years of age.

She little expected that from such humble beginnings such tremendous results would accrue. God encouraged her, in order to establish her Society; but she was faced with innumerable obstacles. Accusations without number were laid against her, but in the midst of it all she remained silent, said nothing. Under tremendous provocation she never complained. It little mattered to her what was said or done. Nothing disturbed her serenity of soul. Tremendous feeling was aroused against her, nearly disrupting the Order. Still she never uttered a word, fully realizing the soundness of her position. "If Almighty God wants me to accomplish

His work, He will give me the aid and guidance," she used to remark. "Why should I be disturbed?" What faith, trust, and determination in a frail woman!

Hence, she began the work of the resurrection of Christian education in France. Of course, we know God was with her. He encouraged her and strengthened her in all her difficulties; and there were many both from within and from without. Because of her perfect confidence in God, however, she knew that, if He wanted her to accomplish a great work, He would find a way.

The number of schools increased wonderfully. We have an example of the thorough training imparted by her spiritual daughters here in Boston. The system has been tried here and has accomplished fine results. The particular work that deals with the children is very difficult. It is much more difficult and much less gratifying to teach the children of the rich and wealthy and high-placed, because they are likely to be self-willed and not submit easily to discipline.

Certainly, riches never entered into the mind of Madeleine Sophie Barat herself. She never associated them in any way with the Society which she founded. And yet, this little girl started one of the most notable works that one could possibly undertake.

What success has blessed her efforts! Her Order has produced some wonderful souls, some very holy women, and some very learned and capable teachers. Saint Madeleine Sophie was, indeed, a woman of admirable qualities of mind and heart. The modern world needs leaders of her ability and high ideals. After all, in these institutions, the greatest asset is Religion. Almighty God fosters the growth of them for some particular purpose.

All religious educational institutions are not alike.

Each society has its founder, whose ideals the society embodies, but the general purpose is the same, that of Christian Education. The spirit of your foundress, St. Madeleine Sophie, permeates this holy institution and carries it on. No wonder the Sisters of the Sacred Heart are happy to-day.

Let us pray that Almighty God will continue to bless your Order and its high educational standards. Let us pray to the Sacred Heart that this institution will be signalized, as she was, by wonderful love, by abiding affection for the Sacred Heart, by simplicity, directness, and by a lofty sense of absolute dependence on God. These are the finest virtues a human heart can possess, and wherever they are found they work wonderful things. Since it is impossible to be present at the canonization, we can lift our hearts to God in thanksgiving that the spirit of St. Madeleine Sophie is very active in the Church.

Then, we have the dear Little Flower, St. Therese, another little Saint of France. Her one ambition was to do good in the world, to spend her Heaven doing good on earth. She was beautifully poetical. Mother Barat was quite different. Her whole life was spent among the children and their parents.

Though opposed in every possible direction, yet, calm and simple, strong in faith, she achieved success. That is why she is glorified. Dear Sisters, Almighty God has endowed you and your institution with a wonderful influence on the minds and hearts of the children in these days, when there is such lack of training and discipline among them. Times are very different from those in which St. Madeleine Barat lived.

In a little garret she studied her lessons, but results came afterwards. How many children are now obliged

to study under such conditions? Now there is a craze for luxuries of all kinds. A life of pleasure and selfishness seems to be the vogue. Children of our time cannot live day by day in the atmosphere in which St. Madeleine lived, without feeling the depth of her character, without feeling the purpose of life, without noting the benefits of self-discipline. All this begets firmness of character, and that is the ideal of Christian education.

Beloved Sisters, I know you will be faithful to the spirit of St. Madeleine Sophie. Heed not the world. It is for you to curb the world. Lead it, but certainly do not follow it.

Now I wish you every blessing, dear sisters and children, and I pray that the influence of St. Madeleine Sophie will be with you to guide you always, and that her canonization to-day will be an inspiration to you all to study more and more the essential qualities of her character. You all cannot be Madeleine Barats. Do not try to be. Be just yourself. Do faithfully, loyally, and well the work that God has given you to do. Herein lies your happiness in this world and your sanctification in the next.

BLESSING OF THE CARDINAL O'CONNELL HOUSE[1]

DEAR Sisters, members of the Board, and Hospital Staff: I think we all feel to-day, in the blessing and dedication of this new building, a thrill of pride. No need now to rehearse the story of St. Elizabeth's Hospital. I think we all have read it many times before; its simple beginning in the South End, its long-delayed growth in that quarter, and then the final impulse, which was really a bold venture of the moment, when it started on new lines, but with principles that were always the same in a fitting and proper place, where the great work then appearing in this Archdiocese could go on. There are and there were at that time other hospitals, but it seemed to me upon assuming the administration of the Archdiocese that the Archdiocese itself had certain duties which could not be left in the hands of other individuals, or bodies, or associations, however well they were doing their own particular line of work.

I think many of you here now were members of the Board at that time, and that some of the sisters here now were engaged in the holy work of caring for the suffering. We all felt, I certainly perhaps more than anybody else, that the time had arrived when we had a duty to perform. Without hesitation, the work was begun, and it required, because of its larger scope, an act

[1] Address on occasion of blessing of Cardinal O'Connell House at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Brighton, June 28, 1925.

of courage. The buildings were constructed one by one. Thus we had further proofs that we were advancing along great lines.

Our expenses have been very large, considering our very limited resources, but we took the step courageously, and the hospital in a very short time grew larger. For all this the Catholics of the Archdiocese must be remarkably proud at this time. It was a bold thing to attempt. I have always been timid about reaching out for large sums of money in a population which has so very few enormously rich men, but a great many workers with limited incomes. However, my fears were groundless, and the courage, which to me at that time seemed great, proved to be after all not so heroic.

Soon the hospital was on a good financial footing. It has had the coöperation of the board and staff, and certainly of the good Sisters of St. Francis. From the start I have taken the deepest interest in the welfare of the hospital, and I think it has come back to me in myriads of consolations. I cannot help mentioning these good sisters, who gave splendid service at a time when service was much needed and most welcome.

Dr. Thomas F. Harrington, first of all, deserves great credit, because until his death he showed continual devotion, and above all, Dr. John Slattery, whom I personally selected, for reasons which were at the time not so very clear to myself, except that there were certain personal traits that appealed to me.

The work of carrying out the great project of the Diocese was a large undertaking. Personal choice is a hazardous thing. One must rely on objective characteristics, ability, willingness, good-will, and, most of all, coöperation, which are necessary in an undertaking of

this sort, and it was with all these that Dr. Slattery entered his work. Time has proved the justice and wisdom of that choice.

I will never forget the fear, the timidity with which Dr. Slattery entered on his work. He said, "I have not a reputation for great ability. I can hardly say I have been a success." He said it with a frankness that was part of his character. My answer to him was, "I feel that I can rely on you, in fact, I am persuaded that you will give yourself wholly to the work, and that you will coöperate with me." After all, that is the first consideration, the first requirement. I overcame all his objections one after another, and the conversation made it clearer and clearer to me that he was the right man. Dr. Slattery endeared himself to me by his absolute self-detachment from everything, except the one thing I had confided to him, the care of this hospital as far as he was responsible for it.

Of course, when God called him, it seemed an irreparable loss both to myself and to the hospital, because of his great unselfishness, self-detachment and devotion. As the years went by, I saw all of his qualities growing and growing under my very eyes. He became a first-class administrator, and proved worthy of the great task confided to him. The hospital to me was a very important part of the work, hence I kept posted on every situation there.

When there were any difficulties he always blamed himself; when there was any credit to be given, it was always to the staff and sisters. There again he proved worthy of the great task that had been confided to him. I do not think, the world over, one could find an administrator more devoted, more detached, more self-

effacing than Dr. Slattery. God rest his soul. God was good enough to leave him with us, until others could be trained to take his place. The sisters of this hospital owe their good tact and patience to the example set by Dr. Slattery.

The staff has been loyal and faithful. From the beginning, I think they recognized that to a Catholic physician this was a great opportunity, an opportunity that had heretofore been denied them on one pretext or another. Various reasons were assigned for not admitting them to other hospitals, but the history of this institution has shown that all these objections have fallen to the ground.

The staff has shown capability, trustworthiness, faithfulness, and devotion. May God keep it so. After all, this work is for the glory of God and the alleviation of suffering humanity. If these two causes cannot hold men together, nothing else can. The staff has shown itself altogether worthy of the work in this hospital, I am proud to say.

The Sisters of St. Francis have devoted their whole life to the service of God. They have no other ambition, no other desire. St. Elizabeth's Hospital has not only done admirable work for the Catholic doctors and the suffering of this locality, but it has trained the Sisterhood of St. Francis in a wonderful profession, the finest service of all. So, while they have given this devoted service to the hospital, in return the hospital has given them back prestige and honor.

We watched the progress of St. Elizabeth's Hospital with trepidation. The lack of confidence on the part of certain people to entrust themselves to the hands of Catholic doctors and sisters in a Catholic hospital was

expected for the first few years. I was quite prepared for a set-back, but it never came. The hospital was a success from the first day, and now, to-day, we find ourselves here at the solemn blessing and dedication of the new building, which is second to none in everything that goes to make up a first-class hospital.

Growth and progress mean success. This building, of course, is different in many ways from the first hospital established. This new house is for those who are better able to pay for extraordinary care and environment; but this does not take away from the cause of charity. On the contrary, it will enable the other houses to give better service and additional care to others, without charge to persons unable to pay.

And so, we ask God to bless this institution. I am very proud that the board has seen fit to attach my name to this house. It is a very great honor to be associated with the care of the sick and the great ministry of Christ, who was the greatest of all physicians.

The world is full of suffering. As a part of human life, suffering has its purpose of purification and patient submission to God's will. That is the Christian view of suffering. There is another modern point of view, but that is pagan. The alleviation of suffering has always been welcomed and promoted by the Catholic Church. The science of medicine would not be where it is to-day, if it were not for the blessing and approval of the Church.

We ask God's blessing on this house. May He bless the staff and give them the power to continue with a high spiritual aim in doing their work, the blessed work of Christ. We ask God to continue to give them strength in unity and coöperation, and to bless these good sisters. They will have their reward, the greatest that

Jesus Christ can give. May God bless the board and give them strength and encouragement to face the future growth, so they will enjoy the same progress in the future that has made the hospital conspicuous in the past.

We now declare the Cardinal O'Connell house open and ready for service in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost — Amen.

A SPIRITUAL TRIUMPH[1]

DEARLY beloved brethren in Christ, on this occasion of your reception of the great Sacrament of Confirmation, we pray Almighty God to give you all the fullness of His grace, to strengthen your souls with courage, to fill your minds with the light of His Wisdom, so that you may become perfect Christians, and soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Dearly beloved children, your hearts must rejoice to-day. For, with this Sacrament, God has given you an inestimable proof of His special love. While the day of its reception has been delayed in a certain way, that only serves to prove that He has especially watched over you and led you into the arms of our blessed Mother, the Church, thereby bringing peace and rest into your souls.

The grace of this Sacrament will enable you to face life with a new light, confidence, and courage to bear the difficulties of your state and combat the temptations besetting us on all sides. For life is life, do what you will. Even though you live in the solitude of the desert, you cannot escape its obligations. We all have to fight dangers of the mind and of the soul.

There are certain corruptions of ideas called liberty prevalent, which are in reality license. The only way we can enjoy real liberty as sons of God is by submitting to His Holy Will, and becoming soldiers enlisted in the cause of His never-ceasing love.

[1] Address to converts at Cathedral, June 17, 1925.

Now holy Mother Church comes with this great Sacrament of Confirmation, realizing more and more the need of courage in your lives, courage to face the world with its illusions, its false doctrines, and its temptations, courage to go on in the great battle of life under the banner of the Cross of Jesus Christ.

So, dearly beloved children of Christ, this morning be consoled in your hearts that God has in a special way watched over you and will continue to exercise a loving care over your souls.

Pray that the spirit of God may remain with you and give you strength to go forth and fight the fight of life, and God's grace will be the victory. And this victory will bring you inestimable peace and happiness for all eternity.

A LIFE OF SERVICE [1]

In this beautiful eventide, an important chapter of your life comes to a close. The closing of any phase of life, even with the hopeful beginning of another, is always very touching, when it means the breaking of an association with those things and persons near and dear to us.

At the beginning of your college life here, the Church greeted you and blessed you, and day after day she watched you grow as only a mother knows how to watch the growth of a dear child. Every year, as she brought you closer to her breast, she whispered words of counsel you will never forget, words not uttered in oratory, but in the silence of the wonderful communion between yourselves and God. They were heard potently, none the less, even though only you could hear. And so you grew, until now, standing at the portals of your careers, you are prepared for the battle of life.

You have nothing to fear. Through the training you have received, you have a foundation for a life of service to your God, your country, and your individual circles of family and friends.

You will meet, at times, pseudo-reformers who attack human institutions and deny divine and natural rights. I, for one, must say I honestly believe the worst of the onslaught on the rights and privileges of the individual and family has passed. I think that for

[1] Address to Boston College Graduates at University Heights, June 25, 1925.

the present we are going forward, and that the time is passing when self-styled reformers will seek to undermine the Nation by insisting on the Government doing everything for the individual.

I think the crisis was met and passed here in Massachusetts in the defeat of the proposed Child Labor Amendment. Here and through the most of the country there was a reawakening to the knowledge that the Government was not all, and that the fundamentals of true government rest on rights of the individual and the family that cannot be changed. Any tampering with these fundamental rights only defeats its own purpose and makes slaves of us all.

I thank God that the decision of the Supreme Court in the matter of the Oregon law has aroused the people of the country to a realization of the extent to which true democracy is endangered by fanatical reformers.

Men such as are trained at Boston College, guided and actuated by true fundamental Christian principles of law and government, may safely be entrusted with the destiny of the Nation. At each crisis this type of manhood may be depended upon to rescue the country from fanatical or pseudo-reformers. Certainly, in no better institution could the youth of this locality be trained in the finest sentiments of life and its opportunity for public service than at Boston College.

Go forth, young men, with confidence, and with the knowledge that you have the truth, and that your training is built on solid principles. You may look the world in the face, in the possession of knowledge of the centuries, which Holy Church has given you. Succeed? You cannot help but succeed, for success is merely seeing the truth and doing your duty as it has been revealed to

you here. As for fame and high position, you will meet with many obstacles in the path to these, but they must be met squarely. They can be overcome by perseverance and stern adherence to duty and by the qualities of character inbred in you here.

PASTORAL

THE FEAST OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, KING

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL
Archbishop of Boston

TO THE REVEREND CLERGY AND FAITHFUL OF THE DIOCESE, HEALTH AND BENEDICTION:

"THE peace of Christ in the reign of Christ." In this sublime expression Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, has made known to the world the spirit and the hope of his pontificate. To exalt the divine figure of the Incarnate Son of God before nations and men; to enrich human minds in the possession of the wealth and the beauty of Christ's teaching; to stir mankind to acceptance and love of Christ's standards; to dispense bounteously the graces of Christ to souls everywhere; to promote and to spread the peace of Christ promised to men of good will, these are the cherished purposes of Christ's Vicar on earth now gloriously reigning.

In perfect accord with these holy aims Our Holy Father by Encyclical Letter at the close of the Jubilee Year established the Feast of Our Lord Jesus Christ, King, which is to be celebrated each year throughout the world on the Sunday preceding the Feast of All Saints.

The first commemoration of this sacred day approaches. By significant coincidence the Feast falls this year on the eve of All Saints Day. How clearly does this fact reveal the true meaning of the new solemnity! The holiness of the saints of God reflects brilliantly their intense devo-

tion to the Sacred Person of Our Lord Jesus Christ. They lived their lives close to Him. Following Him they made their ascent along the arduous ways of perfection. Christ is the King of Saints. His royal leadership points the road to the crown of eternal glory. Humbly let us learn the lesson. In the Kingship of Christ is the secret of man's sanctity and salvation.

It is our solemn duty, beloved priests and people, to reflect earnestly on the surpassing importance of this Feast. Prayerful consideration of its meaning will open up to us great channels of wondrous graces. Peace, justice, love, redemption are found only in our Lord Jesus Christ, King. This Feast is a call to all men to return to Christ in Whom reside the treasures of the wisdom and the mercy of God. "Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is no other name under heaven given to man whereby we must be saved."

Every feast day of the Church brings God and His wonders before us. Were there no Christmas Day the world would soon forget the overwhelming fact of the Incarnation. Without Easter who would know of the triumph of divinity over the powers of earth and death. Corpus Christi honors the abiding presence of God with us. By regular recurrence of religious feasts the attention of men is fixed upon the great truths of time and eternity. In the Feast of Jesus Christ, King, we express joyously and lovingly our faith in Him as the Divine Leader and Ruler of the world and its destinies.

How sadly mere human society needs this truth! Because Christ is ignored and God abandoned the affairs of men in all their phases reap a whirlwind of discord and destruction. Not to know Christ is an exceeding misfortune. Our hearts are touched in the thought of countless

millions who live in darkness. The foreign missionaries of the Church face hardship and danger to bring the message of the King to pagan lands. We applaud this zeal. We support this apostolate for we know that the supremest good in life is to come to a knowledge of Our Lord Jesus Christ. He, who knows not Christ, knows nothing. Into the Far East the Church is carrying the cross of Christ crucified. Priests and sisters are fighting the battles of the King. They labor and pray to extend His reign over the hearts of His children everywhere.

Never to have heard the name of Christ is a sad affliction. To know Him and to reject Him is a heinous outrage. How many in this generation must answer for this sin? Where Christ once reigned, now human selfishness and human pride are high enthroned. Peace has departed from the hearts of the people. The enduring foundation upon which all orderly thinking and worthy conduct must rest has been ruthlessly destroyed. For Christ the King is denied. Affection, adoration, loyalty are refused Him. The divine cornerstone of true civilization is rejected. The permanence and stability of human relationships face complete collapse.

Christ is the centre and the origin of all good. He is the beginning and the end. Through Him and with Him and by Him must men live. Without Him we can do nothing. Despite this divine truth Christ's purposes are thwarted for His enemies carry on their relentless warfare. We who know Christ and love Him must listen gratefully and obediently to the voice of His Vicar calling on the world to restore to the King His divine rights over the hearts of the children of men. We rejoice in the feast of Christ the King. We glory in the privilege of public proclamation of our faith in Jesus Christ true God and true man.

Christ is the Supreme Lord of all mankind. He is eternal as the Father and He is Lord of all things as is the Father. As man He humbled Himself to the death of the cross "for which cause God hath exalted Him and hath given Him a name which is above all names; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bend of those that are in heaven, on earth and under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father." In the sacred Person of Christ, the divine and the infinite bow in affectionate condescension to form a union with man. In Christ Our Lord, God has placed Himself in the world and in the lives of His people. What a wondrous fact that God should assume the nature of His creatures! Without ceasing to be God He became man. He lived a laborious human existence, every hour of which was consumed in loving concern for the welfare of others. In Christ Our Lord, the infinite goodness of eternal wisdom stands revealed.

Christ is the central figure in human history. For centuries the world rushed on to destruction weighted down with the burden of the sin of the first man and woman. Throughout those direful times in tradition and religious ceremony the conviction was constantly expressed that salvation would one day bless the earth and the peoples thereof. The hope of a Saviour, a Teacher, a Liberator, the Builder of a mighty Kingdom was life to many hearts and minds.

In the time of God, Christ came. In Him, is the visible bond of reunion between God and sinful creatures. He is the Way, the Truth and the Life. When the world forsakes the Way of Christ it falls back into the horrors and sorrows from which He came to deliver it. When the light of His truth is extinguished men's minds are bewil-

dered in depressing gloom. The blind cannot lead the blind. Destruction and death follow this fatal effort. They who follow Him walk not in darkness for He is "the true light which enlightened every man that cometh into this world."

Christ came to rule as King over the hearts of men. In His Kingdom, the foundation is love and the fulfillment of His purposes is love. In Christ's Kingdom, men are free for His truth makes them free. His teaching is not of man but of God. In His words, eternal truth speaks to the world. Christ willed to rule by love and truth. "Art thou a King?" asked Pilate. He answered, "Thou sayest that I am a King!"

Christ's Kingdom is not of this world. His refusal to exercise mere worldly influence over the affairs of earth cost Him followers and weakened His blessed influence over selfish human nature. The Jews, chosen people of the Most High, were seeking a temporal King. The Apostles, selected followers of the King, did not conceive clearly the King's true mission to men. With eyes and hearts fixed upon the triumphs of earth, these slow human minds were baffled by the character of the Kingdom Christ came to establish.

There is nothing of the world in the spirit and the purpose of the Kingdom of Christ. To be admitted to this Kingdom man, born of the flesh, must be born again of water and the Holy Spirit. Because love is the soul of the Kingdom, self-denial is the expression of its life. The powers of evil and the nature of man glorify the treasures of earth. In the Kingdom of Christ by struggle and sacrifice, all that the earth can offer is subordinated to the higher purposes of the King.

The Kingdom of Christ throbs with a life which is come

down from heaven. No form of life in all the gorgeous variations on this earth compares with it. The life of the Kingdom is a divine life of which the members become participators by divine grace. The Holy Spirit of God dwells in Christ's Kingdom. "I am come," declared the King, "that they may have life and have it more abundantly." When will the world waken to this wonder of divine bounty? Christ the King, proclaiming His Divinity by miracle and the authority of His teaching, has brought to the souls of men new life which is the bond of His Kingdom in this world.

In this Kingdom, the King rules not by force of arms nor by the right of inherited prerogatives. He rules by virtue of His nature for He is the Eternal Son of the living God. His royal rights are perfectly established. He proclaimed them fearlessly. "All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth." He is in truth the King of Glory, the Mighty One, Creator and Lord of everything that is.

The members of the Kingdom belong no longer to themselves. They are Christ's. They have been bought with a great price. They were redeemed not with gold or silver but with the precious blood of the King. "You ask what price he paid," exclaims St. Augustine. "See what He gave and you will understand how much He paid. The price was the blood of Christ. What could cost so much but the whole world and all its people. The great price He paid was paid for all."

Christ the King is the world's Redeemer to whom men owe the unspeakable bounty of salvation. He is the Sovereign God whom all must obey. He is the Royal Lawgiver whose law is the test of the devotion of the members of His Kingdom. "If you love Me keep My Command-

ments." Behold the tender injunction of the King, Who holds the earth in the hollow of His hand and waits in patience and love for the allegiance of those He died to save.

The Kingdom of Christ is a visible Kingdom. The power Christ exercised in founding His Kingdom was transmitted to His Apostles and their successors. "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." Thus did the King command His chosen leaders to preach, to baptize and to gather all men into one visible body which is His Church. "Going forth, teach all nations, and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

In the Catholic Church we see the Kingdom of Christ the King, wherein by faith and love and service the royal honors are paid which are His by divine right.

The faith of the members of the Kingdom is the submission of their minds to His divine control. It is Christ's right to rule the intelligence of man. Christ is the fullness of eternal wisdom. Who can measure the depths of His Knowledge? When men believe in Him they offer Him the glorious tribute of acknowledging His supremacy over the highest faculty with which He has endowed His creatures. The power to reason in man is one of the evidences of man's likeness to God. Too often is it used to thwart divine plans. Man grows proud of this precious possession and in deplorable self-esteem he refuses to acknowledge the royal power of the King. Christ the King demanded from men this service of the mind. "He that believes not will be condemned." How eager must we be to listen to eternal truth and to give entirely and gladly our whole minds to the words of the King of heaven and of earth. Our faith in Jesus Christ, firm, steadfast and

fervent is an acknowledgment of His Kingship in our mind.

Faith in Christ must be an expressive faith. That is to say that Christ must rule the human will. Christ the King has set a standard of human conduct with which nothing in the world's history can compare. The enemies of His cause have searched the world to find some leader like unto Christ, the King. They have sought in vain. Never has the earth known a character so simple, strong, and sublime. In the sacred personality of Jesus Christ the highest ideal of human conduct is revealed. He has a divine right to call men to this perfection. "Be ye perfect," is but His command to His followers everywhere. Christ rules in truth when the human will is united with His. This is His secret for peace among men. The angels sounded this precious message on the night the King was born. Peace was offered to men of good will. For Christ the King brings peace to souls who offer Him full service of mind and will.

What the King does for individuals, He likewise offers to nations and to peoples. If the world is in distress, the causes are easily traced. The evils which affect human society to-day rise out of the common denial in the high places of the Kingship of Christ and His prerogatives in this world. They who deny Christ, deny to His Church her divine rights to extend Christ's Kingdom among men. The Church's right to teach mankind and to guide the world's conscience is renounced. In our day as upon the first Good Friday, the blasphemous cry is sent up, "We want no King but Cæsar." Governments are attempting to function without God. They recognize no power from on high. Sorrow, bitterness, persecution are fruits of this injustice to God and to man.

Let governments acknowledge the Kingship of Christ. Let those who rule, imitate the meekness and the charity of Christ the King. What real power they wield is from Him alone. What a horror to use high human station to attempt to overthrow the Kingdom of Christ by uprooting the fundamentals of Christian faith from the hearts of long suffering peoples. Will men never learn the lessons God teaches? When faith and loyalty to God disappear in the life of a nation the foundations of public welfare are destroyed. God leaves His enemies to themselves. Where Christ is not King, human passion rules and with desolation the world is laid desolate.

Beloved priests and people, our consideration of the meaning of the Feast of Jesus Christ, King, must lead us to practical and salutary conclusions. "Thy Kingdom come" is our daily prayer. The character of the Kingdom and the divine beauty of the King are recalled to us vividly by this feast day. With great courage and with enthusiasm we must strive to grow more worthy of our membership in the Kingdom. By growth in the virtues which the King loves, we give strong evidence of true fealty and devotion. By the power of exemplary lives, we extend the influence of the King in our contacts with those who know little of His Kingdom. By the effort in home life to be true to the King, we carry within the family the harmony and peace of true Christian living. By prayer and devout observance of the day, we call down from Heaven divine help to change the conduct of wilful men who deny that Christ is King and who substitute boisterously the Kingdom of earth for the Kingdom of the Incarnate God.

When we pray and reflect on the holy thought of this Kingdom we must be mindful that the King abides with

us. Upon every altar He awaits the homage of His subjects. With humility and gratitude we must adore the Blessed Sacrament! Here dwells Christ the King. His presence is the joy and the solace of His true followers everywhere. Who knows Christ in the Holy Eucharist acknowledges the Divine Kingship and merits the blessings and the graces of the King.

The love and loyalty of the priests and people of the diocese for Jesus Christ, King, will be manifest publicly when on the day of the Feast the solemn Act of Consecration prescribed by the Holy Father will be read in all our parish churches.

May the earnestness and sincerity of this profession of allegiance increase our devotion to Jesus Christ Our King. May His blessings descend abundantly upon the priests, the people and the good works of our diocese, and may they remain with us forever.

Given at Boston, on the Feast of Saint Edward, October 13, 1926.

The following Act of Consecration of the Human Race to the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been ordered by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, to be recited on the Feast of Christ the King.

"Most sweet Jesus, Redeemer of the human race, look down upon us humbly prostrate before Thy Altar. We are Thine, and Thine we wish to be; but, to be more surely united with Thee, behold each one of us freely consecrates himself today to Thy most Sacred Heart. Many indeed have never known Thee; many too, despising Thy precepts, have rejected Thee. Have mercy on them all, most merciful Jesus, and draw them to Thy Sacred Heart. Be Thou King, O Lord, not only of the faithful

who have never forsaken Thee, but also of the prodigal children who have abandoned Thee; grant that they may quickly return to their Father's house lest they die of wretchedness and hunger. Be Thou King of those who are deceived by erroneous opinions, or whom discord keeps aloof, and call them back to the harbor of truth and unity of faith, so that soon there may be but one flock and one Shepherd. Be Thou King of all those who are still involved in the darkness of idolatry or of Islamism, and refuse not to draw them all into the light and kingdom of God. Turn Thine eyes of mercy toward the children of that race, once thy chosen people. Of old they called down upon themselves the Blood of the Saviour; may It now descend upon them a laver of redemption and of life. Grant, O Lord, to Thy Church assurance of freedom and immunity from harm; give peace and order to all nations, and make the earth resound from pole to pole with one cry: Praise to the Divine Heart that wrought our salvation; to It be glory and honor forever. Amen."

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